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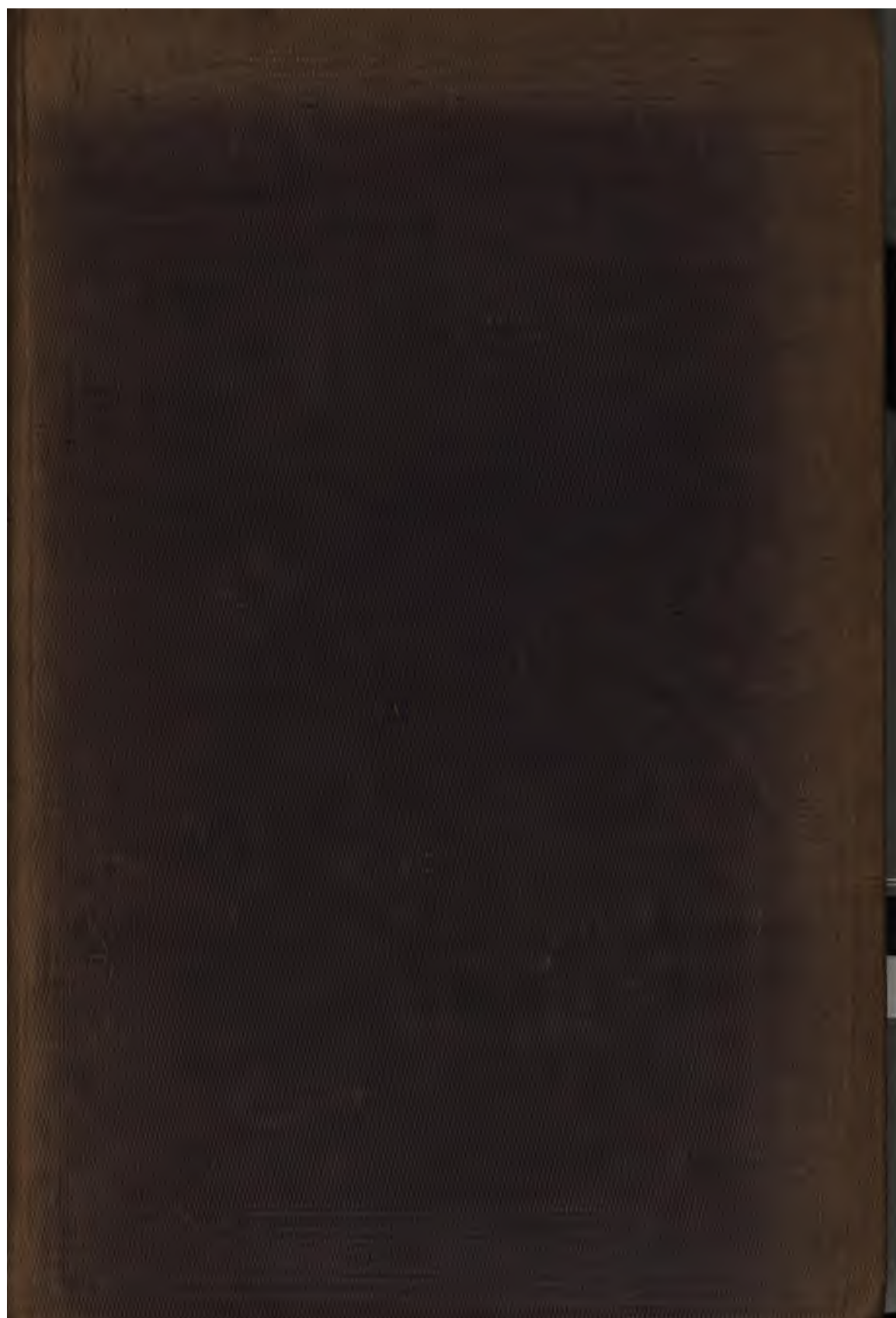
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THE
LAST DAYS OF O'CONNELL:

A SERIES OF PAPERS WRITTEN, OR EDITED,

BY

WILLIAM BERNARD MACCABE, ESQ.

Author of "A Catholic History of England."

— ἡμῶν θυμῷ πάντων πολὺ φιλάται παῖδων,
Ἡ μὲν μοι ζῶντις περ ἰών, φίλος ἦτορ θάσσιν,
Οἱ δ' ἄρα σὺν κηλοῖτο καὶ ἐν θανάτῳ περ αἰσθ.

HOMER, *Iliad*, Lib. xxiv. 748, 750.

"— Dearest to thy mother's heart
Of all her sons, much must the Gods have loved
Thee living, whom, though dead, they thus preserve."

COWPER'S *Translation*.

"Jam vero in obsequium funeris, credi non potest, quanta hominum multitudo convenerit. Tota civitas obviam corpori ruit, cuncti ex agris atque vicis, multique ex vicinis etiam urbibus affuerunt. O quantus luctus omnium! quanta præcipue mœrentium lamenta monachorum."—SULPICIUS SEVERUS. *Epist. iii.*

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INTRODUCTION.

“Augebat etiam molestiam, quod magna sapientium civium, bonorumque penuria, vir egregius, * * * alienissimo reipublicæ tempore extinctus, et auctoritatis, et prudentiæ suæ triste nobis desiderium reliquerat. * * * Quotiescunque de clarissimo et beatissimo viro cogitemus, illum potius, quam nosmetipsos, diligere videamur.”—CICERO, *Brutus*, § 1. 4.

THE plan of this work has originated with its publisher—the execution of that plan has been confided to the person to whom was entrusted the translation of Father Ventura's Oration. The object sought to be obtained has been to put upon permanent record a memorial of the facts connected with the death of him, who was so long, and so justly regarded as the lay-champion of Catholicity.

To attain this object, there was no difficulty in collecting materials; but there was much in the selection of them, so as to give to the whole, when completed, a similarity in purpose, and an uniformity in design—to place before Catholics a book which might now, and at every future period of time, be interesting to them, as Catholics. The object has been to do this without compromising a political principle, and without giving offence to any political prejudice, so that, in the presence of the dead, and in honor of the memory of the dead, every feeling of animosity, from whatever cause arising, should be abated, and the thoughts of all alone be fixed on him who had consecrated his youth, devoted his manhood, perilled his fortune, his liberty, and his life to the promotion of the principles of “religious liberty.”

There is *a purpose* in every page of this work; and various as are the materials of which it is composed, it will be found that purpose is steadily kept in view. It is desired through its pages to show how much Catholicity is indebted to O'Connell. *This* is for his contemporaries who have lived too near him to be able to comprehend him in all the vastness of his labours, in all the grandeur of his conceptions, and in all the magnificence of his designs. It is also desired to shew not only the estimation in which he was held whilst living, and mourned when dead; but also the difficulties he had to surmount, the opposition he had to encounter, the enmities to which he was exposed; the degradation

to which his enemies sought to subject him, and over which he finally triumphed. *This* is for posterity ; for as it is in the midst of misfortunes and calamities that the great man can alone prove that he is truly great, so may those who succeed the present generation, in reading of the persecutions to which O'Connell was subjected learn to appreciate his value, and to comprehend why it was, that when he departed from this world, the Church Militant assumed the garb of mourning, and on every altar, there was a Holy Sacrifice for the repose of his soul.

With this explanation of the object for which this book is published, and the purpose to which it is directed, we have now to refer to *the means* by which both, we trust, shall be found to have been attained.

"A Memoir of Daniel O'Connell" commences this volume. Here, it is necessary for an author to do that which it is most difficult for him to perform, without offending the good taste of the reader—to refer to what he has himself written. What then shall be said of the memoir will be as brief as possible.

The "Memoir of Daniel O'Connell" was written originally at the request of Mr. Lucas, the proprietor of the *Tablet*, and appeared in that gentleman's paper. It was written for the very purpose for which this book is published, and therefore is here inserted. It will be found considerably lengthened in the following pages, because composed from notes intended for a work—"a Catholic History of England"—to which the writer has devoted his life. All that was necessary to do, was to draw more largely from the same materials, in order to shew what O'Connell had done for Catholicity ; and, at the same time, to exhibit the dangers to which the Church, in these islands, is still exposed, and that its Bishops and Priests will, ere long, have to provide against. Another reason for inserting the memoir is, that (however imperfect) it is the only consecutive historical sketch of the Catholic Association yet published ; and because its statements are given not merely from recollection, but authenticated by references which cannot be disputed. Written in England, and intended for the information of England, it is hoped, that it may be read with interest in Ireland, as an authentic record, as far as it goes, of transactions of which the writer was a witness. It eschews the polemics of politics : it bears alone on politics as far as they affect Catholics, and hence it is conceived that it is not an inappropriate introduction to "The Last Days of O'Connell."

To this "Memoir" there is added, as an Appendix, three different scenes from the life of O'Connell.—1st. His appearance at the trial of the Doneraile Conspirators in 1829.—2nd. His appearance, and the stirring incidents at the Head Police Office, in Dublin, when arrested on a charge of conspiracy in 1831.—3rd. His appearance at, and the circumstances connected with, his liberation from Richmond Penitentiary, in 1844. These are here

published, because they are interesting and great events in the life of O'Connell, and are better calculated, perhaps, than any elaborate description, to bring distinctly before the reader, the character, the greatness, and the popularity of THE MAN, whilst a certain value attaches to them of being descriptions by contemporary witnesses.

The first is taken, with the permission of the publisher, Mr. Newby, from the work, "Ireland and its Rulers," and is the composition of a most able writer, but one who certainly was not the friend of O'Connell, and who was regarded (and we know the fact from O'Connell himself) as his enemy. Even so, it will be found as the most perfect portraiture that has yet been published of the greatness, ability, readiness, and skill of O'Connell, as a lawyer.

The second—the report of the proceedings at the Head Police Office in Dublin, upon O'Connell's arrest in 1831, under the Vice-Royalty of the Marquess of Anglesey, is deserving of being read with interest; first, on account of the incidents it describes; secondly, because O'Connell himself attached so much importance to it, that of all the speeches he ever delivered, and of all the transactions in which he took a part, although he openly approved, or expressly adopted the reports given of them by the writer, (as long as he was connected with the Irish press), yet O'Connell made an exception as to *this*. So anxious was he respecting it, that the proof-sheets of the report were placed before him, were revised by him previous to publication, and may therefore be regarded as bearing the impress of his own mind—as being a narrative *by himself* of a transaction, in which he was the hero. To peruse it, is something like reading the commentary of an obscure Hirtius, amended and improved by the hand of Cæsar.*

As to the third, it is to be hoped, that it will also be read with interest, as the immediate transcript of impressions produced upon one, who witnessed the joy and exultation produced in Ireland in 1844, by the liberation of O'Connell from Richmond Penitentiary. This glorious incident in the life of O'Connell contrasts terribly with what immediately follows—the circumstances connected with the last sickness and death of the Liberator.

Taken altogether, the memoir and the appendix, are published with the intention of serving as a fitting introduction to the documents by which they are succeeded.

The papers relating to the last journey of O'Connell from Ireland to London, thence to France, and finally to Genoa, are of various kinds; but will be found principally to consist of the letters of the Rev. Dr. Miley—a profound scholar—an able writer—a pure patriot—and noblest character in this world!—

* "Existimatque rescripturum et correcturum fuisse."—SÜETONIUS *D. Julius Cæsar*. § 56.

A THOROUGH IRISH CATHOLIC PRIEST. Every line that comes from this gentle, kind, and affectionate clergyman, with respect to O'Connell, for whose sake, and to administer to whose spiritual consolation, he "forsook all things," cannot but be read with intense interest—filling the heart at one time, even to overflowing, with grief; and at another, shedding around the rays of religious consolation, as the thoughts of the reader are evoked before the death-bed of O'Connell, and at the bidding of the sacerdotal writer mingle in the prayers of the Church, and hopefully intercede in aspirations before the throne of the All-Merciful for the eternal rest and salvation of the Departed.

These letters are followed by the description of "the Pilgrimage of the Heart" to Rome. To these succeed the obsequies, and then comes that which constitutes the great and prominent feature, if not the peculiar merit, of this Work. *The literal transcript FOR THE FIRST TIME into English of THE ENTIRE WORK published in Rome, as the FUNERAL ORATION of FATHER VENTURA, at the obsequies of O'Connell.*

And here, perhaps, it may be considered necessary to explain why a full translation *from the Italian* has never appeared until now. The translation was at the express desire of the Rev. Dr. Miley confided to the writer of this introduction; and on the 17th July he received from Rome the proof sheets of the First Day's Oration, accompanied by a letter, of which the following is an extract :—

"I beg to forward the enclosed portion of the funeral oration which was recited by the Very Rev. Father Ventura, at the obsequies of Mr. O'Connell, on the 28th and 30th of June last.

"The author is anxious that the sense of his words should be preserved as closely as possible in translating them, as the matter is of importance, and should be treated with great caution.

"Rome, 8th July, 1847."

It was with the full consciousness of the responsibility thus thrown upon the writer, that the translation was undertaken, and committed to the press. In consequence, however, of the writer leaving London for Ireland, the letter containing the Second Day's Oration never reached him. Meanwhile, the publication of the First Day's Oration had taken place; and although previously published in the *Pilot* and *Weekly Register*, such was the demand for it, that in one week two thousand copies were sold by Mr. Duffy, at his publishing house on Wellington-quay; and in six weeks it ran through six Editions, and a seventh was still called for. Whilst in Dublin, the translator of the First Day's Oration sought, and sought in vain for a copy of the original. A translation into French, and from French into English was made; and to satisfy the demand for some version of the second day's proceedings, Mr. Duffy was under the necessity of adding it to the translation from the Italian of the First Day. The writer has carefully abstained

from reading either the French version, or the English translation of the French version of Father Ventura's Oration ; and he did, and has done so, for this reason, that if either were well executed his praise could bestow no additional value upon them ; and if either or both were indifferently accomplished, he would be the last man in the world to utter a word, in their disparagement. He had in this matter a simple duty to perform—to bear in mind what were the wishes of the Very Rev. Author, viz. : “ *that the sense of his words should be preserved as closely as possible in translating them ;*” and, to the best of his ability, to fulfil such wishes. That, however, could not be done until the writer returned to London, and obtained a perfect copy of the original.

It is in pursuance of the desire to accomplish what was required by Father Ventura that his work is now published in full. That work, it should be observed, consists of four parts,* 1st, a Preface, written by the Very Rev. Father Ventura ; 2nd, the Oration of the 28th, and the Oration of the 30th of June ; 3rd, the Notes on the Oration, also written by the illustrious Preacher ; and 4th, a description of the Obsequies from the pen of the Editor. Of all these the only part that has (up to the period of this publication appearing) been translated directly from the Italian into English is the Oration of the 28th June, and with the exception of the Anglo-Gallic version of the 30th June, the remaining portions have been altogether untranslated. Now, the noblest monument that has yet been raised in honor of the memory of O'Connell ; and very probably the most lasting of all is this Funeral Oration by Father Ventura. It will live in all tongues, and its perdurance will be for all time—it will be when temples have fallen, and columns have been overthrown ; for, embedded in the language of every people, it will be recited from generation to generation as the most glorious and most fitting exposition of those new principles in politics, of which O'Connell was the Apostle, and by which are identified together, and rendered inseparable from each other the civil liberties of the people, and the religious freedom, as well as absolute independence of the altar. Whilst it continues O'Connell still lives, and as it circulates, his spirit is caught up, and transfused into the hearts of those prepared to receive with reverence the words of his priestly panegyrist.†

* The following is the title page of the book, as published in Rome : “ *Elogio Funebre di Daniello O'Connell, Membro del Parlamento Britannico, recitato nei solenni Funerali, celebratigli nei giorni 28 e 30 Giugno, dal Rmo. P. D. Gioacchino Ventura, Ex-Generale de' Chierici Regolari, Consultore della Sacra Congregazione de' Riti ed Esaminatore dei Vescovi e del Clero Romano. Roma, 1847, a Spese dell' Editore Filippino Cairo.*”

† The most perfect eulogium we have read on the Ventura Oration, is that contained in the following extract from a letter, written by “ the Roman Correspondent” of the *Freeman's Journal*, and published in the *Weekly Freeman*, September, 11, 1847 :—“ Besides the French and English translations of Father Ventura's Oration, it

Here the attempt is made to put in a fitting and complete form the publication sanctioned by the Very Rev. Father Ventura, so as that when every other country in Europe has a perfect translation, the only one that should be destitute of it might not be "the land of O'Connell."* No apology is then offered for endeavouring to do that, which, if left undone, would be a scandal to the country; and great as is the sacrifice of time to him by whom the attempt is made, he acknowledges that his great incitement to undertake it has been the favour with which the people, but above all, the Catholic Priesthood of Ireland, have received the first

has also been translated into the German and Polish, and it will, no doubt, soon appear in all the living languages of Europe, perhaps, I ought to add, and of Asia, since it has been translated already into the Armenian. It continues up to the present to be a subject of admiration in the holy city. All persons who have read it—and it has been circulated through all the grades of Roman society—speak of it in terms of the most marked approbation. He seems to have delighted all by the felicitous mode in which he has developed the character of the Liberator, as well as the clearness and precision in which he has defined the nature of true liberty, vindicated its sacred attributes, traced its origin to the heavenly source of Catholic doctrine and influence. I have seen a letter from Florence some days ago, which attests that the same opinion is entertained of it there. A friend in the kingdom of Naples, wrote to me a short time ago, stating that a Milanese nobleman who heard the Oration, gave him his opinion of it in these terms: 'Beati sono quelli che intesero l'orazione del P. Ventura; beati sono quelli che leggeranno l'orazione del P. Ventura, e beati sono quelli sovranni che mediteranno l'orazione del P. Ventura.' Nor has the approbation of the sentiments and doctrines contained in it been merely of a lay character; for, as you perceive from the preface, the head of the Roman censorship, the Master of the Sacred Palace, was not satisfied to give a simple permission for its publication, but as soon as he read it, wrote a special letter of approbation (which is most unusual) to the learned author, declaring, in the most commendatory terms, his entire concurrence in the doctrines he laid down, and the mode in which he expounded them. The sentiments entertained by the higher and more intelligent classes regarding this celebrated Oration, were not different from the notions entertained of it by the religious, moral, and dignified people of Rome, whose approbation was not confined to their honest and enthusiastic praises of the orator, his hero, or poor Erin; but it was still more clearly manifested by their subsequent conduct. You have heard of the panic and alarm spread amongst the Roman population as to the reported projected massacre to be made of them. A special commission has been appointed to enquire into the truth of the existence, extent, means, accomplishment, &c., of such conspiracy. Until the *processus* is terminated, nothing certain can be known on the matter. But, notwithstanding the grounds for alarm, which by the great body of the people were *bonâ fide* believed to exist, nothing could exceed the moderation, tranquillity, and respect for public order, as well as confidence in the public authorities which prevailed amongst all classes of the citizens. The principles of legitimate exertion, the necessity of loving public order, and abhorring all violence in seeking for political reform, which was so ably propounded by F. Ventura, and so happily illustrated by the life of him whom he eulogized, confirmed the Roman people more and more in their pacific conduct, for which their greatest enemies admit them to be distinguished, and rendered abortive the fiendish attempts of some few malignant spirits, who here, as well as in other countries, are not wanted to employ all the arts of seduction, in order to excite the people to violence and revolt. The principles of O'Connell, and the counsels of F. Ventura, are, in fact, the great maxims which form the basis, even of the most enthusiastic of the good citizens of Rome, in which their exertions to promote, under the guidance of their adored Sovereign, Pius IX. and his government, the social and political happiness of their country. Of the truth of what I state, all Rome is a witness. Even the entrance of the Austrians into Ferrara, has not produced one single act of violent reaction amongst any portion of the subjects of the Roman states, so anxious are all to preserve peace, and to avoid whatever would give pain to the Holy Father."

* "Terra Conallea."—See Epitaph on St. Modwenna, in CAMDEN'S *Britannia*, Vol. II. p. 497.

portion of his labours. One of these, the Rev. Mr. Forde, has aided him in his task, by translating the Preface to the Oration; and the manner in which that part of the work is executed will be found its own best, and most beseeeming commendation.

The Oration is followed by an Account of the proceedings connected with the removal of the remains of the Liberator to Ireland—their arrival in Dublin—the laying of the Dead in the Metropolitan Church—the Funeral Sermon delivered by the friend and confessor of O'Connell—the funeral procession—the interment—and the Resolutions of the public meeting to erect a monument to his memory.

Such is a brief outline of the contents of this volume. We have already explained the object for which it is compiled; and the purpose for which it is intended. We hope that its perusal may tend to produce this double impression upon the minds of all classes of readers, that O'Connell was worthy of that boundless affection and that willing obedience which Ireland gave to him; and that Ireland was worthy of having as her advocate, her leader, and *her representative*—DANIEL O'CONNELL.

P.S.—Whilst these pages were passing through the press, the Oration delivered at New York by William H. Seward, arrived in Dublin. It is appended as an important document, even though the Editor desires to be understood as neither coinciding in the historical accuracy of the Orator in all his statements, nor as in concurring in some of the inferences deduced from those statements. As a proof of American sympathy, it is valuable—as a literary composition, it is interesting—and as a testimony of the world-wide fame of O'Connell, it is worthy of being preserved.

MEMOIR

OF

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

To write a Memoir of O'Connell is to write the History of Ireland during the present century ; but to appreciate, even in a slight degree, the character and the services of O'Connell, we must look to the state of Ireland and the condition of the Catholics, when he was born at Carhen, in Kerry, on the 6th of August in the year 1775.

If it be true that in the midst of prosperity men feel a pleasure in looking back upon the misfortunes they have endured and the dangers they have overcome, nothing can be more certain than that the toils which others have gone through, the obstacles they have surmounted, and the successes they have gained are but too speedily forgotten by those who are in the enjoyment of their results. History sometimes engraves on the tomb of the hero, the patriot, and the martyr, facts which their cotemporaries did not sufficiently appreciate. Such was the case even with Daniel O'Connell. Loved as politician was never loved before—revered as a statesman by his fellow-countrymen—respected as a Catholic to the widest extent of the universe, still ever active, ever working, ever thoughtful of Catholicity and of Ireland, the great bulk of mankind forgot in their gratitude for present services how much they should love and revere him for those that were past. Who is there that sees fruit, and tree, and flower thriving and blooming beneath the genial rays of the sun, and thinks with gratitude how much of joy and gladness the same luminary diffused some twenty, thirty, or forty years ago ? The thought of an existing good effaces the recollection of that which was previously experienced. Thus it was with Daniel O'Connell. Let us, however feebly, and of necessity but too briefly, endeavour to do some justice to the memory of him to whom, with the change of a single word, is applicable the sentence of St. Boniface :—" Et rectum quidem mihi videtur ut tota gens (*Hibernicorum*) in omnibus provinciis, ubicumque reperti sunt, gratias Deo referant, quia tam mirabilem virum illis in sua natione donavit."

In the year 1775, when Mr. O'Connell was born, there were in force not less than twenty-four Acts of Parliament, each and all intended to afflict and harass the Catholics. The social condition of Ireland, in consequence of these laws, is thus described in a pamphlet written in 1773, and entitled *An Account of Ireland* :—" By these

laws against popery, the author * observes, the bonds of society, the ties of nature, and all the charities of kindred are torn to pieces. Those are allured, who could not be compelled, traps are laid for youth and inexperience, and it becomes a maxim of state, to encourage the profligate and reward the ungrateful; the concord of brothers is dissolved, the son is armed against his father, and the husband and wife are taught to break through the most sacred and tender attachments, when invited by interest, inconstancy, or libertinism. It is no longer the Protestant that is to be on his guard against the Papist, but the Papist must be armed at all points and watch day and night against the legal assaults of his wife, his children, and his kindred; if all their affections are secure, yet his neighbour has an interest to become an informer against him, his sword of defence may wound himself, and the hospitality of his roof may leave him without a roof to shelter him; a bill of discovery may strip him in a moment of all his possessions. Precluded from offices of public trust or emolument, the Papist is even deprived of the comforts of private life in the bosom of his family; his children may be taken from him, and educated at his expense in a profession he dislikes. If he entertains a Popish Bishop or regular Parish Priest in his house for their instruction, he is punished for the first or second offence by pecuniary penalties, and for the third he forfeits all his goods and chattels, and all his estate of freehold and inheritance during his life. Popish schools are prohibited in Ireland, and a Papist bred abroad incurs the strongest disabilities. If the son of a Papist professes himself a Protestant, which he may do at fourteen years of age, the father's property is instantly altered; his estate in fee-simple is converted into a tenure for life; and a third of his whole fortune, real and personal, is taken from him for the immediate use of the conformist.....A Papist is not only incapable of purchasing lands of inheritance, but he is incapable of taking a lease for more than thirty-one years, and even under this short tenure two-thirds of the value must be reserved to the lessor. A Popish mechanic can't take more than two apprentices, and there are certain towns in which the law forbids him to inhabit. Any Papist of sixteen years old may be summoned by two justices of the peace, and examined upon oath when and where he heard Mass, who celebrated the same, and who were present at the celebration; and on refusal to inform may be sent to the common gaol for twelve months, or pay a penalty of £20 to the poor of the parish. Any Papist of sixteen years old may be summoned to take the oath of abjuration, and on the third refusal incurs the penalties of a premunire. An Irish Papist can neither inherit, acquire, nor bequeath—for in all these cases he is liable to be defeated or disquieted. The laws of Ireland against Papists are the harsh dictates of persecution, not the calm suggestions of reason and policy; they threaten the Papists with penalties in case of foreign

* The author of this unpublished pamphlet afterwards became celebrated as the Earl Macartney, who acted as head of an embassy sent to the Emperor of China. We state this fact on the authority of Mr. Smyth, from whose work these extracts are taken.

education; and yet allow them no education at home; they shut the doors of their own university against them, and forbid them to enter those of any other. No man shall go to lecture who will not go to church. A Papist shall not be a divine, a physician, a lawyer, or a soldier; he shall be nothing but a Papist.....If he becomes a trader or mechanic, he shall scarcely enjoy the rights of a citizen; if a farmer, he shall not cultivate or improve his possession, being discouraged by the short limitation of his tenure.”*

Such was the state of the Irish Catholic population and Priesthood in the year 1775, when Daniel O’Connell was born. Let us contrast it with what is said of him, and the Catholics and their Priesthood, in 1834. In a Memoir of Mr. O’Connell, written by no friendly hand, in the *Times* of Monday, May 24th, 1847, we find it said of his supporters—the Irish Repeal members in that Parliament—that they “consisted of persons returned to Parliament by the Irish Priests, at his recommendation, and pledged to vote as he directed; they were therefore called ‘the O’Connell tail;’ and no doubt, when political parties were nicely, balanced, the thirty or forty members whom he commanded could easily create a preponderating influence. Thus it was his power which from 1835 to 1841 kept the Melbourne Ministry in office. To reward such important aid, the greater portion of the Irish patronage was placed at his disposal; and, to a great degree, the Irish policy of the Melbourne Government took its tone and character from the known sentiments of the demagogue upon whose fiat their existence depended.”

Without stopping to point out what is exaggerated and what inaccurate in this extract, we may take it as sufficient to show how Ireland had been changed, and how different was the position of Roman Catholics, Priests and People, between the years 1775 and 1834.

When we have two such opposite statements impressed upon our minds, we can the better prepare ourselves to glance at the past political life of him, through whose instrumentality so mighty a change came to be effected.

Daniel O’Connell was but a few months old—Ireland was in the state just described, and yet the Irish Lord Lieutenant, in addressing the Parliament, said, “I am persuaded that you entertain a grateful sense of the blessings you enjoy under the mild and firm Government of the best of sovereigns!” And he concluded his speech, delivered the 10th of October, 1775, with these words:—“The Protestant Charter Schools, an institution established on the principles of wisdom and humanity, and so peculiarly adapted to the present state and circumstances of this kingdom, are eminently entitled to your consideration and care.”† O’Connell had not reached the meridian of his greatness, when he brought the force of public opinion so to bear upon those dens of iniquity, proselytism, cruelty, and gross debauchery, that they were swept from the face of the earth amid the scorn and execrations of mankind. It is one of the many benefits

* Smyth’s Ireland—Historical and Statistical, vol. ii. pp. 126, 130.

† Annual Register, vol. xviii. p. 267, “State Papers.”

conferred by him upon Catholicity and Ireland, to which we can but incidentally refer.*

The life of O'Connell may be divided into two great epochs—that which preceded and that which succeeded the establishment of the Catholic Association.

Upon the first portion we mean to touch but lightly, because O'Connell has already had his best biographer in his son, the member for Kilkenny, who has published many interesting anecdotes respecting his father's childhood and youth, and early struggles in politics.—It is sufficient to indicate that in 1788 he was the scholar of a Catholic Priest, the Rev. Mr. Harrington; that in 1789 he was a pupil in Louvain—in that which is now "The Josephite Institution," and where Irish young gentlemen are still educated—that from Louvain he proceeded to St. Omer, and then to Douai; returned to England in 1793; in 1794 entered as a student in Lincoln's Inn, and in 1798 was called to the bar.

On the 13th of January, 1800, O'Connell made his first speech in public as a politician. It was against the contemplated measure of the Union—it was to prevent a measure receiving the sanction of an Act of Parliament, which when once it became law it was the object of his life to see repealed, and against which his last speech in Ireland was spoken. Those who doubt his wisdom cannot, at least, but admit to him the merit of consistency. A single extract from that speech we cannot avoid making:—

"It is my sentiment," said O'Connell, "and I am satisfied it is the sentiment, not only of every gentleman who hears me, but of the Catholic people of Ireland, that if our opposition to this injurious, insulting, and hated measure of Union were to draw upon us the revival of the Penal Laws, we would boldly meet a proscription and oppression which would be the testimonies of our virtue, and sooner throw ourselves once more on the mercy of our Protestant brethren, than give our assent to the political murder of our country. Yes, I know—I do know, that although exclusive advantages may be ambiguously held forth to the Irish Catholic to seduce him from the sacred duty which he owes his country, I know that the Catholics

* The Charter Schools had been established in the year 1734, for the purpose of entrapping the children of poor Catholics, and educating them as Protestants. The iniquities of this flagitious institution had been exposed in 1787 by the benevolent Howard; but his remonstrances were unattended to, because it was an efficient instrument in the persecution of Catholics. In 1826, it was proved that the Protestant Charter Schools had an income of 7,000*l.* a year; and they were shown to be the haunts of frightful iniquity, cruelty, and rank peculation. In one School at Stradbally it was proved that one of the boys had received an hundred lashes in the course of a single day, and yet such was the terror inspired by the wretch who inflicted this punishment, that the boys in answer to the Government Commissioner, said "they were well treated!" In another School, where there were thirty-six scholars, only twelve of them could read, and there were but six copy-books for the entire School! The master of the School could not teach, and there was no usher! In the Clonmel School there were only *two boys and no books!*—See Parliamentary Debates, (N. S.) vol. xiii. pp. 1111, 1112, 1115. Annual Register, vol. lxxvii. p. 70, vol. lxxviii. pp. 128, 129, 130.

of Ireland still remember that they have a country, and that they will never accept of any advantages as a *sect* which would debase and destroy them as a *people*.”*

This speech was delivered by O’Connell in the Royal Exchange at Dublin, where, we believe, his statue is now erected. It was spoken in the presence of an armed soldiery, for the country was then governed by martial law. It was responded to by the great body of the Catholic people, and though it could not prevent the Union from being carried, it aided in defeating the perfidious† project of Pitt for enslaving the Catholic Church in Ireland. That project was thus expressed by Pitt in his letter to the King, dated January 31st, 1801: —“With respect to the Catholics of Ireland,” it was observed by Pitt, “another most important additional security, and one of which the effect would continually increase, might be provided by gradually attaching the Popish Clergy to the Government, and for this purpose making them dependent for a part of their provision (under proper regulations) on the State, and by also subjecting them to superintendence and control.”

The ferocious bigotry of the King unconsciously co-operated with the patriotism of O’Connell in thus defeating a scheme, which the enemies of the Church still entertain, but which, we trust, they never will be permitted to accomplish.‡

In 1802, Mr. O’Connell was married; and here we pass onward from the time he made himself known as “Counsellor O’Connell,” until he stood, in the year 1823, the acknowledged leader of the Catholics, and the founder of the Catholic Association, even though that period includes the trial of the Catholic delegates; the prosecutions

* Plowden’s Historical Review of the State of Ireland, vol. iii. p. 982.

† That there is no want of charity in applying the term “perfidious” to the Irish policy of Pitt, the following letter addressed by him to the Duke of Rutland, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, will fully testify: “What I venture to suggest for your consideration is, whether it be possible for you to give any authentic knowledge (without committing yourself) of the extent of the numbers who are really zealous for reform, and of the ideas that would content them.—By all I hear accidentally, the Protestant Reformers are alarmed at the pretensions of the Catholics, and for that very reason would stop very short of the extreme speculative notions of universal suffrage. *Could there be any way of your confidentially sounding Lord Charlemont without any danger from the consequences?*”—Letter of Pitt, dated October 8th, 1784, as quoted in the *Quarterly Review*, vol. lxx. pp. 299, 300. A perusal of the correspondence from which this letter is taken will show that “the Union” was then contemplated by the Duke of Rutland.

‡ “Be well assured,” observed Edmund Burke in writing to the Rev. Dr. Hussey, “that they” (the English government) “never did, and that they never will consent to give one shilling of money for any other purpose than to do you a mischief; if you consent to put your clerical education, or any other part of your education under their direction or control, then you will have sold your religion for their money.”—*Correspondence of Burke between 1774 and 1797, edited by Earl Fitzwilliam and Sir C. Burke*, vol. iii. p. 232. See also pp. 233, 234, 298, 299, 301, 302; and for Burke’s opinions against the English government having anything to do with the nomination of the Catholic clergy, vol. i. pp. 303, 304, and 540.

“I should not be surprised if a proposal for the payment of the Catholic clergy were to come from his (Sir R. Peel’s) side.”—Von Raumer’s England in 1825.”

of John Magee of the *Evening Post* (a martyr in the Catholic cause) and of Hugh Fitzpatrick, the Catholic bookseller; of the attempt to kill Mr. O'Connell in "an affair of honour;" of the disputes respecting the Veto; and of the successful vindication of the independence of the Catholic Church by its great lay champion. To recite these various incidents would be to write a history, and would compel us to dwell upon the lives and actions of others at a moment when we have scarcely time or space to dwell particularly upon the merits of him whose opinions were always honest and his judgment ever correct.

The first meeting of the Catholic Association, as an organised body, took place on the 13th May, 1823.

The position of the Roman Catholic body at that time was very peculiar. George IV., who had ascended to the throne in 1820, visited Ireland in 1821, expressed a strong anxiety to see "conciliation" prevail amongst all classes of his subjects, and led the Catholics to hope that their quiescence would ensure the favour of their Sovereign, and ultimately the concession of their just rights. This was not distinctly promised, but it was permitted to be understood. O'Connell resolved that, on the part of the Catholics, no excuse should be afforded by violence of language, or by agitation of any description, to permit the King and his advisers to have any pretext for continuing the persecution of the Roman Catholics.

What followed from this quiescence? In a speech, in which he first suggested the formation of the Association, he observed "that much had been said in "former times about the heat and intemperance of Catholic 'leaders,' as they were called; but sure he was that no intemperance could have placed Catholic affairs in a more melancholy condition than that to which they were reduced at present. If the Catholics looked back for years, he would confidently say that they would find that they had not the guilt even of a mistake to answer for. They were, in fact, accused of no misconduct. If their names were mentioned in Parliament, it was for the purpose of bestowing some approbation upon them. Yet, what was the reward of their conduct?—a state of things more degrading, if not more hopeless, than anything that has yet been witnessed in Ireland."*

They had followed the advice of their enemies—of Sir Robert Peel, for instance, who, in the debate on the Catholic Claims, March 1, 1813, said: "If I were among the wavering friends of the Catholics, I would advise the postponement of the subject into which we are required to enter until the first jealousies and suspicions of the Protestants might be somewhat allayed." Such advice as this had been deliberately and purposely acted upon for the purpose of depriving bigotry and injustice of their old plea for perpetuating wrong, viz. "the intemperance of some of the Catholic leaders." The advice of their enemies was adopted, and what then was the conduct of *their friends*? In 1822 Mr. Canning was appointed Governor-General of India. He wished to make a fine speech on some subject. He chose the Catholic Question, and, without condescending to consult the illustrious personages upon whom he volunteered to bestow his patron-

* John O'Connell's *Memoirs and Speeches of Daniel O'Connell*, M.P. vol. ii. pp. 394, 395.

age, he moved, on the 30th April, 1822, for leave to bring in "a bill to relieve Roman Catholic Peers from the disabilities imposed on them by the Act 30 of Charles II., with regard to the right of sitting and voting in the House of Peers." Mr. Canning made a very brilliant speech upon that occasion—so particularly brilliant and beautiful that he afterwards gratified the world with a corrected report of it; and he even carried his motion by a majority of five! But this small measure of relief was opposed in the Commons by Mr. (Sir Robert) Peel, and in the Lords it was rejected by a majority of *forty-two*. The Protestant Lords declined to meet in their Chamber, as *Peers*, the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Shrewsbury, Lord Petre, Lord Stourton, and other members of the ancient Catholic nobility. Lords of yesterday! did not desire to see amongst them those whose names were identified with the bye-gone glories of England. "It is to be observed," says Mr. Butler, "that Mr. Canning acted on this occasion without any recommendation or suggestion from the Catholics."*

The violent and unexpected death of Lord Londonderry conferred the seals of the Foreign Office upon Mr. Canning, but "from this time," to use the delicate phraseology of Mr. Butler, "he apparently estranged himself from the Catholics, and desired this to be universally known." At the same time other Parliamentary advocates for Emancipation obtained power; but of the Administration itself it was said, and justly, by a writer unfriendly to the Catholics:—

"The Administration thus formed, although containing so strong a party in favour of the Catholic claims, was *their most strenuous opponent*. It was soon noticed that Canning and Plunket, now Attorney-General for Ireland, were less earnest in the cause."†

The lowest point of degradation had been reached on 17th April, 1823, when, upon the motion of Mr. Plunket for a Committee on the Catholic Claims, Sir Francis Burdett rose and said, with perfect truth, "the annual discussion of the question had become a farce."

Never was a notorious fact uttered in a more plain phrase. The falsehood of professing friends, and the arts of cunning foes, had reduced a great principle, involving the rights of the poor and the privileges of the great, into a mere abstract question—such as might be speeched about by school-boys and talked of in a debating club—improving, as a display of oratorical talent; amusing, as helping to pass away an idle hour—meaning nothing, and leading to nothing. It was a farce—intended to be a farce—to delude and dazzle the ignorant—to be laughed at, jeered at, and thought of no more by those who were in the secret.

The secession of Sir Francis Burdett forced on the crisis it had been wished to avoid. The mock motion in favour of the Catholics was lost, and properly lost, in the mere question of adjournment.

The Irish Catholics saw this—they had looked upon the Lord Lieutenant, their countryman, a man illustrious as a statesman, and venerable for his years, grossly insulted, and brutally assaulted in a public theatre, because he was supposed to be a friend to their cause. That

* Butler's Memoir of the Catholic Relief Bill, 1829. See Cooke's History of Party, vol. iii. p. 527.

† Cooke's History of Party, vol. iii. p. 527.

outrage was unavenged, because, through him, it had been offered to them.

Every circumstance tended to show the necessity for organization. Ireland and Catholicity both required a **LIBERATOR**.

Let us for a moment here pause, and see what was the condition of the Roman Catholics of England in the year 1823.

The session of this year witnessed an effort made to raise the English Catholics to *an equality with the Irish Catholics*. Both were degraded by the existing state of the law; but there were degrees in degradation, and the English Catholics stood on the lowest step. Amongst their members they could count the noblest in the land—amongst their members were the possessors of the largest landed property—amongst their members were men distinguished for their talents, their learning, and their virtues—amongst their members, with not a single exception, were those the most remarkable for the faithful performance of all the duties of life—as fathers, husbands, brothers, sons, citizens; and yet the odious laws with which Kings identified the stability of their throne, Protestants the existence of their religion, statesmen the integrity of the Constitution, would not suffer one of these to exercise the franchise, to act as a magistrate, to hold the meanest office under the Crown; for *these* “not even the lowest situation in the Excise could be had in Great Britain, without qualifying, by abjuring Popery.”*

On the 28th of May, 1823, when the cause of the Irish Catholics had been abandoned for the session, Lord Nugent (not having consulted the English Catholics on the subject) brought forward a motion for leave to introduce a bill which would place the Roman Catholics of England and Scotland in the same situation, with respect to civil rights and franchises, as those in Ireland. “My object,” said Lord Nugent, “will be to give them the means of qualifying for those offices only which would now be held by them in Ireland; and I pledge my word to the House, that to that standard I shall conform myself most strictly.” The spirit in which this Bill was met was expressed by two members of the Commons. Mr. Gooch said, “He knew many Catholics, who were loyal and respectable men, but he must oppose the removal of the restrictions placed upon them.” A Mr. Butterworth, a Methodist, affirmed that he “was a sincere friend to religious freedom, and therefore he opposed the Bill.”† The reward which a Gooch would give for “loyalty” and “respectability,” was a perpetuation of disabilities; and a Butterworth’s love of religious freedom was proved by punishing men for conscience sake! The Catholics were then powerless, and they could thus be treated with impunity. As far as Parliament was concerned, it was manifest they were doomed to eternal degradation.

It is unnecessary to pursue the history of the Bill further. Upon the proposal in the House of Lords of that portion of it which *conferred the franchise on English Catholics*, it was **REJECTED** by a majority of seven!

* See Parliamentary Debates, (N.S.) vol. viii. p. 1133.

† Parliamentary Debates, (N.S.) vol. ix. pp. 1136, 1137.

In 1823, there was no hope of relief for the Catholics, no matter how gross might be the wrong done to them, or how afflicting their situation, from the working of the Penal Laws. The Legislature was tried in various ways, and in each was found to be obdurate in its determination to grant not the slightest relief, nor to make the smallest concession. The first peer of the realm was denied his rights because he was a Roman Catholic; whilst the humble man found that the Penal Laws invaded his home, that they cursed his marriage, that the woman who was united to him for life, by one of the most solemn sacraments of his Church, was, in the eye of the law—an *English Penal Law*!—regarded as the vilest of her sex, and that the children of his marriage, because he was a Catholic, were “base-born.” The law of God declared them the offspring of “holy wedlock,” the law of man denounced them as “bastards.” In this case, however, persecution brought its own punishment along with it, for the children of the Irish Catholic poor born in England, being *legally* “illegitimate,” were chargeable on the respective parishes in which they were born, and were not removable with their parents, when the latter became paupers and were sent back to Ireland. A heavy burden was thus imposed upon English parishes, for illegitimacy gave a right to relief, as in former ages when villeinage existed, its proof entitled the supposed “vilein” to be declared a “free man!”

In 1823 prejudice against Catholicism was too strong, and the Catholics themselves too weak to obtain any redress for this grievous wrong, to which the attention of parliament was called by the petition of a Roman Catholic Bishop, the Right Rev. Dr. Poynter, who prayed that “the Roman Catholics in England might be placed on the same footing as those in Ireland, with respect to the performance of the marriage ceremony.” The arguments used in support of this petition showed how much of selfishness there was in desiring this change. Sir James Mackintosh spoke the opinions of others, and not of his own generous mind, when he referred to the petition of parish officers of a large and populous district, complaining “of the burden brought upon them, and the injury to the country generally, in consequence of the law making the marriage of Roman Catholics by their own clergymen unlawful. *The children were chargeable on the parishes from which they could not be removed by their parents.*”

Upon this occasion a complaint was made against the Catholic Clergy by a Mr. M. A. Taylor, which is deserving of being recorded. It is pregnant with reflections as to the degrading position in which Catholics and their Priests were placed in England in 1823. This Mr. M. A. Taylor said, that “he thought some legislative measure should be introduced to remedy the evil,” (that is, the burden on the parishes,) “but many of the inconveniences complained of might be attributed to the conduct of the Catholic Priests themselves, for they must know that such marriages were null and void, and they ought, therefore, to refuse to perform the ceremony until the parties had first been married according to the rites of the church of England.”*

So hopeless, so fallen, so low, and so degraded were the Catholics

* Parliamentary Debates, (N. S.) vol. ix. pp. 965, 966, 967.

of England in 1823, that they were even threatened with a new persecution if any attempt should be made to relieve them.*

Catholicity in England, as in Ireland, required a **LIBERATOR**. Heaven had given the man. Let us now see how the cause prospered in his hand, when once he became the acknowledged leader of the Roman Catholics.

At the time that the Catholic Association was established great apathy prevailed in Ireland. To overcome it demanded all the resources, all the energies, all the devotion, and all the genius of O'Connell. Nothing could be more unfavourable than the situation of the country and the state of public feeling when the formation of this institution was commenced. Its architect saw before him no solid earth on which he could place the first materials wherewith to begin his operations. The mass before him was inert, yielding, sluggish—it might absorb, but it could not bear—and months upon months of hard and apparently hopeless toil had to be devoted to the formation, if we may so term it, of the cofferdam, within whose precincts were to be laid that solid pile on which was afterwards to be raised an edifice—destined to resemble the capitol of Rome—a temple enshrining all that was dear and precious to those who loved freedom, their religion, and their country—a fortress formidable to those who might advance against it as enemies.

The Catholic Association was formed; but the difficulty at first was to get *ten persons* to make a house, and even in October, 1823, Mr. John O'Connell describes it as sitting “in a narrow two-room floor in Capel-street, but half filled,” “with scanty returns of money,” “few communications from the country, and the informal haste with which the business of the day (all, save Mr. O'Connell's usual address,) was got through.”†

These addresses were, however, producing their effect on the country. They exposed the iniquities of the system then prevailing in Ireland. They denounced the vile practice of packing juries—that practice to which O'Connell himself subsequently became a victim—the flagrant and audacious speculation practised by the imposition of Church-rates—the atrocities and the murders that followed from the merciless exaction of tithes. These and a hundred other wrongs were exposed by O'Connell. At first the Catholic Association was scarcely noticed by those who called themselves “the friends of the Catholic cause.” The year 1824 had not passed away until it excited the terrors of every bigot, fanatic, knave, and jobber in the empire.

Ireland and Catholicity which had been quiescent and trampled upon, were now alike aroused. The “Bible Societies,” which had been formed for the distinct purpose of slandering the Creed, defaming the Priesthood, and opposing the political rights of the Catholics, were encountered even in their very dens by O'Connell. No calumny was left unrefuted, no wrong unexposed, and no oppressor unrebuked. The mind of O'Connell moved the mighty national ma-

* Parliamentary Debates, (N.S.) vol. ix. p. 1536.

† John O'Connell's Memoir and Speeches of Daniel O'Connell, M.P. vol. ii. p. 436.

chinery, and its working is thus described by a malignant enemy to Catholicity :—

“ This violent excitement”—the opposition to the Bible Societies—“ was (observes the *Annual Register*, of 1824,) not a little promoted by the proceedings of the Catholic Association, who, in their writings, and in the printed papers circulated by them, displayed a *vehemence and intemperance going beyond all former example*. So unqualified was the language, so immoderate the demands, which they addressed to Parliament in a petition, that even Lord Holland and Mr. Brougham felt themselves constrained to express their dissent. This self-constituted body held its regular sessions in Dublin, nominated committees, received petitions, referred them to a committee of grievances, ordered a census of the population to be taken, and even proceeded to levy a tax upon the people. It assessed the cities, towns, and parishes, appointing collectors in every district for the receipt of a tax which they called ‘the Catholic rent.’.....So successful was the imposition that it produced, it was said, sometimes fifty pounds a day.”*

“ The vehemence and intemperance” of men were found fault with, who when quiet were contemned, and when submissive had been despised. Tyranny was disturbed in its repose ; for Spartacus had not only broken his chain, but was emerging from his retreat in Campania to contend for liberty.†

As the year 1824 advanced the Irish Catholic Association increased in strength, and the effects of its labours were nowhere more perceptible than in the proceedings of the Imperial Parliament. Those who had refused everything in 1823 made some important concessions in 1824. It is true that their language did not abate in violence, but still they retreated. They blustered, bullied, but—they shrunk back.

Amongst the most important of these concessions was the inquiry conceded into the state of Ireland. It was reluctantly and grudgingly assented to by the Ministry. From it they sought to exclude all consideration of “the Church Establishment, the Tithe System, past and present, and, above all, the proposition whether what was called the Roman Catholic question was not the origin of all the evils that afflicted Ireland.‡

The English Catholics felt particularly the beneficial effects of the bold operations of O’Connell and the Catholic Association. Although measures proposing to place them on an equality with Irish Catholics were not successful, still bigotry had to yield to them on two points.§

* *Annual Register*, vol. lxvi. p. 42.

† “ Non modo effugisse contenti, jam vindicari volebant.”—*Florus*, lib. iii. c. 20.

‡ *Memoirs of the Right Hon. Sir R. Peel*, vol. ii. p. 17.

§ The measures proposing to elevate the English Catholics to a level with Irish Catholics, were brought into the House of Lords by the Marquess of Lansdowne. The first was intended to confer on them the franchise—the second, to make civil offices accessible to them. The first Bill was rejected by a majority of thirty-eight; the latter by a majority of thirty-four. Both measures met with the hostility of Lord Redesdale; and his opposition is worthy of being recorded, because in seeking to injure others he degraded himself so far as to give utterance to a statement, the gross improbability of which must have been notorious to all who heard him; whilst its promulgation could not but induce the conviction that it had been invented by himself to serve the purpose of the moment. His words were these :—

“ For himself he could not consent to give political power to the Catholics. Nor

They were refused the franchise—they were denied the eligibility to be nominated to offices of trust and honour; but there was in the 5th George IV ch. 79, a concession made to them. That Act permitted persons to hold any office respecting the receipt of Customs, without taking any oath, except that of allegiance; and the 5th George IV. ch. 119, permitted the Earl Marshal and his deputy to exercise that office without taking the oath of supremacy, and the Declaration against Transubstantiation.

The latter act was one of simple justice to the most illustrious subject of the Crown, defrauded of his hereditary privileges by the perjuries of Titus Oates, and denied the restoration to them by those whose only distinguished characteristics were their barbarous and brutal bigotry, or their intense hatred of everything bearing the semblance of equity.

This Act affecting solely the personal privileges of an individual, conferring upon him not a particle of political power, it is stated by the *Annual Register*, was carried by a "manœuvre" on the part of Lord Holland, who moved the third reading "before several of the keen opponents of the measure" had time to muster their numbers into an efficient opposition to it.—(*Annual Register*, vol. lxvi.) This statement is corroborated by the protest against the Bill, for such a Bill was protested against! Its keen opponents declaring it was calculated to generate "*feuds and animosities!*" whilst they themselves objected "to *any concession* to Roman Catholics, either collectively or individually; and the Bill *violates the constitution, by enabling a Papist to hold high office near the person of a Protestant King*, and dispenses with those oaths which Protestants are bound to take *** Because to sanction the separation of the oaths of allegiance and supremacy is to establish a most dangerous and alarming precedent, inasmuch as *the union of Church and State forms the basis of our constitutional greatness and excellence, freedom and security.*"*

In Ireland, O'Connell had rendered the Association formidable to bigots and the Government. For the first time, through O'Connell, and by the funds of the Catholic Association, the peasant obtained protection, even in adverse courts of law, from the village tyrants by whom he had hitherto been oppressed. The magistrates were made to feel for the first time the danger of exposure and the burden of heavy law costs for acts which, previous to the existence of the Association they could have committed with impunity. To the Irish Government O'Connell rendered the Association most formidable. From thence his influence extended over the people; tranquillity was restored to Ireland; outrages and feuds were suppressed in eleven counties, where they had long subsisted previous to the establishment of the Association. †

It is curious to look back and see how *parliamentary friends* and enemies then spoke of the Catholic Association and of O'Connell.

could he be deterred from freely expressing his opinions on the subject, by the fact, that *his assassination had been openly preached* in a Catholic chapel in Dublin"!—Parliamentary Debates, (N.S.) vol. xi. p. 832.

* With such opponents to contend against, the English Catholics were defeated.

* Parliamentary Debates (N.S.) vol. xi. p. 1482.

† See Wyse's Sketch of the late Catholic Association, vol. i. p. 299.

Mr. Brownlow (an avowed Orangeman) presented in 1824 a petition against the Catholic Association, and in doing so declared that its members "had outraged the feelings of every Protestant in Ireland, and scandalized all the loyal and *respectable Roman Catholics*."—"With respect to the great question of Catholic Emancipation he was persuaded they (the members of the Association) cared not one pin about it, provided they could minister to their own vanity and ambition. To gratify the one and promote the other they would not hesitate to endanger the peace of Ireland, to defeat the cause of which *they pretended to be the advocates*. The question then was, *who was to be supreme, the Parliament of England, or the Catholic Association*."*

A few years decided *that question*. But previous to that decision, the assailant, in this instance, of the Catholics became one of the most illustrious, as he was one of the most disinterested converts to the principles of justice and toleration which he had so long opposed.

Mr. Plunket and Mr. Canning took part in this debate. Their opinion as to the Association is comprised in the two following sentences:—

Mr. Plunket "certainly thought that *the intemperance and folly of the Association were more calculated indefinitely to postpone the success of the Catholic cause* than all the efforts of the most bitter enemies of that cause."

Mr. Canning "had no difficulty in saying that all such irregular institutions were generally mischievous, and above all to *that particular cause which they professed to support*."†

An enemy to Catholicity and to liberty judged more wisely, and spoke more truly, when he said:—"It was not till the Catholic Association commenced its operations, that the great body of the Catholics in Ireland began to think much of Emancipation as it is called."‡

Men who seek freedom may always be certain that they can never so shape their demands as to make them agreeable to oppressors: their *petitions* if humbly worded will be scorned as "grovelling;" their *requests* considered as "impertinent;" their *loud cries* exclaimed against as "seditious;" and their *warnings* perhaps prosecuted as "treasonable." To ask tyranny to relax its hold is to offend it.

O'Connell, the members of the Catholic Association, and the friends of both in England were not the only persons who were accused, at the same period of time, of injuring a good cause by their "intemperance." The ardent, the honest, and the devoted friends of Negro Emancipation—the men, who were struggling that an end might at once be put to the horrors of slavery were denounced in nearly similar terms, even by those who were ostensibly *the advocates* of that emancipation. In the year 1824, the same year that O'Connell and the Catholic Association were repudiated by some of the friends of Catholic Emancipation in Parliament, that truly honest and good man Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton and his friends were described (by the *Annual Register*) in such language as this: "The intemperate verbiage

* Parliamentary Debates, (N. S) vol. xi. pp. 946, 947.

† Ibid. vol. xi. pp. 961, 952.

‡ Ibid. vol. xiii. p. 718.

of Mr. Fowell Buxton, and the other zealots for precipitate “(negro) Emancipation”; whilst the professing friends of the same measure were thus depicted:—

“*The Ministers* expressed themselves always with *liberality and moderation*. The abolitionists, *par excellence*, with a virulence and *intemperance* which could not fail to impede the accomplishment of the laudable object they had in view.”

These are the same terms employed when descanting on the conduct of Mr. O’Connell and the Catholic Association; but, in order to show the want of sincerity in those who on both questions expressed themselves with “liberality and moderation,” we have the letter of Mr. Huskisson dated Eastham, November 2nd 1824, and addressed to a rich slave-owner, Mr. John Gladstone of Liverpool. In this letter Mr. Huskisson uses the following expressions:—

“*The Government did every thing in its power to prevent Buxton’s motion altogether, and Mr. Canning in particular exerted all his personal influence.*”*** I hope, rather than expect, that what has happened at Demerara may teach this party *more discretion*, and that we shall not witness a repetition of those *inconsiderate petitions and provocations to debate the question of Emancipation*, which formed a part of the tactics of last session.”*

The slave-owner “Gladstone considered the abolitionist” Buxton, “intemperate and mischievous!” as the anti-Catholic, the bigot, and the tyrant, in England deemed O’Connell to be “seditious,” “wicked,” and “dangerous.” The slave-owners of the West Indies caused one of “the zealots” for negro emancipation, the missionary Smith, to be tried by court martial; and in Ireland O’Connell was delivered over for trial by the friends of Catholic Emancipation to jurors who were the avowed foes to that measure.

O’Connell had now made Catholic Emancipation the great question of the day. He had become formidable both to its false friends and open foes. Both were alike resolved not to yield what was just, and they determined if possible to injure it by doing him wrong. The year 1824 was not permitted to close without a prosecution being instituted against Mr. O’Connell on a charge of “sedition.”

In the course of one of O’Connell’s many speeches on the same day, he chanced to give utterance to a sentence to this effect:—“that if ever Ireland should be reduced to the same state as the South American colonies, he wished that there might arise in this country some man, a *liberator* like Bolivar, who would be able to shake off the chains of the oppressor, and free her from the degradation of bondage.” This solitary sentence is to be found in a speech of Mr. O’Connell’s, on the 16th December 1824, when handing in a subscription of 5l. from the Editors of the London *Examiner*. The expression was thought to be a bold one at that time in Dublin. It was talked of, for a couple of days, and then forgotten.

* * Annual Register, vol. lxvi. pp. 99, 100, 101. It may be here remarked of Mr. Huskisson, that “although an adherent of Canning, and favourable to the Catholics, he only once spoke in favour of their claims.” Cooke’s History of Party, vol. iii. p. 528.

Upon this single sentence the Government determined to found a prosecution for sedition. The prosecutor of O'Connell was Mr. Plunket (Lord Plunket), up to that time the person to whom the petitions of the Irish Catholics had been confided. The day on which the bills against O'Connell were sent up to the grand jury was one of the many remarkable days which he—henceforth styled the “Liberator”—produced in Dublin. It was the first direct attack made on the personal liberty of O'Connell; and the usual means were resorted to, to ensure a conviction. A grand jury was formed, from which Catholics were as carefully excluded, as Orangemen were diligently selected.

It is probable that in commencing this prosecution the Liverpool Administration had confided in the anxiety of the Orange juries to convict Mr. O'Connell. In that expectation they would not have been disappointed had their Attorney-General been any other than Mr. Plunket. That gentleman had, however, made himself odious to the Orangemen by prosecuting them for the outrage they had committed on the Marquis Wellesley. They hated him even more vehemently than they did O'Connell. The latter had only *spoken*. Mr. Plunket had *acted* against them. The bills that he presented charging O'Connell with sedition could find but few witnesses to support them. The newspaper reporters either declined to give evidence or refused to attend—two of them incurred heavy penalties for not appearing before the grand jury.* The result was the ignoring of the bills.

Meanwhile, the 31st of December, 1824—the day on which these events took place—was a day of great tribulation in Dublin. Witnesses of the scene which the Court-house of Green-street presented on that day, we have all its component parts as distinctly before us as if it occurred but yesterday. On the bench were the Judges Moore and Vandeleur—one an honest and a humane man; the other poor, weak, and as honest as a malignant bigot could be. The crown was represented by an odd-looking man, named Sealy Townsend; the counsel for O'Connell were Mr. Sheil, Mr. O'Loughlen, Mr. Perrin, Mr. Holmes, Mr. Wallace—names that we mention, not in the order of the respective positions they then filled, but in accordance with the rank they have since occupied. The court-house and streets leading to it were filled with a multitude from an early hour. Suspense and anxiety were portrayed on the countenance of every Catholic, for it was surmised that the Orange Sheriffs would perform their task in their accustomed manner. As the names of the jury were called over, that which had been feared as a probable evil assumed the form of an accomplished mischief. These names were not known, when O'Connell entered the Court alone, arrayed in his professional dress, smiling, as he was wont to smile, affectionately on his friends, banteringly at his enemies. He appeared this day in the Commission Court, where he was never seen but on extraordinary occasions, as “counsel for the

* The names of these two were Kelly and Leech, the latter a reporter on the *Freeman's Journal*. We may add—for the fact is creditable to Lord Plunket—that the fines of £100 each, to which they had subjected themselves, were never enforced.

Marquis of Westmeath!" It was to have a day fixed for the trial of certain persons charged in the Consistorial suit, "with perjury."—There was no change in the usual bearing of O'Connell. His manner was that of a barrister absorbed in the case in which he was professionally engaged; and having discharged that duty, he sat calmly down to listen to Judge Moore charging the grand jury upon his own case. The charge seemed to be a perfectly fair one, for O'Connell was frequently seen to nod his head in assent to its various propositions as to the law affecting charges of sedition. We believe there was no man in that Court-house, from the Judges on the bench to the humblest mechanic in its darkest nook, who thought that the jury would be influenced by a respect for what was law, in a case where the accused had so often been the accuser of their party, and the denouncer of the crimes which had been committed by the Corporation to which they belonged. The verdicts of packed juries had long taught men in Ireland not to look for justice, nor to hope for mercy. Even in this case, with a single sentence whereout to spell sedition, and with witnesses before them, who could not give the interpretation which was wished for to that sentence, the Grand Jury still deliberated for four hours! O'Connell had retired from the Court; a few lights were glimmering about here and there, when the Grand Jury brought the bills into Court. They were handed down to Mr. Rickey, a hard-featured cross-looking man. He twisted the bills round and round in his hands to discover "the finding." It is probable that he, too, was excited and nervous. At length he was seen to whisper some words to the Judges. They rose at once to depart, and the sad, woe-begone visage of Judge Vandeleur told the result. Some one shouted out "*ignoramus*;" the court-house rang with acclamations, and in a minute afterwards the cheers which filled the streets announced to O'Connell that the *first* Government prosecution against him had been signally defeated. It was defeated, because the Orangemen at that time detested Plunket, more even than they hated O'Connell.

False friends and open foes had thus unwittingly bestowed a triumph upon the Catholic Association, and increased—if that were possible—the personal and political influence of O'Connell.

The Ministry of Lord Liverpool were divided upon the question of Catholic Emancipation, but there was "a marvellous unanimity" amongst its members when the Catholics were to be prosecuted.—They had agreed in prosecuting Mr. O'Connell, and in 1825 they were of "one mind" as to the propriety of putting down the Catholic Association by a new aggression on the liberty of the subject. The enemies to the Catholic cause plainly perceived that the refusal of Emancipation and the prolonged misgovernment of Ireland were alike incompatible with the existence of the Catholic Association. This tyrannical proceeding was recommended in the King's Speech at the commencement of the session of 1825. The feeling in which it originated has long since been expressed by Tacitus. "*Nihil æque Tiberium anxium habebat quam ne composita turbarentur.*"—("Ann." lib. ii. s. 25.)

Upon this recommendation of the united Cabinet a Bill was immediately introduced by Mr. Goulburn—the foe to Catholic Emanci-

pation, and it was supported by Mr. Canning, the friend to Emancipation, because *he* considered the Association as calculated to do great injury to the Catholic cause!

It was upon this occasion that Mr. Canning undertook the vindication of his consistency, as an advocate of Catholic Emancipation. He defended himself for sitting in a cabinet in which there were so many opponents to it, by the example of Mr. Fox, who, in forming his government in 1806, had brought into the Cabinet avowed foes to Emancipation, viz.—Lords Sidmouth and Ellenborough; but he carefully abstained from informing the house, that Mr. Fox was forced to do this by his (Mr. Canning's) refusal to act with him; nor did he hint at those intrigues "the Malmesbury Diaries and Correspondence" have since disclosed, in which, for the purpose of driving from office a government friendly to Emancipation, and replacing it by a "No-Popery" administration, he had been so active a participator with the Duke of York, the Duke of Cumberland, and that man, Sir Vicary Gibbs, as remorseless an enemy to the liberty of the press, as he was an uncompromising foe to the Catholic claims.* These things Mr. Canning in his explanation wisely suppressed, and therefore as a *friend of the Catholics*, he voted for the suppression of the Catholic Association!

On the part of the Association, an attempt had been made, both in the Commons and the Lords, to afford to its members the opportunity of being heard against it at the bar. In the House of Commons the motion was rejected by a majority of 123; in the Lords by a majority of 46. On the 7th March, 1825, the Bill for Suppressing the Catholic Association was read a third time; and on 9th March, this Bill, afterwards designated by O'Connell, and by him branded in history as "the Algerine Act," received the Royal Assent. It was to come into operation in ten days after the passing of the Act, and to remain in force for two years.

The enemies of the Catholic cause meanwhile perceived that though they might be able to destroy, by this bill, the machinery by which O'Connell had made Catholics so formidable to their opponents, and so unmanageable for their seeming supporters, still, as long as they were firmly united together and animated with the new, fervent, and bold spirit which O'Connell had infused into their proceedings, it would be difficult for any time to resist them. A legal prosecution had been tried, and had proved abortive—unconstitutional measures were next adopted; but they could only suppress one mode of action in a people and a party confederated together for a distinctly honourable purpose, and led *by him*—the next means then to be tried were by fraud and falsehood to entrap *him* and *them* into the adoption of measures which might produce, by their discussion, quarrels, angry recriminations, disunion, divisions. The Machiavellian policy was approved of, and acted upon.†

* "As Attorney General, Sir Vicary Gibbs sought to subject the press to a *reign of terror*, supported by vexatious and ruinous prosecutions. In 1810, of the fifty-two papers published in London, about one-half had *ex-officio* informations filed against them."—Wade's British History, p. 780.

† "Solevano li antichi nostri e quelli che erano stimati savii dire come era

The events of the year 1825 are full of instruction to Catholics for all future time, and it is therefore necessary to dwell upon them.—Some distinguished members of the Irish Hierarchy, Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Sheil, and other lay leaders of the Catholics were at the moment in London—the former principally for the purpose of giving evidence before the Committees of both Houses on the State of Ireland; the latter mainly with the intention of opposing the Bill for the suppression of the Catholic Association. It was intimated to them that the Act directed against the Association might be compensated for in a Catholic Relief Bill, provided they were to offer no objection to—first—the *disfranchisement of the forty shilling freeholders*, and, secondly, the *pensioning of the Catholic Clergy*. What their enemies really desired, was to disembarass themselves of the opposition to the Association Suppression Bill, which had excited a debate of four nights' duration, and then to destroy the hopes of the Catholics, even at the moment when they might have calculated upon their prosperous fulfilment. It was a vile policy; but then it was as successful as it was vile.

The opposition to the suppression of the Catholic Association—regarded as a useless measure—abated; because Emancipation, it was supposed, was to be immediately agreed to. The passing of a Catholic Relief Bill was to be facilitated by the adoption of two other measures, hence designated “the Wings.” To these measures Mr. O'Connell assented. It is the only portion of his political conduct which requires explanation. We must judge of his conduct by what these measures were, and what the precedent history of the Catholic cause.

First, it appeared that no great sacrifice of a popular principle was made in assenting to the disfranchisement of the forty shilling freeholders; for in Ireland they had up to that time, been used as the mere instruments to the landlord—voting indifferently for “Pro-Catholic” or “No-Popery” candidates as they were desired by the landlord's agent—having no will of their own, and not being supposed to be vested with the smallest discretion in the exercise of the franchise. As to “the pensioning of the Catholic Clergy,” and thereby connecting them with the State, it was to be accompanied by no “veto”—by no interference on the part of the Government with the appointments of the Priests, or the nomination of Bishops in the Catholic Church.

We are next to bear this fact in mind, when judging of O'Connell's position in 1825. Up to this time the Catholics, both English and Irish, had left their cause in the hands of their Parliamentary friends. The Catholics had been guided by their counsel, and controlled by their advice, and now an offer was made to them, when the rulers of England, strong in the prosperity of political affairs could, with safety to themselves, refuse the demands of the Catholics.* Would it then

necessario tenere Pistoia con le parti e Pisa con le fort ezze; e per questo nutrivano in qualche terra lor suddita, le differenze, per possederla piu facilmente.” —Machiavelli, Lib. de Principe, c. xx.

* *The State of England* was an important element in the consideration of this question. O'Connell was well aware that at the time the suppression of the Catholic Association had been determined upon, England appeared to have reached the very

be wise, be prudent, be expedient to reject this compromise, tendered as it appeared to them in all honour, in perfect truth, and with genuine sincerity?

"The habit of considering the question, from the first discussion in the Imperial Parliament in 1805, in connection with what were so inaptly termed Securities, rendered almost hopeless the introduction of any bill, which would go the whole length of removing remaining disqualifications, without some offers on the part of the Catholics of an equivalent."*

At such a time an awful responsibility was thrown on O'Connell. He assented—reluctantly assented—no man *then* openly dissented, however he might have reluctantly assented to them. Ireland had full time for deliberation, for discussion, and for a protest. If it were not fully acquiescent, it was completely quiescent. We speak of times that we remember well, and of facts we well know.

The terms were agreed to, on the part of the Catholics. Let us see how they were fulfilled on the part of the Government.

Of the two measures—of "the Wings"—the most important was that which proposed the pensioning of the Catholic Clergy by the State: as to the other, the disfranchisement of forty-shilling freeholders, it could not, so little was ever hoped or expected from them, be called *a sacrifice at the time*.†

In the discussion which took place upon the subject of pensioning the Catholic Clergy, these words were used by Mr. Martin, M.P. for Galway—a consistent supporter of Catholic Emancipation. They are worthy of being remembered as expressing the sincere feelings and motives that influenced the Catholic Hierarchy, the priesthood, and O'Connell, at that period.

Mr. Martin, of Galway, said, "that from what had fallen from the noble lord, who had moved this question, and from some comments which had been made on his speech, one would naturally imagine that he had presented a petition from the Roman Catholic Archbishops, Bishops, and Clergy of Ireland, supplicating the House to make some provision for their support, out of the public purse. The fact was, however—and he spoke from a personal knowledge of some of the higher order of the Irish Catholic Clergy—that *they were by no means desirous of any such provision. They had much rather be without it; and if they did consent to accept it, it was not on their own account, but from a wish that the general measure affecting their lay brethren might not be retarded, in consequence of any opposition on their part*

climax of prosperity. Trade was flourishing, commerce was extending over every part of the globe; the cry of distress had been changed into the joyous shouts of a people revelling in all the comforts of life, whilst "money was so abundant that men of enterprise, though without capital, found no difficulty in commanding funds for any plausible undertaking." *Annual Register*, vol. lxvii. p. 2. In the early months of the year 1825, there were 276 joint stock companies formed with a capital of £174,114,000.

* Wyse's Sketch of the Catholic Association, vol. i. p. 212.

† So little were the feelings of these unfortunate persons regarded, that they were at one time ORDERED by the Marquis of Waterford to return as a representative of the county Waterford, John Claudius Beresford, a man whose name was identified with the perpetration of the worst cruelties and the most frightful tortures of the year 1798. That order they obeyed!

to one of its contingent arrangements. *They themselves did not wish to be indebted to Parliament for any grant whatever.* This was the language of every member of the Irish Catholic Hierarchy, and of all the Clergy with whom he had conversed on this subject. It was not his proposition; it was not the proposition of the supporters of the Catholic Question; it was the measure of those who had previously opposed any concession to the Catholics, and *who were disposed to withhold that concession, unless it should be accompanied by this measure.*”*

These observations it is necessary to bear in mind, when calling attention to an abstract of the debate which took place upon the proposal that the Catholic clergy of Ireland should be pensioned by the State. The subject is one of great interest even now, and of portentous importance hereafter.

The proposition was submitted to Parliament on the 29th April, 1825, by Lord Francis Levison Gower, (the Earl of Ellesmere,) the most amiable, the most kindly disposed, and the most benevolent man belonging to the party with which he was then, and to which he has since adhered. According to his plan, the Catholic clergy of Ireland were to be divided into three classes. To the first of these, in number 200, he proposed to give £200 a year each;—to the second, 800 in number, £120 each; and to the third, 1000 in number, £60 each. The four archbishops were to have £1,500 each, twenty bishops, £1000 each; and three hundred Deans, £300 each. The total expense he calculated at £250,000 a year. In tendering it, he said, he would thus address the people of Ireland:—

“This we give you as a proof, that we have no disposition to imitate the persecuting spirit of our ancestors.”†

The sentiments of some of the speakers upon this subject are worthy of being remembered.

Mr. Bagwell said, “if he were asked what claim the Catholic clergy had upon us, he would answer, that to their exertions we are warmly indebted for the preservation of the tranquillity of Ireland.”

Mr. Bankes: “It was admitted on all hands that the measure was not very agreeable to the lower orders of the Irish Catholics, who would never consider it as a boon.

“He should look upon the success of the present measure, as an incident after which the established Church of England could hope no longer to exist.”

Mr. Thomas Courtenay: “He respected them (the Catholic clergy) too much to offer them a bribe; he approved of them too little to give them an establishment.

Mr. Secretary (Sir Robert Peel:) “certainly if the measure before the House did pass, he should so far agree with the hon. member who had lately spoken, that without any delay the thirty-nine articles ought to be got rid of, for surely after passing such a measure, no man could ever again be called upon to subscribe to them.

“One effect of such a course, as it appeared to him, would be di-

* Parliamentary Debates, N.S. vol. xiii. p. 327.

† Parliamentary Debates, (N.S.) Vol. xiii. pp. 312, 313.

rectly to create a rivalry for influence between the Secular clergy of Ireland, and the Regular clergy. The first being paid by the Government, might be hated by the people: the last would then step in to interfere in their duties, and the contest would certainly be, as to which party would evince the most zeal for every circumstance of whatever character connected with the Catholic faith.

"Surely if they were to pay the Catholic Bishops of Ireland £1,000 a year, it was too much that the Pope should have the nomination of them; at least, there ought to be some stipulation that he should institute the persons recommended from Ireland."

"Such a measure as the present would, he contended, be contrary to the spirit of the Revolution. It would be in direct hostility to that spirit, to select any religion distinct from the Protestant church, as established by law, for a permanent provision and establishment. *He would not object to this principle if the house had agreed to remove all the disabilities of the Catholics; but that measure had not been adopted.*"

Mr Wynne "thought that one of the great recommendations of Catholic Emancipation was, that it was accompanied by some measure of this kind.

"It was most important that there should be some link to connect the future teachers of that (the Irish) people with the state."

Mr Goulburn (then Secretary for Ireland,) said that "he believed that just in proportion as the house increased the emoluments of the Catholic Priesthood, would diminish the confidence that their flocks at present reposed in them.

"He conceived that so far from harmony being thereby promoted between the Protestant and the Catholic church, a general jealousy of each other would be excited among them when they found themselves placed under the protection and support of the State."

Mr. Calcraft, (in allusion to these opinions of Mr. Goulburn,) declared, "that, if there was any one man who discovered more ignorance than another of the affairs of Ireland, it was the right honourable gentleman."

Mr. Creevy "did not see any reason why the funds of the established church should not be applied to the payment of the Catholic clergy."

The motion, which was to the following effect, was supported by Mr. Spring Rice, Mr. Brougham, and Mr. Plunket; and opposed by Mr. Hume, and Mr. Leslie Forster:

"That it is expedient that a provision should be made by law towards the maintenance of the Secular Roman Catholic clergy in Ireland, exercising religious functions in Ireland."

Upon a division the motion was carried by a majority of forty-three.*

Fortunately for Ireland—fortunately for the priesthood—fortunately for the cause of religion itself, this plan was not proceeded with. It was the embodiment of that which had been concocted by

* Parliamentary Debates, (N.S.) vol. xiii. pp. 313, 314, 318, 320, 321, 324, 325, 328, 330, 331, 332, 334, 335, 336.

Mr. Pitt, approved of by Lord Cornwallis, and sanctioned by the hideous and hateful name of Castlereagh.

"My idea, Sir," said Mr. Pitt in the debate in the House of Commons, in 1805, "was not to apply tests to the religious tenets of the Catholics; but *tests applicable to what was the source and foundation of the evil, to render the priests*, instead of making them the instruments of poisoning the minds of the people, *dependent in some sort upon the Government*, and thus links, as it were, between the Government and the people."^{*}

The fate of "the Wings" was involved in the rejection of the Catholic Relief Bill in the House of Lords, where a majority ratified by their votes the oath of the Duke of York, that whilst he lived no such measure should be assented to. The destruction of such a plan—the pensioning of the Catholic Clergy—was cheaply purchased in the postponement of Emancipation. The bigotry of the enemies to Catholicity prevented them from seeing the extent of power and influence which the completion of such a project would have given to them. They fancied that in breaking faith with the Catholics they were destroying the hope of Emancipation for ever. Fools! They were flinging away an advantage, and losing an opportunity such as never again can be possessed by them.

In 1825, O'Connell and the Catholics assented to "conditional" Emancipation. It was the last time that they did so. They were never again to seek for it, and they resolved never to accept it. Their terms had been rejected, and henceforth, when seeking for Emancipation, they determined to demand not only that it should be "full and unconditional," but also to wage war, "open and avowed," against those who had declared themselves as their enemies. The time for compromise had gone by, and O'Connell finding that in England the existence of the rotten boroughs was made a pretext for refusing even the franchise to English Catholics,[†] and that "the safety of the Established Church in Ireland" was an argument for the prolonged enthrallment of his religion, he joined in the cry for "reform," and sought for the appropriation to State purposes of the temporalities of an institution whose ministers and mitre-wearing professors had been the inveterate enemies of religious toleration.

Efforts were made to promote dissensions in the Catholic body, upon the failure of the Emancipation Bill in 1825. Successful for a time, O'Connell contended against them—triumphed over them. Barked at and bitten—assailed—slandered—repudiated—and with the shouts of a triumphant faction ringing in his ears, he had to devote all the energies of his glorious intellect in devising the means by which he might outflank his most formidable opponent—"the Algerine Act" of the 9th of March. The Bill was cunningly devised. It was intended to prevent in any and every county in Ireland public meetings, having a political object in view, to assemble for a longer period than fourteen days; and it prohibited any association being established which should propose to aid, by legal prosecutions, those who had been injured. The Bill moreover defined the different "purposes" to which the

^{*} Parliamentary Debates, (N.S.) vol. iv. p. 1016. See p. 5, of this memoir.

[†] Parliamentary Debates (N. S) vol. viii. pp. 1476 to 1490.

Association had devoted itself, and in the working out of which the people had found it to be most valuable. To do any one of these things was made "by law" a misdemeanour punishable with fine and imprisonment. Its contrivers fancied that they had doomed the Catholics of Ireland to silence and inactivity for two years. They must have done so had it not been for the skill and judgment of Mr. O'Connell as a lawyer. The enemies of Emancipation found, to their horror as much as their surprise, that O'Connell, evading all "purposes prohibited by law," was able, on the 13th of July, and by the hands of Lord Killeen—the son of the premier Catholic Peer of Ireland—to present the Report of a Committee, containing the Rules and Regulations of "the *New Catholic Association*."

Neither the prospect of immediate Emancipation, nor its unexpected disaster, had elicited from the great leader of the Irish Catholics a single expression of which his open or his concealed enemies could take advantage. Assailed with calumnies, beset with insinuations, impeded with opponents, where he had hoped to find sympathising friends, or active allies, he devoted all his energies to render abortive the machinations of those who by a new law had inflicted a new injury on his country. The vengeance that he took was worthy of a great man, who cannot be bewildered by the allurements of prosperity, nor disheartened by the severe blows of adversity.* He contrived—he gave to the Catholics that instrument by which their triumph was to be finally achieved—the *New Catholic Association*.

The agitation, which had been so distasteful to a despotic Monarch, a tyrannical Government, and an odious oligarchy, instead of being suppressed in Dublin, not merely revived there, but burst forth in all parts of the country—here, at "a rent meeting" speaking the rough language of a vigorous peasantry, or embodying the rude ideas of a determined democracy in the towns—there, assuming the form of a county meeting—in another place arraying itself in all the pomp, the splendour, and the numbers of "a grand provincial meeting," and then, migrating from shire to shire in "fourteen days meetings," whilst the clumsy law of the baffled Goulburn lay useless and despised upon the statute book—the last, but the most inoperative of all the wicked Penal Laws enacted against Catholics.

If Catholic Emancipation had passed in 1825, it would have left the masses comparatively unmoved. Their minds would have remained untouched by the violence of party strife; their feelings would not have been appealed to, and their passions would not have been stirred. Until the rejection of the Bill of 1825 the struggle for Emancipation might be compared to the manœuvres of a great general, who seeks to gain an advantage without committing his forces to the chances and dangers of a general engagement; but with the rejection of that measure, the time for skill and strategy had passed away. The cause and the leaders of the Irish Catholics were set at defiance, not only by the occupant of the throne, but by "the presumptive" successor; and with their defiance had come treachery, deceit, and disunion. From the King, and Prince, and Parliament

* Is demum vir erit, cujus animum nec prospera flatu suo efferet, nec adversa infringet?—LIVIUS, Lib. xlv.

the appeal was inevitable to the people. With them and by them the issue of the conflict was to be decided.

A year was not permitted to pass away until the enemies of Emancipation were encountered and defeated by those who were now, for the first time brought into the conflict—the peasantry of Ireland. A general election took place in the year 1826, and for the first time since the franchise had been bestowed in 1793, the Catholics made use of it for their own benefit. Whenever appealed to they rose in insurrection against their landlords—scorned the wishes of those landlords when opposed to their own conscientious feelings, and drove from the hustings every candidate who declared himself opposed to the Emancipation of his countrymen. In Louth, a man of humble fortune (Mr. Dawson,) was able to determine which of the two greatest landlords in the county he would permit to sit as his colleague. Many such victories were won; but the greatest of all was that in Waterford, to which the presence and the exertions of O'Connell contributed.

Waterford was the stronghold of the Beresfords, and the Beresfords were the governors of that hostile colony, planted in Ireland for centuries, for the purpose, not of governing, but of warring against, harrassing, plundering, spoiling, and oppressing the natives. Centuries had changed the name, but never the disposition of that hostile colony. Whether as "English by birth," "the English interest," "the Protestant ascendancy," or "Irish landlords," the hostile colony remained the same. Ireland had been governed for, by and through the Beresfords. To defeat them, high in rank, strong in friends, supported by a sympathising Government, and possessing a local influence which, like the wealth of the family, was seemingly boundless, was an Herculean task, which it would have been folly for any other man but O'Connell to attempt, and which none but he could hope to accomplish.

The representation of Waterford county was vested in the freeholders of the Beresfords. There were many Catholic landlords in the county, but they had, generally speaking, neglected registering their tenants. The desperate project was then formed of canvassing the tenants on the Beresfords' estates. For months this canvass had been conducted, but with such few chances of a prosperous issue, that it was felt, without the aid of O'Connell, the pro-Catholic candidate would be defeated. O'Connell appeared—he passed from Waterford to Dungarvan, and in a day hundreds abjured their landlord, to vote "for *him*, for Catholicity, and Old Ireland." Would that we had the space or the time to describe that Waterford election. It is deserving of remembrance for many reasons, but more especially for these two—first, that O'Connell, fearful that the enthusiasm which he excited might pass the bounds of propriety, suggested that from the time he addressed the multitude until the election was over no man should drink beer or spirits, nor, however much he might be provoked, strike or return a blow. It was the first administration of a temperance pledge, and most faithfully was it adhered to. The second reason why this election deserves particular notice is that, here O'Connell was first proposed as a member of Parliament. We

remember the shout of derision with which that proposal was received by the Protestant ascendancy gentry ; but how sadly chap-fallen did they look when all the several candidates had been heard—and all, with their proposers and seconders, had jumbled, or stammered, or rhapsodised through their several poor speeches, and he rose to speak, and in the course of a noble oration, he alluded to himself merely as a candidate, to give his opinions, and not as one who could appeal to the electors for their suffrages—then waiting for a moment over his inferiority in the commonwealth, when compared to those who were of a different religion from himself, he glanced up, turned round upon each of the ascendancy party, and asked why it was that *he* should not be on equality with *them*? In the thrill which this question produced in the heart of every man who heard it, and witnessed the awful and commanding dignity with which it was put, might be felt, as we are sure every one, friend as well as foe, must have felt, that a terrible iniquity was perpetrated by law, and that if it were only to secure his just position to such a man, Emancipation ought, as a conscientious duty, to be struggled for. *It was Ireland*, with all her wrongs, her undeserved martyrdom, her long-endured oppression, her high genius, her enchanting eloquence, with words of poetry and thoughts of wisdom, arraigning her tyrants, and shaming into them a sting of conscience they had never felt before for past misdeeds. It was Ireland, withering up with one lightning flash that noxious and foreign plant, the Beresfords, which had so long blighted her soil, and poisoned the atmosphere. So to bring together the oppressors and the oppressed, and to behold the latter thus towering over and proudly glancing down upon them was in itself a triumph ; and hence, here it was began the first of those victories which subsequently secured Emancipation.

In Ireland, the pro-Catholic candidates were everywhere successful. Far different was the result in England. The Whigs had adopted the Catholic question as one of their party principles, and “the general election accomplished but little for the Whigs ; their efforts in favour of the Catholics formed a powerful topic against them.”* “The prevailing tests,” says another authority, “offered to the candidates on the hustings were, the Corn Laws, Catholic Emancipation, and the Slave Trade.....In the City, a cry of ‘No Popery,’ was raised against Alderman Wood.”†

O’Connell saw, that the elections in England had turned out so decidedly unfavourable to the Catholics, there was no hope for the cause if he were to depend solely for success upon the votes of Parliament. Instead of feeling daunted with the prospect before him, it only served to inspire him with fresh energy, and to impel him on to increased exertion. The elections of Ireland had proved that agitation was all-powerful, and that as it strengthened and extended itself, it must soon acquire a potency sufficient to enable him, by whom it was created, guided, and controlled, to cope with Parliament itself.

On the 5th January, 1827, the princely opponent of the Catholic Claims, the Duke of York, expired ; and on 17th February, 1827,

* Cooke’s History of Party, vol. iii. p. 534. † Wade’s British History, p. 804.

the illness of the Earl of Liverpool led to the dissolution of his administration. With the incompetency of Lord Liverpool arose the necessity for forming a new Government, and then for the first time the Catholic Question became a great embarrassment. Its debates had been "a farce" as long as the Catholics were content to leave its decision to the good-will alone of their Parliamentary friends. It had been "a topic for discussion" as long as the Catholics had quietly submitted to the grievances imposed upon them; but when O'Connell made them turn upon their enemies; when their persecutors were dragged to the bar of public opinion; when the crimes of those adversaries were exposed—their sinecurism, their peculation, their mean, shabby, and paltry tyranny denounced; and when O'Connell appealed to Europe, and America, to pronounce a verdict against them, the Catholic Question assumed, at least sufficient importance to make and unmake administrations.

It is a fact, with respect to which there cannot be the slightest doubt, that Mr. O'Connell and the Catholic Association of Ireland had given great offence to their opponents, but then they had, to use the language of one of their most determined enemies, "secured an unprecedented success to the party which favoured Emancipation,"* and when the necessity for forming an administration arrived, their strength was felt, their power was feared, and their demands were no longer to be trifled with for the convenience or advantage of individuals.

The time for a great party struggle had arrived, and the motion which Sir Francis Burdett submitted to the House of Commons on the 5th of March, 1827, pledging the new Parliament to take "into immediate consideration the laws inflicting penalties on his Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects, with a view of removing them," was regarded as a contest for office—as if upon its decision were to rest whether the future Prime Minister of England should be favourable or adverse to the Catholic claims. The success or defeat of these claims was interwoven with the struggle of parties, and within their folds were at length clasped faction and selfishness—to be crushed by those

* The Editor of the *Annual Register* describing the position of the Catholics in the year 1827 thus expresses himself:—

"At the General Election, they (the Catholics) flattered themselves that they had been gainers, and in fact, so far as Ireland was concerned the spiritual influence of the priesthood, applying the promises of religion, and the dark denunciations of superstition to purposes of secular policy, had secured an unprecedented success to the party which favoured Emancipation. The Catholic Association too had continued to act; the law which had been made for its suppression was not put in execution. Its orators had continued to affront all good taste by their furious and bombastic rhetoric; to injure all good feeling by their unmeasured and personal abuse of their political opponents; and most impudently to excite additional jealousy of their designs by senseless vituperation of the Established Church. The general tone of sentiment which characterised the language of these men at the elections, as well as their harangues at the ordinary business of the Association was distinctly that of menace—menace not only of civil commotion in times of peace, but of fatal commotion, and inevitable separation, if England should be involved in war." *Annual Register*, vol. lxi, pp. 14, 15.

"The continuation" (of the *Annual Register* from 1821) "is a syllabub of frothy and flippant Toryism."—Cooke's History of Party, vol. iii. p. 525.

whom they had provoked, to be strangled by those whom they had irritated and defied.*

The Catholic claims had not merely "paralysed the vigour of the executive Government,"† but they were now destined to determine the whole course, policy, and constitution of the Government.

The happiest and the best of the many great and wonderful displays made by Mr. Canning in Parliament, was his speech on the Catholic Question in 1827. A stronger proof of its excellence cannot be afforded than the fact, that, whilst it demonstrated that he alone was worthy of the Premiership, it conciliated the Catholics and induced them to place their confidence in him, although there were many transactions in his past career for which neither justification nor apology can ever be discovered. (See the Malmesbury Diary and Correspondence.) It proved that however he might have dallied hitherto with the question, and however willing he had been to crush all efforts for its advancement to please the King, that now, at least, he was sincere—that now he had identified its ultimate triumph with his own fame, and that henceforward he might be trusted as its true, as he was undoubtedly its most able advocate.

The Catholic Emancipationists and their opponents had made "the question" the test of fitness for office, and it was not only debated with all the eagerness, anxiety, and zeal, of a party dispute, but every member who could be brought to London, was required to give his aid in support of those he most desired to see administering the affairs of England. The debate lasted, by adjournment, two days, and when a division was called for there were present 548 members. Of these 272 voted for Sir Francis Burdet's motion, and 276 against it. The motion was therefore rejected by a majority of four!

The triumph was calamitous to the victors. It was the decision of a new House of Commons—a fresh defiance to O'Connell and the Catholics of Ireland, and to be consistent it ought to be followed up by a rigid system of coercion; but neither the King nor the Tory party were prepared for that course. They knew that the elements of revolution were at that moment fermenting in France—that America was sympathising with the Irish Catholics—that even in despotic nations on the Continent there was a strong feeling roused in favour of the men who were suffering persecution solely on account of their religion,‡ and they were aware England itself had received a shock from the financial difficulties of 1825, from which she had not yet recovered. A more unfitting moment for civil war could not be selected. They even trembled in the presence of their Catholic captive—Mr. Sheil—the steadfast, eloquent, gifted, true friend of O'Connell from the com-

* ——— Ille agime certo

Laocoonta petunt, et primum parva duorum
Corpora gnatorum serpens amplexus uterque
Implicat, et miseros morsu depascitur artus.
Post ipsum auxilio subeuntem, ac tela fermentem
Corripiunt, spirisque ligant ingentibus—

VIRGIL. ÆNEID. Lib. ii.

† Speech of Sir Robert Peel, March 5th 1829.

‡ See Wyse's Sketch of the late Catholic Association, vol 1. pp. 307, 308.

mencement of the struggle for Emancipation by the Association, to its final triumph.

The burst of indignation with which the announcement of this defeat of their Question in a new Parliament was received by O'Connell and the Irish Catholics, the bold proposals that followed it, and among the rest that of seeking a Repeal of the Union* terrified even those by whose exertions the hopes of the Catholics had been blighted. The necessity for temporising and deceiving was regarded as unavoidable by him to whom the awful sounds of the coming strife had penetrated, even in his Caprea at Windsor.

During this crisis the entire confidence of the King was reposed in Mr. Canning, although opposed to his political predilections. Mr. Canning had all the arts, the graces and the accomplishments of a refined courtier: he made himself personally acceptable to a monarch, who was morbidly fastidious, and who, on that account, turned with dislike from Sir Robert Peel, because of his sticky stiffness of manners, which seemed indicative of the irrepressible *gaucherie* of a *parvenu*. The "Protestantism" of Peel could not compensate in the judgment of a sovereign, more sensitively selfish than he was fixedly sincere in any political principle, for a deficiency of that graceful elegance which pervaded every word, and animated every action of the "Catholic" Canning. Peel expressed the opinions, Canning enjoyed the confidence of the monarch. The consequence was that after many petty manœuvres, and many unworthy arts, the formation of a new ministry was entrusted to Mr. Canning—the King declaring that he was unconquerably hostile to the Catholic claims; but at the same time conceding to Mr. Canning that he was not only "to have the substantial power of the first minister, but be known to have."[†]

The solitary—the routine favour of abandoning a prosecution—that directed against Mr. Sheil—was the only substantial advantage that the Catholics derived from the elevation of Mr. Canning to the Premiership. They believed that he intended to act honestly towards them, and seeing the difficulties that from the very first moment he took office were cast in his way, they resolved not to embarrass him by the agitation of their claims.

The same means that Mr. Canning had in 1806 employed to drive the Whigs from office were now used against himself—the latent bigotry of the country was excited against him; for it was said of him, as it had been said, by himself, of the Grenville and Fox Administration, that he was "friendly to the settlement of the question," and no confidence was to be reposed in a pro-Catholic Prime Minister. It was in vain that he endeavoured in his explanations in Parliament to show that it had been his intention to have formed a Cabinet, in which "the Anti-Catholics should have a preponderating influence" it was in vain that at his suggestion the King communicated to the Assembled Prelates, through the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, that "His Majesty was firm in his opposition to the Catholic Claims, and that his opposition to the question was as strong as

* "It was further seriously proposed that petitions should immediately be presented praying for a Repeal of the Union." Annual Register, vol. lxxix. p. 67.

[†] Stapleton's Life of Canning, vol. iii. p. 315.

his father's had been."* It was in vain that these expedients were resorted to, for the fatuity of bigotry could not conceal from those most deeply affected by it, that the Catholics were waxing in strength—that their question was each day becoming more formidable, and that its power was magnified whilst its position was strengthened by the wisdom, the determination, the prudence, and beyond all other qualifications, the sincerity of him by whom it was now conducted.

The opponents to the Catholic Question were conscious that the question itself was promoted, by there being placed at the head of the Government a person who was disposed to its friendly settlement. Hence the unsparing, the unforgiving, the pitiless malignity exhibited against him. An entire party first forsook, and then assailed a single man! It was a piteous spectacle, and one more unworthy, or more unbecoming of Englishmen was never before so publicly displayed to the world. Mr. Canning, to the very last, defended himself with his usual courage, and his accustomed talent—but his struggle was a vain one against numbers; and at last he had to yield—his physical strength was exhausted, whilst his mental vigour remained unabated. Toryism triumphed over him—his party killed him—he *was harassed to death*.

The elevation of Mr. Canning, as a pro-Catholic, to the supreme command of the empire, was an incident favourable to the advancement of the Catholic cause; but that cause had grown beyond the aid of any individual *except one*, and now by the demise neither of Sovereign nor of Minister could its progress be impeded nor its energies diminished. The Catholics lamented the death of Mr. Canning; for they believed that he had been assailed with all the cowardly cruelty of a disappointed faction, because he was supposed to be their friend. Mr. Wyse in referring to the death of Canning is correct in saying, "the Catholics took his intentions for deeds, and lamented over his tomb, as if he had been their deliverer"†—but Mr. Wyse falls into a mistake, when he affirms, that "their grief was great, their despondency greater;"‡ for it was immediately subsequent to that event that O'Connell and the Catholics determined on a course of action the successful results of which belong to the year 1828.

The death of Mr. Canning had been followed by the nomination of one of his colleagues to the Premiership. This was Lord Goderich (the Earl of Ripon), and it might be supposed that he would be agreeable to the Catholics—that they would be content and quiescent under his Premiership, as they had been with that of Mr. Canning; for Lord Goderich had been one of the supporters of the Catholic Question.—There was, however, in the past career of Lord Goderich nothing to induce any man, or any party, to place reliance upon his firmness, his capacity, or his judgment. That keen observer, Lord Malmesbury, had said of him when he was in the very vigour of his youth, "Fre-

* Parliamentary Debates, (N. S.) vol. xvii. p. 924.

† Wyse's Sketch of the Catholic Association, vol. i. p. 327.

‡ From 1824 to 1827 every Resolution and Vote of the General Committee of the British Catholic Association was *unanimously* approved of by the (Irish) Association, but one—that one was a vote of condolence on the death of Mr. Canning. See *Catholic Journal*, March 1, 1828.

derick Robinson, doubtful, but with no good reason ;" (*Diaries and Correspondence*, vol. iv. p. 380 ;) and "doubtful, but with no good reason" he appeared to be, alike to friends, if he had any, and to enemies, if mediocrity be capable of provoking enmity. No party relied upon him, and no party cared for him. He was a Premier, as Caius Caninius Rerilus had been a Consul—he filled up a gap—he occupied the space between one active ruler of the Commonwealth and another—an unexpected death gave him a fugacious power, which he only nominally held and never really exercised. The Goderich Government was a *Recess Government*. It encumbered Downing-street when Parliament was not sitting, and as the period of the Session approached, it nodded to its fall.—In the first effort to move it the discordant materials of which it was composed were shivered to atoms. None were surprised when it was said it was at an end ; but those who had bestowed a thought upon it were astonished how it had been patched together, and by what means it had been preserved even for a month in a state of adhesion.

It was a *faineant* administration—and such have their uses. If a nation be wise, and if it suffer from the gross oppression of a class, it will take advantage of the weakness and imbecility always exhibited by a *faineant* Ministry, as well as by a *faineant* King. Tyranny is a state of tension—it must occasionally relax, or it will snap—and it is in the pauses during which it seeks to restore its energies, that the fortunate moment presents itself for the friends of freedom to be up and stirring—to assail their foe, and if they cannot utterly destroy, at least, they may deprive it of some portion of its former strength.

O'Connell saw that such a Premier as Lord Goderich would not, because he could not, aid the Catholic cause ; and he therefore resolved to place the question in such a position that Lord Goderich could not, even if he would, resist it. O'Connell made arrangements calculated to master the imbecility of Lord Goderich should he remain in office, or to defeat the hostility of a more powerful and determined opponent.

Experience had proved that the Catholic Question was to be carried out of Parliament, and not *within its walls*—that the sole reliance of the Catholics must be on themselves—that the world should be convinced that "Catholic Emancipation" was not the question of a faction, but of the multitude—not of a mere sect, but of an entire nation. Such was the feeling with which O'Connell animated the Catholics, and it was in accordance with it, and whilst it might be said that the Goderich Administration was in existence, that there was held on the one day and at the same hour a *simultaneous meeting of all the Catholics of Ireland*.

"The simultaneous meetings"—they were the suggestion of Mr. Sheil—were held on the 21st of January, 1828. The Wellington Administration had not completed its arrangements until the 23d of January.

On the 21st of January 1828, the Catholics of Ireland rose in peaceful insurrection against the King and the Parliament. As a nation they appealed in petitions for a restoration of their rights. At the same moment the voices of millions uttered that word so awful to

the ears of the vile, the criminal, and the wicked—"justice!" They petitioned, but they did not threaten. There was no necessity for doing so; for, when millions ask, their prayer is a menace.

The appointment of the Duke of Wellington was regarded in Ireland as a declaration of civil war. He was the most illustrious opponent to Catholic Emancipation—he was an Irishman—had been Secretary for Ireland, and in that capacity had proposed "an Arms Bill," and which, though it passed into law, had been declared by the celebrated Sheridan to be the "worst, the foulest, and the foolishlest measure that ever solicited the sanction of Parliament."* An attack on the part of the Government was calculated upon, and "a tremendous organization extended over the whole island. The Catholic gentry, peasantry, and priesthood were all combined in one vast confederacy.†"

The moment the formation of the Wellington Ministry was announced a resolution emanated from the Association, pledging its members to refuse their suffrages to every individual who took office or gave his support to the Duke's Government. We forget whether or not this resolution was suggested by Mr. O'Connell. It was too important, however, to have been adopted without his being consulted upon, and sanctioning it.

Amongst the events of this year, of which O'Connell was most proud, was the aid he afforded to the emancipation of the Protestant Dissenters. It is curious, that in the banquet which subsequently took place, and at which the Protestant Dissenters celebrated their triumph, that fact seemed to be forgotten, until the present Lord Denman—the now Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench—proposed "Catholic Emancipation."

On the 8th May 1828, a resolution pledging the House to a favourable consideration of the Catholic claims was proposed and after three nights' debate carried by a majority of *six*; Sir Robert Peel on this occasion saying of the Catholics, "I am persuaded that the removal of their disabilities would be attended with a danger to the Protestant religion, against which it would be impossible to find any security equal to that of our present Protestant constitution."‡

This resolution was communicated to the Lords on 16th May, and on 9th June rejected by a majority of *forty-four*. The Duke of Wellington declaring "that the securities which we now enjoy, and which for a length of time we have enjoyed are indispensable to the safety of the Church and State."§

The Ministry of the Duke of Wellington had thus placed itself in open hostility to the Catholics of Ireland. It had aided in rejecting their claims, and yet ventured to bestow office on one of its devoted Irish supporters—Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald—who elevated from the po-

* See Debates on the Irish Arms Bill, Parliamentary Debates, (N.S.) vol. ix. pp. 751, 752; 909 to 925, 969, 970, 971.

† Cooke's History of Party, vol. iii. p. 548.

‡ Debate on Removal of Catholic Disabilities, May 9, 1828. See "Opinions of Sir R. Peel," by W. T. Haly, pp. 50, 51.

§ Parliamentary Debates, (N. S.) vol. xix. p. 1287.

sition of Treasurer of the Navy to that of President of the Board of Trade had to appeal to his constituents to be re-elected.

The Catholics of Ireland were pledged to oppose every member of the Wellington Administration, and Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald afforded them the first opportunity of testing their power. He had always voted for Emancipation, but then he was the chosen Minister of an adverse Government, and he had made himself odious to O'Connell and the great body of the Catholics by the vote which he had recently given against the Protestant Dissenters. Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald was the representative of a certain class—he was one of the false “Parliamentary friends” who, to render his return easy by a Catholic constituency, gave a useless vote for “Emancipation,” whilst, in aiding its foes on every other occasion, he strengthened their power, and enabled them to defeat the great cause to which he professed to be attached.

The period had come when it was to be determined whether the representative of Clare was to be a “real” or a “pretended” friend of the Catholics. At first, the only thought that suggested itself to the mind of O'Connell—to the members of the Association—to the Catholics universally—was to nominate a Liberal Protestant—and there were many such in Ireland. All that was wished and looked for was, that their representative should be a man, who would not prefer the favour of the Sovereign, or the smiles of a Minister, to their just cause. They tendered the representation of the county to many such Protestants—some, like Mr. Steel, refused it, because they would not subject themselves to the chance or probability of an imputation, that in seeking to promote Emancipation, they were struggling to gratify their own ambition; others declined the offer, because they felt themselves under a personal obligation to Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald. At last, the noble idea was suggested to them of starting “the foremost man” in Ireland—DANIEL O'CONNELL—a Catholic—a sufferer from the penal laws—to send him—the idol of Ireland—the elected of the people, to the House of Commons—*there* to prove the determination of the Irish—and *there* to exhibit to bigotry and intolerance how glorious was the genius, how illustrious the virtues, and how transcendent the talents they excluded from the Imperial Legislature.

It was a noble thought! but with whom did it originate? Not with a Catholic—not with a liberal Protestant—but with an Orangeman—Sir David Roos—the then High Sheriff of Dublin. Despite the difference of their politics Sir David Roos loved and revered O'Connell—as what good man did not, who ever came in personal communication with him? At the time that the Catholics were seeking for a Protestant candidate for Clare this gentleman met Mr. P. V. Fitzpatrick, one of the most intimate friends of O'Connell, told him how his thoughts had been occupied for hours, with the notion that O'Connell ought himself to stand for Clare, and he added that he was going then to the house of the Liberator to urge him to do so. To Mr. Fitzpatrick the suggestion appeared providential; for from his boyhood he had been told by the once distinguished Irish Catholic, John Keogh, that “the Catholics never would be emancipated, until they elected a Roman Catholic; that the iniquity of the Penal Laws which

thus destroyed the rights of the constituency would be made so apparent to the mind of every honest man in England and in Ireland, that they would insist on the repeal of such laws." This statement, repeated over and over again to the young Fitzpatrick, with the warning that he should always bear it in mind, remained on the memory; but never, until the suggestion came from Sir David Roos, did he see the feasibility of carrying it into effect. The repetition of the conversation of John Keogh, following the suggestion of Sir David Roos, produced some impression on the mind of O'Connell; but it was not until he found that so strange an idea was sanctioned by the leading Catholic merchants of Dublin, that he could be induced to go to the *Dublin Evening Post* office—and there, in the presence of its truly learned and most able Editor, Mr. Conway, and of Mr. Fitzpatrick, he dashed off in a hurry a few lines, as his "Address to the Electors of Clare," leaving it to them both to see it in print and make in it what corrections they pleased.

These facts respecting one of the most important events in Catholic history we have deemed it right to insert here, because we are aware they have never been generally known, and because they were told to us, first by Sir David Roos in 1829, and very recently corroborated by Mr. Fitzpatrick.

O'Connell, the law-proscribed Catholic, to stand for Clare! It was a noble thought, and once expressed in O'Connell's address to the electors it filled, as with a new fire, the hearts of the people. It elevated their minds—inspired them with zeal—and diffused an enthusiasm that defied every obstacle, and rendered defeat impossible.

At the Clare Election in 1828, the Cabinet of Saint James's was pitted against the Catholic Association of Burgh Quay—the prize they contended for was the government of a kingdom—their rival champions were Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, the President of the Board of Trade, and Daniel O'Connell, the creator of the Catholic Association—the leader of the Irish people. It was a renewal of the civil strife of ancient Rome—of the Patricians and Plebeians. Here were the oligarchy, and on the other side—the people. Here were power, influence, troops of clients, with the superabundant riches, and the many iniquities of a political religion; and there, were men worthy of freedom, subjected to unmerited disabilities, denied equality of rights, but earnest, eager, determined, and united together with the firm purpose never to retire from the conflict, until they had won back what was perfidiously withheld from them.*

Never, assuredly, was there a spectacle beheld like to that which the Clare election of 1828 exhibited. On the one side, a candidate having at his command the army, the police, and the Treasury—the means to overawe, and the funds to corrupt. On the other, "a simple,

*Das romische Volk siegte von nunan uber die Patricier wie die Nation uber Italien: durch unverdrossene Beharrlichkeit im unscheinbaren geringen Anfang, durch eifrige Anstrengungen um geringe erste Vortheile, durch rasches Ergreifen des gunstigen Augenblicks, ausdauernde Geduld und Sorge nur nicht zuruckgedrängt zu werden in schwierigen Zeiten: endlich durch vervielfachtes Auhbieten lange gesammelter Kraft als die Fulle der Zeit gekommen war, ruhige Befestigung des entscheidenden Siegs, und besonnenes Ernernten seiner Fruchte.—Niebuhr Romische Geschichte, vol. ii. p. 486.

private country gentleman," with no friends but the priests of a persecuted religion, and no supporters but an undisciplined multitude of humble, half-clothed, half-fed peasants. And yet the words of that one man had, in an hour, inspired his followers with a discipline such as no regiment ever equalled, and with a self-control which, though regimental chaplains may have preached, they never yet have been able to enforce. The temperance pledge of the Waterford election of 1826 was here renewed, and here as faithfully adhered to. And then, what a wonderful man was that popular candidate at the Clare election in 1828! Engaged, as he was daily engaged, for more than thirty years of his life, on the previous Saturday—in his study before five amidst his briefs; from ten to three in the Courts, in *all* the Courts, and every moment pleading in some one of them until four o'clock; from four to seven speaking at the Catholic Association; from eight to eleven again at his law cases; travelling on the following day from Dublin to Ennis, along a road every mile of which was lined with thousands of persons—obliged to speak in every great town he passed through—and not in Ennis until three o'clock on the Monday morning. In the Court-house that morning at nine, facing his foes, and inspiring his friends by his presence, he had to reply to a most able electioneering speech from Mr. Fitzgerald—and he had to crush it. Self-interest combined on this occasion with fanaticism—the hope of Government favours, and the enjoyment of unjust monopolies were linked and banded together with that hatred of Catholicity which "the gentry" had inherited with the forfeited estates of Roman Catholics. O'Connell had these with a most plausible advocate to expose—and in one of the most masterly displays of his eloquence he demolished them. That speech never was fully reported. One person attempted it—and from his imperfect copy whatever transcript may now be found of it was derived; for such was the state of the Court House—that heat, and crowd combined together, exhausted the strength of every one within its walls, but one—that one was O'Connell.

O'Connell laid bare the pretences of his adversary, exposed his selfish and his fanatical opponents, and then appealed to the people. By them the appeal was fittingly answered. The polling began on the 1st of July, and five days afterwards Mr. O'Connell was declared "duly elected"—the first Catholic returned to Parliament by an Irish constituency since the reign of the unfortunate James II.

The Clare Election in 1828 had decided the fate of the Catholic Question. "The events of the Clare Election," said Sir Robert Peel, "showed that matters could not long rest where they were; that there must be either a settlement of the Catholic Question, or the elective franchise must be modified."*

"The circumstance attending the Clare Election." "The circumstances that preceded and followed that Election."†

The Clare Election won Catholic Emancipation. It did so, because

* Speech of Sir Robert Peel, December 17th, 1831. See Opinions of Sir R. Peel, by W. T. Haly, p. 75.

† Speech of the Duke of Wellington, on moving the second reading of the Catholic Relief Bill in 1829. Parliamentary Debates, (N.S.) vol. xxi. p. 42.

the Catholics, acting under the advice of O'Connell, had treated with the scorn it deserved the insidious advice tendered to them by their foe, the Duke of Wellington. "The public mind," was not "suffered to be tranquil"—"the agitators of Ireland" so far from allowing "the public mind to be at rest"—in the very moment of their triumph, and when the entire physical strength of the country was rising up to support them; when the army sent to overawe was affected by the popular enthusiasm, and cheered "the Catholic member for Clare, even in the presence of their officers."†—at this very time they felt with O'Connell that their victory over bigotry, Toryism, and the oligarchy was another Pharsalia—that it had broken the strength, tarnished the fame, but left unmitigated the hostility of their enemies.‡

The Clare Election won Catholic Emancipation, because a wise, a prudent, and a cautious use was made of it by O'Connell. When the Duke of Wellington declared his motives§ for conceding the Catholic claims, he spoke not only of the events that preceded the Clare Election, but also of "the circumstances that followed that election." Without O'Connell as a guide, and with Ireland divided into two sections—an excited peasant class, maddened by many wrongs on one side; and on the other—an infuriated landlord class, banded together as "Brunswickers," and boasting that before they would yield, "torrents of blood should be shed;" in such a time, what might the Clare election have led to without thee—O'Connell—Sage and Chieftain, and Liberator of Ireland!—not a glorious, peaceful, harmless, stainless victory; but a bloody rebellion, in which wrong should triumph as right, and the sword uproot what the franchise had planted.

We cannot now detail the events which occurred between the Clare election of 1828, and the passing of the Catholic Relief Bill in 1829. From O'Connell's conduct during that period the politician will derive instruction, and the statesman, if he be wise, will find his wisdom strengthened.

O'Connell had many difficulties to contend against, and among the rest the discussion of that question which has ever introduced discord into the Catholic body—the question of Securities from Catholics to the Protestant Government of England. The discussion was crushed—the deliberations of Government on the point were, we believe, put an end to by O'Connell. This was O'Connell's reply to the Duke of Wellington's references to a Concordat, on which he had dwelt at great length, in the month of June preceding.¶

"The detailed paltry question," said Mr. O'Connell, at the close of the year 1828, "of political discounts *shall not be listened to*, we

* See Duke of Wellington's Speech, Parliamentary Debates, (N.S.) vol. xix. p. 1287.

† Parliamentary Debates, vol. xxix. p. 983.

‡ *Sparsit potius Pharsalia nostras*

Quam subvertit opes.—Lucan Lib. viii.

¶ "I had the strongest objection to give another triumph to the Catholic Association."—Speech of the Duke of Wellington, on the second reading of the Catholic Relief Bill. Parliamentary Debates, (N.S.) vol. xxi. p. 44.

§ Parliamentary Debates, (N.S.) vol. xix. pp. 1287, et sequent.

despise, we condemn it. We degraded ourselves by such a traffic before; and it would be double delinquency to assent to it again. I therefore want, that we should pledge ourselves to have unqualified Emancipation, or nothing at all. I don't care if the Government bring in a bill for our relief, unconnected with any existing privileges, we will take any thing they give us. They owe us 20s. in the pound. Let them give us 15s. in the pound, we will proceed against them for the remainder. We'll take the instalment and demand the residue with greater earnestness. I'll not object to any Bill for our Emancipation, if it were only to look at it; for since the abominable Union we have not gotten the least increase of our rights. I am not therefore opposed to partial relief: all I say is, that I shall oppose any bargain, or absurd Securities with all my force.”*

Upon the 5th of February, 1829, the Catholic Relief Bill was suggested in the King's speech as a measure necessary to be adopted, but it did not receive the Royal Assent until the 13th April. The intermediate time was occupied with hot discussions upon all its ameliorating clauses.

Since the time of “the Reformation,” and especially since the period of the 1688 Revolution, whenever measures have been proposed to Parliament purporting to restrict the liberties of the subject—to add to the afflictions of the suffering; and increase the sorrows of the oppressed—they ever found within the walls of both unreformed Houses willing supporters, and a ready majority. Measures of justice—of concession—of mercy—of relief—have alone been exposed to an ardent and efficient opposition—have required years to mature them—and, most frequently, valuable sacrifices to render them palatable to that administration and legislative oligarchy, who have usurped the ancient prerogatives of the crown, and almost annihilated the ancient privileges of the people. A few hours were sufficient to suppress the monasteries and spoliates the poor: there was not a week's hesitation in the repeal of the Septennial Act; the struggles were always brief which resulted in the frequent suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act—and to afflict England with the Six Acts was a task almost as easy in the execution, as the repeated oppression of Ireland with martial law and an Insurrection Act.

The propositions which required discussion year after year, were those that would put an end to the horrors of the Slave Trade; to the inhumanity and complexity of the Criminal Code; to the jobbing and scandalous abuses of the Irish Established Church; to the hardships inflicted upon the Protestant Dissenters; to the monopolies of privileged or protected interests;—to the Emancipation of the Roman Catholics. The latter had to struggle for years, in the legislative chambers of the Oligarchy, the former merely required that a minister should propose them, and they were certain to be sanctioned as laws.

* Annual Register, vol. lxx. pp. 146, 147. In the Catholic Journal, November 23rd, 1828, it is stated that the Pope had three applications made to him by the British Government to come to some arrangement with respect to the appointment of Catholic bishops in England and Ireland; and that His Holiness replied, he could listen to no proposal until the Catholics had been Emancipated.

The Catholic Relief Bill passed; but proving in its clauses the malignant spirit of those who yielded it—meanly truckling to the dastard spirit of the King, who insisted it should contain a clause excluding O'Connell—basely yielding to the Irish Landlords the disfranchisement of the freeholders, who from serfs had risen to the rank of freemen—and foully pandering to the bigotry of the Law Church in its penal clauses against the regular clergy.

O'Connell made no complaint of the injustice which affected himself, but he used his utmost exertions to defend the franchise, and to prevent the latter portions of the Relief Bill (the 29th and 34th clauses) being passed.*

The 10th George IV. ch. 7 (the Catholic Relief Bill), received the Royal assent on 13th April, 1829, and on THE FIFTEENTH OF MAY!—then a memorable day—but now, alas! for ever a memorable day—O'Connell was introduced by *Lord Duncannon*—the late Lord Lieutenant of Ireland—as “member for Clare.”

The Speaker declined tendering to him the Catholic oath, on the ground that he had not been returned “*after the commencement of the Act.*” A discussion took place as to whether Mr. O'Connell, as “a member,” should be heard “at the table,” or as petitioners, and other persons, not members, always are heard, “at the bar,” of the House. His opponents decided he should be heard “at the bar,” and that preliminary decision proved that his arguments would be of no avail, no matter how valid or how cogent they might be—they could not outweigh a Ministerial majority. Mr. O'Connell's address was heard—members of the legal profession were divided in opinion as to his right, and where the doubt existed, it was in vain suggested it should be decided in favour of the liberty of the subject. The Solicitor-General moved a resolution to the effect, that “Mr. O'Connell was not entitled to take his seat until he had first taken the oath of supremacy.”†

On Tuesday, 19th May, Mr. O'Connell appeared at the bar, and was informed of the resolution to which the House had come.

“Let me look at the *oath*,” said Mr. O'Connell.

A copy of the oath was handed to him. It is the oath which binds the persons taking it to declare on the Holy Evangelists that “the Pope neither has, nor ought to have spiritual power or authority in this country.”

O'Connell read this oath deliberately through. He then paused, and looking with scorn upon the ministerial Benches, where he saw arrayed against him those foes from whom he had wrung the power of longer propping up injustice by such an infamous oath, he uttered these words slowly, solemnly, and emphatically—

“I see in this oath one assertion as to a matter of fact, which *I know is not true*, and I see in it another assertion as to a matter of opinion, which *I believe is not true*. I therefore refuse to take this oath.”

Having given this judgment, as a Catholic, upon an oath which

* See Wyse's “Sketch of the Catholic Association,” vol. ii., Appendix. And Report of the Precursor Association on the Franchise, p. 9.

† Parliamentary Debates, (N.S.) vol. xxi. pp. 1395 to 1458.

had for so many years been uttered in that House, and that every one, with a single exception, from the Speaker to the meanest member, had sworn, he withdrew—and, because he would not perjure himself, his seat was declared to have been vacated!

It was a great personal wrong—the climax to all those unhappy circumstances that were destined to render the Relief Bill, as far as Ireland was concerned, a measure which excited hatred and contempt towards those who had enacted it, instead of being an instrument by means of which peace might have been given to the country, and gratitude elicited towards those who had carried it into effect.

In England, the concession of the Catholic Relief Bill was received with far different feelings—and justly so, from those that prevailed in Ireland. *Here* its minor defects were overlooked in the number of disabilities that were removed; and its concessions could at once be taken advantage of by the nobility and gentry, to whom it opened the doors of both Houses of Parliament. The Catholic Relief Bill having received the royal assent on 13th April, upon the 28th of the same month, the Duke of Norfolk, Lords Dormer and Clifford; and on the 1st May, Lords Petre, Stafford, and Stourton took the oaths, and their seats as peers; whilst, on the 4th May, the Earl of Surrey, as the representative of Horsham, was admitted a member of the House of Commons. At once, the Catholic Relief Bill conferred on these noble and illustrious individuals those privileges of which their ancestors had been deprived, by the perjuries of Titus Oates, and through the sustinment of those perjuries by successive "Protestant" monarchs and Parliaments.

In England, there prevailed towards the administration of the Duke of Wellington but one single sentiment in the minds of the Catholics, upon the passing of the Catholic Relief Bill. They were eye and ear witnesses of that merciless fury with which the former partizans of the ministry assailed the Duke of Wellington, and his colleagues. In the ears of the English Catholics, there rang again the war-hoop of pitiless savages, such as in former times had gloated over the prolonged tortures inflicted upon martyred priests and Jesuits; of such, as at the close of the last century, had filled the streets of London with fire, plunder, drunkenness, and debauchery; of such, as had under the blue banner of "no popery," despoiled the altar, and robbed the peaceable passenger. The English Catholics had seen the prime minister defy the rage of a band of bigots, as brutal, as they were numerous; and they felt grateful, that a contest for their advantage should have been risked with such opponents.

To the English Catholics, the Relief Bill came to the full extent of its good provisions, unalloyed with one disabling clause, calculated to diminish the power they already possessed, the privileges they already exercised, or the freedom they already enjoyed. The Relief Bill gave to *them* the forty shilling franchise of which it deprived the Irish. The Relief Bill was to *them* not preceded by any unconstitutional law suppressing *their* Catholic Association*—the Relief Bill

* The last meeting of the *Irish* Catholic Association, was on the 12th February, 1829. The Bill for its suppression received the royal assent on 5th March, 1829. The final Meeting of the *British* Catholic Association took

opened Parliament at once to *their* aristocracy, whilst it closed the door against the *Irish Catholic* who had won Emancipation. To the humble English Catholic, as well as to the rich English Catholic it was a boon. It was, as such, accepted. The English Catholics so expressed themselves, and according to the opinion they then pronounced, they have since been found to act, steadily, firmly, and consistently.

Had the Irish Catholics been treated as the English were, the result, we may believe, would have been the same; or, had the English Catholics been contemned, insulted and degraded as the Irish had been, there must have followed the same consequences in England (although assuming a different form,) which in Ireland sprang from an Emancipation Bill administered by the hands of the Tories. Had, for instance, some cunningly devised clause stripped the Duke of Norfolk of his right as Marshal of England, whilst his fellow Catholics were relieved—had a law passed depriving the Catholics in England of the privileges of British subjects;—of meeting when, and in what manner seemed most suitable to attract attention to the grievances of which they complained; or, had a new law rendered them incapable of exercising a particular franchise they had previously possessed, must it not have inevitably followed that His Grace of Norfolk, and every honest Catholic in England would have denounced such a Relief Bill, as an injury and a mockery—as a measure which, while pretending to remove existing disabilities, inflicted new wrongs, and struck from their grasp that great lever, by which they had hitherto been able to move King, Lords and Commons?

The English Catholics were not so aggrieved, and therefore were they grateful for the good done, even though it is not to be supposed, that the Relief Bill had accomplished all that they desired, nor conceded to them all that of which they stood in need. The Relief Bill left unrepealed the infamous laws of Elizabeth, and James, and the Charleses, and William; and it did not touch that frightful condition of the law, by which the marriages of Catholics were treated as null and void.* It left many grievances, and many afflictions still existing in England; but it did some good, and for that good the English Catholics were grateful.

place on 2nd June, 1829. An account of its proceedings will be found in the *Catholic Miscellany* for 1829, p. 379. It was on the charge of conspiring with others to evade the provisions of the Catholic Association Suppression Bill, that Mr. O'Connell was arrested in 1831.

* In the *Catholic Miscellany* for 1830, p. 89, there is to be found detailed the affecting case of a woman brought before a Magistrate on the charge of taking articles out of furnished lodgings, and pawning them to preserve herself from starvation. In this case it was proved before the Magistrate that this woman was a Catholic, married by a Catholic clergyman in Liverpool to a Catholic then residing in London, and in the enjoyment of a professional income of 4000*l* a year—and that her husband taking advantage of the "English law," which did not recognize the marriage of Catholics, repudiated her, and refused to contribute one shilling towards her support. The law declared the husband guiltless of crime, and consigned the wife to prison as a criminal. This case occurred nine months after the passing of the *Catholic Relief Bill*!

For complaints on the same subject "in a moral point of view" by a Catholic, and as a source of evil, by a Protestant, because "the manufacturing districts were seriously burdened through its operations;" see *Parliamentary Debates*, (Third Series,) vol. v. p. 1261.

The Catholics of England thanked the Wellington Administration for the enactment of a law which made Parliament and public office accessible to them; and that restored them to rights of which they should never have been deprived. They thanked them for these things; but they had not any just cause to be otherwise grateful. They were as rigidly excluded from every office of large emolument and high dignity, as if the law prohibiting them from holding any such were still in full vigour. Their loyalty was admitted by Act of Parliament; but in operation, and as the Wellington Government "advised the Crown," it was still treated as suspicious, and as "divided." In the eye of the law the Catholics were, in many respects, treated as the equals of Protestants; in the estimation of the Crown, they were still regarded and treated as inferiors. The Wellington administration continued in office nineteen months after the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Bill, and during all that time not a single Catholic was appointed to a high situation; and, (we believe) not even to the lowest situation in the gift of the Government. The Relief Bill was, as far as ministerial influence extended, an obsolete statute in England and Ireland. The fetters which bad laws had placed upon the Catholics were removed—their hands were freed from manacles—but the Crown placed in those hands no wand of office, and permitted them, as citizens, to exercise no power that it could withhold from them.

The Government of the Duke of Wellington withheld from the Irish Catholics all that it could refuse, or abstain from conceding to them. It gave a Relief Bill, and it obtained in exchange a violation of the Constitution, and with it the destruction of that franchise which had compelled it to yield the Relief Bill. It made the Relief Bill an inactive law; but the Disfranchisement Bill operated from the very first day it received the Royal assent, and the Association Bill was enforced the first moment the Wellington administration deemed the exercise of its powers necessary. It annihilated the forty-shilling freeholders in Ireland—it visited with disabilities Mr. O'Connell—it deprived of the Commission of the Peace the proposer and seconder of O'Connell at the Clare Election—it discountenanced, by the disfavour of the Crown, every liberal Protestant in Ireland who had aided in forcing Emancipation upon the attention of the Legislature—it excluded from the Court, and shut out from the public offices the Catholics, as if they were to be regarded as half-subjects and half-traitors. It allowed no gratitude to be felt; and this might be affirmed of the Wellington administration, that its policy forced O'Connell to that agitation for which he was subsequently censured, as it compelled him—the leader of the Irish Catholics—when despoiled by its own mean manœuvre of his seat in Parliament to resort on the instant to agitation, for the purpose of recovering it.

O'Connell however required no such incentive to his exertions. One great object of his life was attained, when he saw Catholicity freed from the shackles which the perverted ingenuity of man had forged for its affliction. Another great object was to be gained—the improvement, social, moral, and political, of Ireland.

But here we must pause, and leave untold all he did for reform; for

the correction of abuses ; in defence of the poor—he was one of the few who voted against the New Poor Law—for negro emancipation—for the vindication of civil and religious liberty—Free Trade—of his refusal to accept office—of his untiring solicitude to benefit his native land—of his sufferings—the prosecutions against him at law—the devices to despoil him and his family of their rights and their property by the Spottiswoode Conspiracy—of the monster meetings—of the Clontarf “projected massacre,”—of the iniquitous trial, and unjust sentence—of the famine—of his death. We must draw to a close our unfinished task. The hand grows weary while the mind hurries onward. We cannot write more, and yet we have touched on but few of the multitudinous events which O’Connell made, or the effects of which he either sought to neutralize or to turn to good. As we have passed in review these events, and they solely refer to the Catholic agitation, how many a name of many an able, of many an honest, and many a worthy man has risen to our recollection—for O’Connell worked with *the* Association, and *they* were of the Association. We could not mention them, because to do so would render more imperfect than it is that which has been attempted. Our great object has been by the recital of events to bring to the thought of the reader—and especially of the Catholic reader—how wonderful was the man whose spirit pervaded them all—how great and how illustrious was he, who has departed from amongst us!

“He lived and died a Repealer.” Such are the words which O’Connell often said he wished to have inscribed on his tombstone. Much more will be said of him. That he injured his popularity in this country, (England) by being a Repealer there can be no doubt. O’Connell *was* a Repealer. We do not stop to argue the question whether he was right or wrong, nor whether what he looked for was a good, or could be beneficial to his own country, nor whether it might not have been more than mischievous—perilous to this country to have conceded to it. We leave these questions to be discussed by others ; but admitting that O’Connell was convinced that Repeal would be not only a good to Ireland, but that without it no measure could work well for Ireland, that it was a necessity, then he was bound to seek for it. Let the reader—the English reader admit this for a moment, and then believe that O’Connell was sincere—and *he was sincere*—and where, we ask, will you find in all the struggles of all past heroes whose names are most prized, or whose memories are most revered, one to equal him ? Ye, who talk of a Miltiades, and a Pausanias, a Leonidas, and a Themistocles, and who search the Roman story for a Curtius, a Scævola, a Camillus, and that consul who outlived a disastrous defeat, and was thanked by the Roman Senate, because he had not despaired of his country—ye, who search through modern annals in order that ye may idolize a Tell, a Hofer, or a Mina, and men, whom a love of their country induced to defy the strength, or spurn the wrath of mighty kings, and still more mighty nations—if such men and such things be the fitting themes for your praises, what say you to one man, and that a wise and a good man, in the decline of his years, rejecting that ermine which his professional habits of life must have taught him to look upon as the highest,

worthiest object of earthly ambition—of his turning aside from title, and from rank—throwing away from him the popularity he might have enjoyed in this country, which is the metropolis of the universe, and alone—himself alone—with nought but a poor, weak divided, distracted country at his back, presuming to seek, daring to hope, and struggling, and wrestling, and toiling for years, for that, *which he believed*, would be justice to his own—his native land? * Ye have made heroes of men who have performed but one act of virtue—have won or lost a single battle—have uttered but two or three spirit-stirring, heart-thrilling, freedom-animated orations, and yet here is a man, who has defied greater terrors than the sword, spurned richer gifts than gold, flung from him more than a monarch's favour—the respect of many good men—the applause of an empire like England—and all this for the sake of a people, whom famine has now thinned, whom pestilence and poverty alike destroy, and for a nation, that once was a kingdom, and which he had seen converted from a badly governed colony into a worse governed province. If for what he believed to be a great good O'Connell did these things and made these sacrifices, and yet you will not acknowledge him to have been a patriot and a hero, then be assured that time and your posterity will do that justice to his memory which passion, which prejudice, which the wounded pride, and the offended dignity of Imperial England now refuse to concede to him. The statue of Herman which stands on the banks of the Rhine is the memorial of a people's gratitude to him, who was the earliest defender of the independence of Germany—and yet that Herman is the much abused Arminius of Tacitus. Truth, virtue, and the love of fatherland, have won for Herman that reverence which haughty Rome refused to yield; and a living nation blesses him whom the greatest historian that ever wrote had disparaged.†

The last words which O'Connell ever uttered in the Irish Court of Queen's Bench, when the unfair trial was over, and the iniquitous sentence had been passed, were, "that justice had not been done him."

Men may still refuse to do him justice; but the Catholic world prays that justice and mercy may be done unto him—that saints and angels may intercede for him—that as his heart reposes in Rome amid the relics of apostles and martyrs, and his body rests in Ireland where it could alone fitly rest beneath the shamrock of his native hills, that his soul, purified from every stain, may enjoy that glory, which beginning with time shall endure to all eternity.

As to the earthly fame of O'Connell, we have as little doubt of its permanency as of its universality. As time and the hour carry it upwards from this sphere, as it ascends above those earthly passions by which it has been darkened, and that cotemporary envy, which has sought to dim, where it could not fully obscure its glory, it will, as years pass away, shine brighter, and brighter, more clearly, more

* *Omnia pro natalis soli desiderio sprevit.* W. Malmesbir. Gest. Reg. Ang. Lib. iii. §. 251.

† *Liberator haud dubie Germaniæ, et qui non primordia populi Romani sicut alii reges, ducesque! sed florentissimum imperium lacessierit.* * * * *Caniturque adhuc barbaras apud gentes, * * * Romanis haud perinde celebris.* Tacitus Annal. Lib. H. c. 88.

purely, and more unsullied; and most refulgent when the multitudes who loved or who hated, who lauded or defamed, who prized or who presumed to condemn him have alike disappeared, and have equally mouldered away from the memory of mankind in long forgotten graves.

London, May, 27th, 1847.

Whilst writing the preceding Sketch the author received a private letter from one of Ireland's great scholars—of its still greater priests. He presumes to publish an extract from it; for the intelligence contained in it is interesting to the heart of every Irishman, and must be consolatory to the feelings of every Catholic:—

“GENOA, 20th May, 1847.

“My heart is broken; I have scarcely power to write to you. You know how I loved O'Connell, but you cannot conceive all I have seen him suffer. But this consolation I have, and after all it is the only solid one, as it is of all the greatest—his death was happy, his preparation for it perfect, and the Church has no help or comfort for the dying that was not lavished upon him. The state apartments of a palace in ‘Genoa la Superbe,’ was the home of his last days; his death-bed was surrounded by whatever is most dignified and fervent amongst the clergy here, and his last sigh received by the Priest of his own heart and choice. His obsequies have been celebrated with princely style amidst a vast concourse of all ranks and orders; his body is embalmed, and is to be conveyed by us to Ireland. I suppose the Clergy and the *Irish in London* will celebrate the offices of religion for it as we are passing through. We leave this place on Saturday, bearing his *heart* embalmed to Rome, to which it is his legacy. If my idea be followed out his grave is to be in the mountain solitude he loved—in the primitive, the *Celtic* ruined abbey of Darrynane. There the mountains will be his epitaph, the Atlantic waves will entone his Requiem and Dirge for ever.

P.S.—Up to the last day he continued those touching devotions which we used to practise from my arrival in London—Morning Prayer, the Angelus thrice, the prayer of oblation or offering of one's being to God of St. Ignatius, prayer of the Agnus Dei, that sweet prayer, the ‘Memorare’ of St. Bernard to our Blessed Lady, and the Litany after he had retired to bed. Ten minutes before he expired, he repeated words of the *Memorare*, and to the last the name of Jesus was on his lips. As a babe sinks to slumber, so he died. *Requiescat in pace*. I leave the *Amen* to you. Here we cannot appear in the streets without being surrounded by crowds, eager to behold, to salute, to *preconize* the friends of ‘Quel grand O'Connell.’

“J. M.”

APPENDIX—A.

THE DONERAILE CONSPIRACY IN 1829.

O'CONNELL AS A LAWYER.

[A brief explanation is required as introductory to the following chapter from "Ireland and its Rulers"—(Part the First.) In the year 1829 a number of persons, residing in the county Cork were arrested on the charge of being engaged in a conspiracy to murder several of the gentry of Doneraile. The trials of these persons took place at a special commission in the month of October, before Baron Pennefather, and Mr. Justice Torrens. The first persons tried were a respectable farmer named Leary, with three others, Roche, Magrath, and Shine. The principal witness was a man named Patrick Daly, a spy, who "had been for a considerable time in the pay of the magistracy,"* and he had to corroborate his testimony several approvers, and what is designated circumstantial evidence. The spy Daly, and the approvers all swore that Leary was the Leader of the conspiracy, and, "that in a tent at the fair of Rathclare, he produced a paper, which he got several persons to sign, with an agreement to murder three magistrates," Admiral Evans, Mr. Creagh, and Mr. Bond Low. These approvers and spy also swore, that it was stated of a Catholic magistrate (whose name was mentioned) that he would give £200 to have another magistrate shot! Upon this evidence, Leary and his companions were found Guilty and sentenced to execution within a week; although one of the witnesses to character of Leary, a man seventy years of age, was the father of Mr. Creagh, whom, it was alledged he intended to murder; and "the venerable gentleman pronounced an impressive eulogy on the prisoner at the bar."

The leading counsel for the crown was Mr. Doherty, then Solicitor-General, and of the speech made by him on such an occasion it is declared by his admirer, the author, from whom we quote, that it was "strikingly brilliant." As to the prisoners, he declares "well they might have trembled, when they heard the terrific speech of Solicitor-General Doherty." "It is impossible, even at this distance of time, to read that speech without being carried away by its vehemence and incendiary eloquence." With these facts impressed on the mind the following will be perfectly intelligible.]

"SET-TO" BETWEEN O'CONNELL AND DOHERTY.

TERROR-STRUCK at the fate of the first batch of prisoners, the friends of the accused determined to procure O'Connell's presence. Harsh things were openly said about his refusing to attend, and the Attornies for the prisoners despatched a peasant upon horseback to Darrynane to implore him to come to Cork. The messenger left town on Saturday, and arrived at Darrynane early on Sunday morning.

* Ireland and its Rulers, Part. I. p. 76. For abundant proofs of the prevalence of this system in Ireland for years, see appendix to Dr. Madden's "Connexion of Ireland with England."—Duffy, 1845.

When O'Connell read the "*slaughtering*" speech of Mr. Doherty, and found that four persons were found guilty on evidence in which his keen and practised eye discerned much rottenness, and when the murmurs of popular displeasure (however unreasonable) fell upon his ear, he resolved to start for Cork at once. On that Sunday it was reported all through Cork that O'Connell would not come at all, and the public saw the prospect of a whole body of men being struck up like sheep, several of whom, there was good grounds for presuming to be innocent. Dismay and terror seized the peasantry, who influenced by the hazardous position of their comrades, for they had seen the most innocent persons arrested, thronged in great numbers to the City of Cork.

Monday morning (Oct. 26th) came, and there was no sign of O'Connell, and despair seized many a heart, as a fresh batch of prisoners was sent to the Bar to go through the same trials as Leary and his companions. Application was made to stop the trial until O'Connell should arrive, but the Bench could not do so, and Mr. Doherty rose to detail the case to the Jury; he was in the act of holding forth, when a noise like popular cheering was heard outside the Court House. Was it——? Yes! it was O'Connell! "Oh, he's come at last, thank God! thank God!" cried many a person. The independent and impartial portion of the public were equally rejoiced, because they were certain that no legal injustice could be committed before him, without his instant detection and powerful exposure.

He had not been able to leave Darrynane, until the evening before. The roads were very bad, and he travelled the greater portion of the night. For greater expedition he used a light country gig, which he drove himself. He had slept at Macroom for three or four hours, and started off in the morning for Cork, which he did not reach until about ten o'clock. Dressed in his customary green frock, with his broad-brimmed hat, he was discerned by many eyes, eagerly strained in the direction of the Kerry road, and as he whipped the tired brute that drew him, thousands shouted "He's come—he's come—he's come." He drew up in the middle of the City,* and, eager for a legal battle, he *marched* straight to the Court House, where Mr. Doherty was carrying everything just as he pleased. It is said that when the Solicitor-General heard the fearful shouting of the people, and when he was compelled to stop, until O'Connell was borne into Court by an excited body-guard of friends, that for the moment he changed colour. He anticipated a painful defeat in his legal collision with the great agitator.

O'Connell at once bowing to the Judges, and saluting Baron Pennefather with the most marked and respectful courtesy (which was cordially returned) apologized for not having appeared in a more professional costume, and craved permission to refresh himself in Court. A bowl of milk, and some bread and meat were sent into him, and while at either side of him, a young barrister filled each ear with all

*He had hardly descended from the vehicle, when the horse fell dead between the shafts.

that had been done, and how the case of the accused stood. O'Connell gratified his appetite for breakfast with evident relish after his long morning drive. 'Twas rather a contrast, the big, massive Agitator slathering his meal in a Court House, and the graceful, aristocratic Mr. Doherty talking in the most refined manner to the Jury!

What led to the enmity between O'Connell and Mr. Doherty is not publicly known, but they appeared on that day to be enemies with no ordinary hatred and animosity.* As the Solicitor-General laid down a doctrine of law, O'Connell with a marked contempt cried out in the middle of his breakfast, "*That's not law.*" The Bench was appealed to, and the point ruled with O'Connell, who, as the pugilists say, "drew first blood." The Solicitor-General resumed his statement, but he had not gone much further, when O'Connell jumped up—"The Crown cannot make such a statement as that—it has no right to put in such evidence to the Jury," and again the Bench decided with O'Connell. Mr. Doherty's statement of the second case was certainly much less imposing and successful than when, without powerful opposition, he harangued the Jury against Leary and the first batch of prisoners.

The second batch consisted of Connor, Lynch, Wallis, and Barrett, and the witnesses against them were the spy (Patrick Daly) and the approvers, Sheehan, Nowlan, and others. It was the same kind of evidence as the first prisoners were convicted upon. The tale was the same, but the infamous character of the witnesses was laid bare by O'Connell in a cross examination, never surpassed for dexterity. The witnesses trembled under him, and Nowlan, the most infamous character of the lot, cried out, "Ah! indeed, sir, it's little I thought I'd have to meet you here to-day, Mr. O'Connell!"

Yet powerful as was the impression produced by O'Connell, he failed in shewing that there was not much truth in the narrative of the witnesses. His great success was over the Solicitor-General, whom he brow-beat and bullied in the most approved forensic fashion. In fact, on all the legal points that were incidentally raised, he knocked about Mr. Doherty with as much ease as a schoolboy slashes a spinning top. The humiliation of the Solicitor-General was most complete. On nearly every question raised O'Connell triumphed. His bearing towards Mr. Doherty was even more insulting than his mere legal success. To his face O'Connell mimicked his manner in the most grotesque way. "You may go down, sir," said Mr. Doherty, waving his hand contemptuously to one of the prisoner's witnesses, and pronouncing the words in a certain fashionable and aristocratic manner. "Naw! daunt go daune, sir!" cried O'Connell, ludicrously burlesquing the style of his adversary. Another time, the Solicitor-General, said "The allegation is made upon false facts." "False facts," cried O'Connell, "What a bull! How can facts be false?" The Solicitor replied, "I have known false facts, and *false men too.*"

All through the trials, a running fire of altercation was kept up, but O'Connell, in virulence, was sure to bear the palm. Mr. Doherty, not being able to match him, either in law or in colloquial wit, vainly sought

* It may, perhaps, have originated in the abuse that the agitator had poured upon the Solicitor-General for his conduct in the Borrisokane Trials.

to shelter himself behind an assumed aristocratic disdain for his enemy. But such was a poor defence in an Irish Court of Law, against the shattering volleys of O'Connell's racy and trenchant humour. Mr. Doherty even seemed to court the attacks of O'Connell, as if he affected to deride them :—

“His haughty spirit scorned the blow,
That laid his proud ambition low,
But ah ! his looks assumed in vain,
A cold, ineffable disdain.”

When the Agitator made some very fierce insinuations against the conduct of the Solicitor-General, Mr. Doherty at first let them pass, until one after another, the Crown Counsel stood up and stated that the Solicitor-General had done nothing without their approval. The Bench then complimented Mr Doherty, who immediately rose, and said, that proud as he was of the eulogium of the Bench and his brother barristers, he was still more proud, (looking scornfully at O'Connell) of the disapprobation of others. It would be impossible to detail the repeated cross-firing between the two legal belligerents, in which the Solicitor-General was evidently worsted.

The Jury, upon the second batch of prisoners, could not agree. They were locked up, and kept from food for a day and a half, and were not discharged until the strongest medical testimony of extreme danger to one of the parties, was given to the Judges. One gentleman Mr. Edmond Morrough, a Catholic of large fortune, was alone dissentient. He would bring no verdict of “Guilty,” upon the evidence of such approvers as Nowlan and Sheehan. The division amongst the Jury was—

For acquitting Connors, Lynch, and Barrett,	-	-	-	-	9
Against the acquittal of ditto,	-	-	-	-	3
For acquitting all,	-	-	-	-	1
Against ditto,	-	-	-	-	11

Thus the Crown was baffled for a time, and great effect was produced by stopping its career. There were still, however, a vast number to be tried, and the fate of many a man was in jeopardy. But O'Connell's “showing up” of the witnesses, and his browbeating Mr. Doherty, were the themes of every tongue.

Now, however, came the turning point of the Commission. The Crown proceeded with a third case, and put John Burke and John Shine to the Bar, offering to the Jury the same evidence as had been given in the previous cases. O'Connell was in the act of cross-examining the spy Patrick Daly, when Baron Pennefather beckoned to him, and handed the informations sworn by the spy before the Magistrates at Doneraile. In these informations not a word was said about the dramatic scene in the tent where Leary swore the parties into the conspiracy, all of which was just then so glibly told in the witness box by the spy. This great discrepancy in the evidence struck the Jury very much, especially when suggested to them by one of O'Connell's best examinations ; and a verdict of “Not Guilty” was within an hour pronounced by a Jury upon the same evidence as that on which Leary and others had been found guilty. The Crown then resolved

not to proceed further with the Commission, and loud were the rejoicings of "the people" at the fresh glory of O'Connell, and his complete victory over the Solicitor-General, whom he had publicly abused as "long Jack Doherty from Borrisokane."

To make the acquittal of the parties more triumphant they had been tried by a Jury composed exclusively of Protestants. The Crown and the Prisoners' Counsel availed themselves of the right to challenge. In the second case, the dissentient Juror was a Catholic, and though there were other Catholics on that Jury (amongst others Mr. D. Callaghan, M.P.) the Crown deemed it most prudent that the third Jury should be Protestant.

APPENDIX—B.

ARREST OF O'CONNELL

IN 1831.

[From the Dublin Weekly Register, Saturday January, 22, 1831.]

At ten o'clock on Tuesday morning, the house of Mr. O'Connell in Merrion-square was visited by Mr. Farrell, Chief Constable, and Peace Officer Irwin, who, upon being admitted to that gentleman's presence, stated that they had a warrant against him, issued from the Head Office, on a charge of conspiracy to evade the proclamations recently promulgated by the Lord Lieutenant. Upon being arrested Mr. O'Connell sent word to the *Morning Register* office, that two of the reporters connected with that establishment should precede him to the Police-office in order that an accurate note might be taken of what should occur there. Mr. Maurice O'Connell, Mr. Steele, and Mr. Barrett, went to the Police-office previous to Mr. O'Connell's going there. The two latter gentlemen, upon entering the Board-room, were informed by the Magistrates that warrants were also issued against them, and that they would be required to give bail.

It was within a few minutes of 11 o'clock when Mr. O'Connell accompanied by Captain Morgan O'Connell, and followed by Mr. Farrell entered the Board-room.

Mr. Farrell said, "here your Worships, is Mr. O'Connell."

Mr. O'Connell walked quickly up to the table and then said, "I wish to know whether you yourselves, or by the directions of those of higher authority, have thought fit to have me dragged, like a felon through the streets—one who is a householder of the city of Dublin, and a member of the Imperial Parliament—and that you have sent your common thief-catchers to my house, without giving me the slightest notice. I wish in the first instance, that this question should be answered.

Alderman Darley: We have acted under the directions of those of higher authority.

Mr. O'Connell: I am glad of it—they may degrade themselves, but they cannot degrade me. I now wish to know if you have informations upon oath?

Alderman Darley: We have.

Mr. O'Connell: I wish to have them read. I demand that they shall be read.

The magistrates here looked at one another for a few minutes.

Mr. O'Connell: I demand to have any informations upon oath that you have read to me. Mr. O'Connell here put on his hat, and said, "I mean no disrespect to you, but I am a member of the House of

Commons—I am the equal of the Marquis of Anglesey, and I am determined to maintain inviolable the high privileges of which I am possessed.

Mr. Graves: We mean no disrespect to you, Mr. O'Connell.

Mr. O'Connell: Then, gentlemen, I have no objection to remove my hat; but I do it out of compliment to you.

Major Sirr: Will you take a chair Mr. O'Connell.

Mr. O'Connell: No, thank you, I had rather stand.

The Magistrates here conferred together for a few minutes, and at length Mr. Graves said—do you require the name's of the informants?

Mr. O'Connell: I do.

Mr. Graves: It is not usual to give them; but I see no objection to it, Mr. O'Connell.

Mr. Ross Cox, Clerk to the Head Office, here read the informations, which stated they were made by Robert Franklin, and George Belgrave Snell, gentlemen, of Grafton Street, in the City of Dublin, who being sworn before Alderman Darley and Major Sirr, deposed that they attended a meeting at the Parliamentary Office, in Stephen-street, on the 10th day of January, and that the chair at said meeting was taken by John Redmond, and that speeches of considerable length were made on various subjects—the repeal of the Union, the proclamation of the Lord Lieutenant, the suppression of a society directed by that proclamation; that Daniel O'Connell, Esq. was the first person to address that meeting; that he severely animadverted upon said proclamation; that said act was an act of despotism against his unfortunate country; that it was *black in the annals of despotism; that every honest man, in the sight of God, should look for retribution!* (The reading of this passage excited loud laughter in the office). That Mr. O'Connell further said, that this was a most unjust and despotic act of parliament; that Lord Anglesey's proclamation had dissolved the society, but he could not disperse him (Mr. O'Connell); and he (Mr. O'C) further said, that he meant to conclude by a vote that the association should stand absolutely dissolved, and that he should stand in the place of that association; and that said passage in his speech was received with loud cheers. That Mr. O'Connell then continued by saying that the course which he should advise would be, that any attempt to abridge liberty made it necessary for them to have still more agitation, and that for one association that was put down, they should constitute others. That there was a proclamation issued, and that he should propose three different modes of continuing agitation; that Mr. O'Connell then proposed, as a first resolution, that the intended society for preventing illegal meetings should stand dissolved; and then that having got rid of that, he should stand in the situation of it, that he would appoint Mr. Dwyer as his secretary; that he would tell the people to submit to the law, and even to the semblance of the law; that if a magistrate came to any meeting to disperse them, that they should take care to tell him that if he sent in a single policeman, or an unarmed child, to lay his hand on each man, he should then go off—

Mr. Graves (to whom Major Sirr had been speaking for some time) here stopped Mr. Cox in reading the informations, and said—Mr. O'Connell this is a very long information, it goes through the whole

of the several meetings you attended, and it closes as the warrant does, charging you with a conspiracy to defeat and evade that proclamation, and marking the continuation of those meetings from one to the other, as you must have seen from the perusal of the copy of the warrant. I think, then, that it would be very inconvenient to have the whole of it read.

Mr. O'Connell : Yes—I understand you. I saw the suggestion given to you by Major Sirr before you spoke.

Mr. Graves : No. I really think there is an inconvenience in having the whole of it read.

Mr. O'Connell : I am sure there is, and must be a great inconvenience to the prosecution, because there is falsehood in a great deal of what has been sworn, and I shall be prepared to prosecute the persons who made it for perjury as soon as it is on the file. It was evident that this was the case, from the manner and expression of those who are about me. Major Sirr saw and felt it, and he then left his place to give you this suggestion. I ask then to have the informations read ; it is my right that they should be read. I have your decision already as to the reading of those informations, and my being entitled to have them read. I am here the King's subject, and I demand that I shall not be deprived of the slightest of my rights. I am here a prisoner—the length of the informations, and the time they will occupy, is a much greater inconvenience to me than it can be to you, for the prisoner reckons the loss of his liberty by the minute. I am here in a state of degradation, as if I were guilty of a crime ; but it is, in my opinion, an honour that a man should be so treated who is serving his country, and is persecuted for doing so. I call, then, for the informations being read if it were only for the purposes of justice. What has been already disclosed is sufficient to convict those who made those informations of perjury. I now want that the remainder of those informations be read, as I wish to see whether the remainder be as false as what has been already read. You have already begun, and I now demand it as my right that you should go through the informations.

Mr. Graves : I do not recollect any statute in which the prisoner is entitled to a copy of the informations, but they can have a copy of the warrant.

Mr. O'Connell : That is not law, nor like the law. In felony the informations may be, though they ought not, to be concealed ; but it is quite otherwise in cases of misdemeanor, and I must see that you will not attempt to prevent the further reading of the informations, because I shall shew from them that the charge is so absurd, as not to amount, even if altogether true, to any offence whatever. It is a most ridiculous charge. I have been brought here without a summons. Your excuse for so bringing me is, that you are mere instruments. You, magistrates, admit yourselves to be mere instruments—mere tools. Why should you refuse to allow me to hear the rest of the deposition ? For one reason only, because you yourselves must have felt, that as it was read, it betrayed the gross absurdity of the charge. You stop the reading of the deposition simply because you perceive the accusation against me is sheer nonsense, and even that founded on palpable falsehood. If I were brought here on a summons, I should then be

entitled fully to canvass the entire merits. If the Government have ordered you to behave with discourtesy, they have not ordered you to act with ludicrous injustice. It is their fault that no summons has issued. You are grossly wrong, and I arraign you here, and will arraign you elsewhere for it; but I am not on that account to be deprived of my rights as a British subject, and I now insist upon your continuing to read those informations; and though you have power at your back, I dare you at your peril to refuse to allow the rest of the deposition to be read.

Alderman Darley: We have only one duty to perform, acting, as we do, under the authority of government. All we now have to do, as magistrates, is to call upon you to give bail.

Mr. O'Connell: What! do you stop the reading of the depositions by the clerk?

Alderman Darley: Certainly; because we act by authority.

Mr. O'Connell: Well, as I am not to have the benefit of the law in knowing who it is accuses me, and what it is that has been sworn against me—though this most inquisitorial proceeding is adopted—let the warrant be read, although it specifies very little. If the deposition had been completely read, I could have detected other gross falsehoods, but you yourselves felt that, when you stopped the reading of it.

Mr. Cox here read the warrant under which Mr. O'Connell was arrested. The warrant was signed by Alderman Darley and Major Sirr.

Mr. O'Connell here addressed himself to Mr. Graves, and said—Now Sir, there is no criminal offence whatsoever charged in that warrant. There is not a shadow of any thing which can be called an offence stated in it—there is no statement of any violation of the common law. I defy you to point out one particle of allegation of any violation of the common law stated in this ballad of a warrant, under which it has been presumed to send the ordinary thief-taker to my house. In the next place there is no violation of any statute law stated in this warrant—not the least. I am arrested in my house upon this idle warrant, which does not contain the slightest charge of any offence either at common law or by statute! That there is no common law being clear, I ask is there any statute? It cannot be the proclamation act, because that statute creates no offence unless there be a special proclamation first read by two magistrates. Now it is not pretended that I continued in any meeting after any such proclamation was read. I defy any man to shew that there is a legal offence in attending any meeting which has not been specifically proclaimed according to the provisions of the Algerine act. A proclamation not under that statute is mere waste paper—any man may laugh at it. The King himself has no power to prohibit the executing of any right or any occupation by proclamation. The King's proclamation cannot make any act of the subject criminal, unless it be a proclamation founded on and authorised by a statute. Of course as the King has not this power, still less can it belong to the Lord Lieutenant. A proclamation by the Lord Lieutenant prohibiting any action is therefore utterly void, and a warrant, which only charges a breach of such proclamation, is that kind of nonsense which could be reduced into a warrant only in Ireland.

The door of the magistrates private apartment was here opened by

a peace-officer, the door of which was a little ajar, and a gentleman was seen standing by the door as if listening; he instantly darted behind the door out of sight.

Mr. O'Connell: There is Baron Tuyl in the other room—I see the Lord Lieutenant's private secretary looking in at us. You (to the magistrates,) are, indeed, I find, acting under superior authority. Mind Baron Tuyl is in the other room, (to the Reporters) take a note of that. Let me repeat that as the King has not such an authority over meetings of his subjects, the Lord Lieutenant cannot have it.

The door of the private apartment was again opened a little.

Mr. O'Connell: Baron Tuyl may as well, I think, come into the room at once. (Loud laughter.) But I say, Sir, that the Lord Lieutenant has no more authority by this proclamation for punishing a man for attending a public meeting, nor of so interfering with the rights of the Irish people, than he would have to put his hand into my pocket—to break into my house—to cut my throat, or let loose the soldiery upon the people. If that be the law, as undoubtedly it is, then you must admit that the proclamation of the Lord Lieutenant is no more than waste paper, and cannot interfere with the rights of the King's subjects. He has no authority to interfere with those rights by merely promulgating those proclamations. As a lawyer, I deny that he has any such authority whatsoever.

Alderman Darley: We, you know, Mr. O'Connell, have but one duty to perform, and that is to require you to give bail, as we are directed by authority.

Mr. O'Connell: But I am shewing you, that I am entitled to my discharge without bail. Will you not hear me demonstrate that you have no right to call for bail?

Alderman Darley: It is my duty to call on you to give bail.

Mr. O'Connell: What—bail arrest without law!!! You have issued your warrant in the first instance, and you are now bound to hear me, and see whether you can ask for that bail.

Mr. Graves: The Lord Lieutenant, has issued a proclamation, which you have disobeyed—you are charged with doing so, and we must now hold you to bail.

Mr. O'Connell: You are a lawyer, and should know that you have stated that which you ought to know is not law. Disobedience to a Lord Lieutenant's proclamation is no crime. What care I for such a proclamation. If you referred to any statute, acknowledging a proclamation, I would be able, at once to shew that this warrant does not charge any offence against any such statute. You say you will require bail—do, at your peril—at your peril you will decide this point. I call upon you to attend to this—the Lord Lieutenant's proclamation, unauthorized by the statute, is mere waste paper. This is a position which I defy you to controvert. There is, indeed, a statute which authorizes proclamations, but that is a highly penal and unconstitutional statute—it is not to be extended by any implication. No man would dream of extending it but some equity lawyer, with more ingenuity than knowledge—who may speculate on accidents that can never occur in Ireland. There is here no connexion between law and equity, which would be quite unintelligible elsewhere. Now, to

return, it is only under the terms of the act of the 10th Geo. 4, c. 1, that the proclamation can issue—but the authority of such proclamation is, of course, limited by the act itself. It allows the proclamation to issue, but it does not enact that any disobedience to the proclamation shall be an offence, except in one particular case described by the act. *First*, there must be the proclamation prohibiting a meeting—*secondly*, the meeting must take place—*thirdly*, two magistrates must attend, and read a form of dispersion specified in the act—and *fourthly*, the persons may remain together for fifteen minutes before the meeting becomes illegal. If the fifteen minutes elapsed, the punishment is very heavy, namely, three months' imprisonment by the order of those magistrates. The statute is penal enough, but I am not accused of any one of these things. There is not one of them specified in this warrant. Can you go beyond the act? Will you presume, in my case, to set the statute law at defiance? You arrest me in the midst of my family because you are directed by authority? Will you call on me for bail without a shadow of law to stand upon? The statute is bad—bad enough, but bad as it is, it has some mitigating qualities. It does not allow one magistrate, acting by himself, to control or punish persons taking part in meetings that have been proclaimed. The statute is most strict in this particular. I defy despotism itself to put any other construction on the statute. I defy any man having a particle of common sense to put a different construction upon it. Because the statute prescribes a particular mode of proceeding for punishing those who disobey it, are men to be held to bail like common felons, because they cannot be punished under that statute. The proclamations are authorized, you say, by a particular statute; punishment for any disobedience of them is also directed by the same statute; the proceedings under the statute, before any punishment can be inflicted, are given in the most specific and direct manner. The statute gives no power authorizing one magistrate to act; it requires that there should be two magistrates before any act is done. It points out a particular form and proceeding by those magistrates when attending any meeting that has been proclaimed. After a certain notice has been read, it affixes a severe penalty—an imprisonment for three months, if that notice be not attended to. I repeat, the statute allows to those taking part in the meeting, fifteen minutes to disperse. Up to that time, it gives a portion of legality to the meeting, for even after the notice has been read, a space of time elapses, during which no penalty can attach to the parties concerned in the meeting; they can proceed with their business, and no punishment can be inflicted on them, provided they do not stay beyond the time allowed by the statute for them to disperse. Now I defy you not to see that there is no charge against me of having violated the statute—not the least. On the contrary, the statement in the warrant is that I committed no offence. I am charged, in fact, with carefully avoiding all offences; that is called, evading the proclamation. How is the proclamation to be evaded? Only by avoiding its penalties. In other words, I am charged with avoiding to commit any offence; and thus because I avoid to commit an offence, here are before me four magistrates who first arrest me, and then call on me to give bail, because I took care not to commit any offence. (Much laughter.)

Mr. Graves : No, I assure you, the same thing was passing in my mind at the moment.

Mr. O'Connell : I don't doubt it. (Laughter.) Well, I will make you a present of the fact ; and I now call your attention to the law of this case. It is, I believe, many years since you were called to the bar, and you ought to know something of the law. I ask you who ever heard before of disobedience to a proclamation, without shewing that the particular act which constituted the disobedience had been done. You yourself know that two magistrates have given notice under that proclamation, and if the persons had not dispersed in fifteen minutes you could have punished them. You know that this act is a despotic act of the most unmitigated quality—you know that it has been called an unconstitutional act by the present Lord Chancellor of England—you know this, or you will soon know it, that he has called it a most unconstitutional law, and because it is unconstitutional, do you conceive that you are obliged to go beyond it, and, without the slightest notice, issue a warrant against me ? I am the King's subject ; I am not yet under military sway ; no paltry despot can yet place his heel upon my neck with impunity ; no man, I care not how high his rank, nor whether he be Duke or Marquis, or have German barons to wait upon him, can trample upon me. I know myself—I know what is due to me ; I am here the representative of one county, and I may truly say the representative of the feelings and the wishes of the people of Ireland. Being so, I have condescended to argue the case with you—that although it is difficult to have a law argument taken down accurately, yet, that it may appear to the public that this is an act outrageously gross. This, Sir, (to Mr. Graves) comes before you ; as a lawyer, as a legal man, I ask you whether you will act according to law, or are you here as the mere instrument of an unreasoning authority ? I show you that what I am accused of is not a crime or an offence, but quite the contrary—the avoiding to commit any crime or offence. What care I for giving bail ? but I do feel pleasure in exposing the futility of the charge, and as I shall of course bring an action against you for arresting me, I now peremptorily demand my discharge.

Alderman Darley : We have but one duty to perform.

Mr. Steele : Will you condescend to make yourselves the instruments of..... ?

Alderman Darley : We have done that which we were directed, and issued our warrant.

Mr. O'Connell : Then you call upon me to give bail.

Alderman Darley : We do.

Mr. O'Connell : And I call upon you not to require it.

Alderman Darley : But we do require it, and there is no use in saying more.

Mr. O'Connell : I feel a pleasure in showing you how wrong you are. The warrant states that we conspired to evade a proclamation. Was there ever anything like this heard of before ? Evade a proclamation ! That is not to do what the proclamation prohibited. There can be no conspiracy unless its object or its meaning be something criminal. Can Mr. Graves be ignorant of that ? Then here is a

charge of doing, by innocent means, an innocent thing. And the authority, as you call it, under which you say you are acting, thinks it will give satisfaction by arresting a Member of the House of Commons, because he takes care not to be guilty of any kind of offence. These points I now submit to you, caring little for the event, and conscious that the cause of which I am the humble advocate and sincere supporter can neither be injured nor retarded by it. The irritation, however, that might be produced by this circumstance, I shall take care to suppress, and, if I can, there shall be no irritation consequent upon this outrage on my liberty. As a lawyer, I now tell you that you are acting against the law. I also tell you that what is done here shall be investigated elsewhere. This will have to be before a jury, and their justice, and I trust, their firmness, will prove that a British subject is not, with impunity, to be deprived of his liberty. I have now to observe that I have been detained here at least half an hour.

Alderman Darley : But for your address to us, we would not have detained you half so long.

Mr. O'Connell : You admit, then, that I am in your custody.

Alderman Darley : You certainly are, and we will require bail.

Mr. O'Connell : Mr. Graves is a lawyer—let him point out any one iota of the statute that has been violated.

Mr. Graves : The statute directs the meeting to disperse the moment the proclamation is read.

Mr. O'Connell : It happens, unluckily for you, that there is not the least allegation in the warrant of any violation of that clause. (Much laughter) But the truth is, your case is not better founded in law than in fact.

Alderman Darley : We are acting under authority, and we require you to give bail.

[Here the head of Baron Tuyl appeared again.] Oh, said Mr. O'Connell, are we to be dictated to by German barons—send him back with an account that you are determined to listen to no reasoning.

Alderman Darley : Baron Tuyl only came to me on private business.*

Mr. O'Connell : Of course. But I demand my instant liberation.

Alderman Darley : We require you to give bail.

Mr. O'Connell : You are violating all law and all justice, by requiring it; and, for my own part, I would prefer going to jail, and perishing in it, than submitting to give bail, if I were not actuated by another and a higher motive. Is it not manifest that if I were to be committed, the peace of the city and of the country at large would be broken? (This was assented to). Well, as you do not dispute that which the streets outside sufficiently indicate, I will do that which others are intrusted with. I WILL TAKE CARE OF THE PEACE OF THE CITY AND COUNTRY—I will give bail to this foolish and absurd charge.—

*It was not until the year 1841, that a secret passage leading from the Castle of Dublin, to the magistrates room in the Head Police-Office was closed up—We believe, that this was effected at the desire of one of the most honest men, that ever sat on the magisterial bench in Ireland, F. Thorpe Porter, W. B. M.

But before I do so, I protest against being understood to submit to its legality. I mean, on the contrary, to proceed against you, for punishment and compensation, in the law courts—and against the authority which dictates to you this illegal proceeding, before another tribunal—declaring as I do, as a lawyer and a man, that in the annals of paltry persecution there never was any outrage more illegal than my arrest and imprisonment. It is the most flagrant abuse of power that could be committed under the poor disguise of law. But while others may desire to force the people to acts of violence, my object is to preserve the peace, and upon that account alone, determined to punish the authors of the injustice done, I reluctantly consent to give bail.

Mr. O'Connell then entered into the requisite securities, himself in £1,000, and two sureties in £500 each. Mr. Jeremiah M'Carthy, of Dawson-street, and Mr. Fitzpatrick, of Dame-st. were his securities.

ARREST OF MR. BARRETT.

Mr. Richard Barrett here asked to see the copy of the warrant, in order that he might know what was the precise charge against him.

The copy of the warrant was here handed to Mr. Barrett, which he read aloud, and by the peculiar emphasis he laid on certain words and passages, excited a great deal of laughter in the office.

Mr. Barrett, upon concluding the reading of the warrant, said—Now, gentlemen, the first meeting mentioned in that warrant, I only attended for a few moments and only then stopped to hear the latter end of Mr. O'Connell's speech. I also beg to say, that I never was the member of any society, which was proclaimed—I did not attend any of them continuously, and when I did attend them, I went to them, as a member of the press.

Mr. O'Connell: Yes, Barrett; but you know this is what the informer has sworn. What is the bail required?

Alderman Darley: Mr. Barrett £500, and two securities in £250.

Mr. O'Connell: As Mr. Barrett's counsel, I object to such bail, as excessive.

Alderman Darley: Suppose we say £200, and two securities in £100 each.

Mr. Staunton: I shall be one of the bail for Mr. Barrett, and in such a case as this I do not think that the amount of bail is of any consequence.

Mr. Steele now advanced to the magistrates' table, and said, "O'Connell, and gentlemen who report for the press, I request your attention for a moment. I enter into this security, and have given bail constrained by necessity, but at the same time vehemently protesting against the outrageous and ridiculous illegality of the proceedings. To the magistrates of this office I owe nothing but courtesy, but with respect to the authority under which they act I now wish to express my sentiments. What I wish to have recorded is this—when the acts of this day shall be published before the world, I here declare that I feel intermingled indignation, contempt, and abhorrence, forthe..who..... Mr. Steel then retired with O'Connell and his other friends.

ARREST OF MR. REYNOLDS.

Mr. John Reynolds here entered the office, and having been introduced to the magistrates, required to see the copy of the warrant on which he was arrested. Having read it, he said he protested against its illegality ; but as he was constrained by necessity to do so, he should give the necessary bail. When he had done so, he said, " I regret extremely that this arrest has taken place, because at the moment it did so, I was making preparations for the meeting at Audeon's parish, which takes place this day, and to which I am now going. (Laughter.)

ARREST OF MR. LAWLESS AND MR. EDWARD DWYER.

Mr. Lawless, who at the close of the proceedings had come into the office to see what was passing, was placed under arrest, and obliged to give bail. In the course of the day Mr. Edward Dwyer was also arrested, and having given the necessary securities, was discharged.

POPULAR EXCITEMENT IN DUBLIN.

When Mr. O'Connell was first placed under arrest, and was walking down from his residence in Merrion-square to the Head-Police office, he was, as usual, followed by hundreds of persons, who were shouting and cheering for him—these persons upon seeing him enter the police-office, followed by the chief constable, and peace officer Irwin, immediately suspected that he was under arrest, and in fifteen minutes after the space in front of the office was filled by an immense multitude of persons, while Parliament-street, Dame-street, Cork-hill, and the surrounding streets were rendered impassable by the mass of men collected in them. To keep off the pressure from the office, the iron barriers before it were closed up, and continued thus barricaded until Mr. O'Connell and his friends left the office. When the "Pacifcator" was seen coming forth he was received with long continued and enthusiastic cheers. He proceeded from the office, first towards Parliament-st., but finding that it would be impossible to make way in that direction, he turned back towards Dame-street, and from the drawing room window in Mr. Fitzpatrick's, he addressed the people in his usual animating and eloquent stile of speaking. He concluded by calling on them to obey the law, and peaceably disperse to their homes, promising them that no exertion of their enemies could prevent a Repeal of the Union.

While the discussion was going on in the police-office, Mr. P. Costelloe was dispatched by Mr. O'Connell to retain Mr. Perrin and Mr. Holmes, a duty which that active agent immediately discharged.

APPENDIX C.

LIBERATION OF O'CONNELL

FROM

RICHMOND PENITENTIARY.

(From the Morning Chronicle of Monday, September 9th, 1844.)

DUBLIN, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 6.

I arrived here yesterday evening, in the same vessel that brought the solicitors of the traversers, and with them the joyful intelligence that the judgment of the Court of Queen's Bench had been reversed. The manner in which the tidings were received is worthy of a detailed description, as evidencing that which may be truly called the national feeling with respect to the prosecution of the government against Mr. O'Connell.

As the mail steamer, the Medusa, neared the pier of Kingstown, it was observed that there was on the jetty a large collection of persons of all classes—the richly clad and the miserably poor. The traversers' solicitors had provided themselves in London with flags, on which were inscribed the words—"Triumph of law and justice—the judgment reversed," "O'Connell is free." It had been intended, by means of these flags, to notify the defeat of the government, long before the ship could touch the land; but as the captain of the vessel represented that such a display might be objected to by the Admiralty, the flags were not unfurled until those who bore them had stepped on shore. The solicitors, and several of the passengers on deck, waved their hats; a movement was instantly perceivable in the crowd, but no response was made to the intimation that was thus conveyed to them. Again the hats were waved on deck, and a cheer was given. It was not responded to; but the instant the faces of the solicitors were recognised, that it was seen that the cheerers were Mr. Mahony, Mr. Ford, Mr. Cantwell, and one of the able counsel of the traversers, Mr. O'Hagan, then indeed was every hat raised in the air, and a cheer burst from the multitude, so vehement, so earnest, and so fierce, that in its excitement of exultation it pierced the ear as if it were a shriek. "O'Connell is free!" was rung forth by the stentorian voice of Mr. Ford, and the word "free" was echoed back again in an hundred voices. Men rushed tumultuously forward to the very brink of the pier, and seemed ready to bound across the space of waters that yet separated them from those who came the messengers of such joyful tidings. All was confusion, all excitement

upon shore; whilst the only words that could be heard were "free," "free," "Is O'Connell free?" And whilst men bounded and shouted aloud for joy, there was not a woman present whose hands did not seem clasped together, as if she were engaged in prayer. At last the vessel reached the land, and then the flag-bearers, jumping on shore, displayed them fully to view, and as the words were repeated by the tongues of many men aloud, shouts and blessings rung around from every side. The appearance of the flags seemed to produce a magical effect; it looked as if the population had been, like Clan Alpine's men in the "Lady of the Lake," concealing themselves from view, until a certain signal was given; for the moment that the white banners fluttered in the air, men, women, and children were seen hurrying in thousands down towards the pier. There was no point within view on which persons might not be observed collected—in the windows of Kingstown, upon the roads at a distance, or, farther on again, from the lowly cabins, there were men waving handkerchiefs, or hats, or lifting their hands in air, exhibiting how enthusiastically they participated in the general joy. The hurried pace of those who had arrived by the steamer, and were endeavouring to secure their places by the train, was, despite of themselves, changed into a triumphal procession, in which each and all were welcomed and blessed upon their arrival in Ireland, as if those who chanced to accompany such news had the merit of aiding in its accomplishment.

At length the tumultuous, but truly pacific, crowd were left cheering outside the railway station, and upon taking my place in the train, I perceived that the engineers had "begged the loan of one of the banners," which decorated their engine, and thus intimated to all, as it sped along the line, which can be seen for the greater part from the shore, as from the sea, that it was the bearer of those tidings which few, from the intelligence brought by the two preceding packets, had ventured even to hope they would be destined to hear. It was curious to see, as the train flew by, the labourers in the fields, and the operatives at their different occupations, how the men stopped in their toil to cheer that which they regarded as the emblem of freedom to their champion. Here the same curious effect was observable as at Kingstown. The sight of the banners seemed to evoke a population in places that a few moments before were apparently destitute of inhabitants. As the train entered beneath the buildings that cover the terminus at Westland-row, crowds were seen hurrying along the streets, which lie at a considerable depth beneath the railroad, and that branch off from it in all directions. The clamorous shouts of joy were breaking around the gates in front of the railway station, whilst the distant cheer, becoming each moment more distinct, was discernable in the streets that circle around it. I had stopped not more than a couple of minutes to forward an express, with copies of the *Evening Chronicle*, to the *Evening Post*, *Evening Freeman*, and other papers, when I found that Mr. Ford and Mr. Cantwell had already hurried on to the gaol with the joyful news. They were followed by Mr. Mahony, on whose car I was accommodated with a seat; and as it was decorated with a banner, it was honoured not only with cheers as it passed along, but it was also ornamented with an enormous *queue* of stalwart lads, who attached themselves to it, and con-

trived, by their ejaculations for "O'Connell and old Ireland," to create a universal hubbub wherever they were seen or heard. I could perceive that fast as we were travelling, we had been fairly distanced by her whose diligence as an express messenger has been celebrated by Virgil. Upon no face that I saw in the streets, in the windows, or even in carriages, amongst the rich or the poor, was there any one expression visible but that of joy: in most there was that feeling and vehemence of exultation exhibited which we might expect to find denoting those who have heard tidings of victory over an enemy; in some it was the placid joy communicated by the receipt of news which is gratifying to a person's feelings, irrespective and forgetful of what may be its effect on others; but in no face could I discern any sentiment evinced but that of gladness. I even observed, upon the countenances of the police, as we passed along, the subdued smile of sincere pleasure.

I have already observed, that I could not have been more than two minutes behind Mr. Ford and Mr. Cantwell, and yet when I reached the gaol, I perceived crowds hurrying in all directions towards it—on horseback, on foot, on cars, and in many places I observed that the carmen had deserted their stands in a body, forgetting themselves and their chances of employment, in order that they might be the sooner at the gaol, "to hear the news about the Liberator." Shops, houses, all things were left to chance, whilst every habitation seemed to push forth its inmates to hear the great tidings of him, who I have more than once to-day heard distinguished as "our own father."

Hundreds were clamouring at the gate to see *him*, and greet *him*, but admission was, as a matter of course, refused. Mr. Mahony having announced himself as one of the solicitors, was admitted, and through his influence I also obtained admission.

Upon being conducted to Mr. O'Connell's apartments, I found him and his friends in the very flush of the triumph, which was now officially, it may be said, announced to them. Large as the apartments are allotted to Mr. O'Connell's use, they were swarming with a crowd. He bore the intelligence with the same calmness that it was manifest he would have shown had it been of an opposite nature. His lip, and his eye, and the cordial grasp of his hand, showed his joy, and how deeply he felt the sympathy exhibited towards him, but he was not in the slightest degree shaken by the intelligence. I might truly say that I could see him but for a moment, for he was overwhelmed with gratulations upon gratulations, that came pouring in upon him, in fresh accessions of old and steadfast friends, who rushed to his place of confinement to bid him joy.

Upon turning to look at the other traversers, I perceived that none had suffered from their confinement—that all looked like men who felt they had been unjustly persecuted, and were determined to scorn and defy the worst efforts of their worst foes—that all, Mr. John O'Connell, Mr. Duffy, Dr. Gray, Mr. Barrett, Mr. Steele, and the Secretary of the Repeal Association, Mr. Ray, were, if it were possible, improved in health.

It was certainly a most interesting sight to behold those gentlemen, surrounded as they were with their families, thus immured for the moment in a prison, and receiving the congratulations of all permitted to

have access to them, hailing their success as a national triumph, while the fact was attested by the hoarse and incessant cheers that now and again penetrated through the thick walls and inner circle of that gaol in which they stood.

At length dinner was announced, and comparative quiet was for some time restored. Having been one of the few out of the hundreds who had burst into the prison, invited to remain, I must own I could not resist the temptation of being a witness to such a scene of unmingled joy—a joy which combined the pure and tranquil pleasures of a happy family with an event which all must feel as of deep importance, and destined to have no slight effect upon the future destinies of this country.

A name that I never heard before in Ireland applied to Mr. O'Connell, I have already remarked, I now found used by many in speaking of him—that endearing one, which shows how deeply he is fixed in the affections of his country—it is that of “our own Father!” I mention this as prefatory to an incident which took place during the dinner, and which I have hesitated whether I should mention, for reason that I shall immediately state.

It was during the time that Mr. O'Connell, with his son, and the families of the traversers, with some of his most attached friends, such as Mr. Staunton (of the *Register*), Mr. Bianconi (whose name and enterprise are so well known in Ireland), with Mr. P. V. Fitzpatrick, Mr. Martin Creen, and others, were dining, that a gentleman was seen hurrying into the room, evidently much excited, and saying, “Good God! can it be true?” I observed that every eye was turned towards him, and I was struck at the deep feeling of respect and veneration that was painted on the features of all, when suddenly a cry was raised by some of the ladies. They had observed this gentleman to stagger as he was advancing towards Mr. O'Connell. He fell exhausted into a chair, and it was some time before he recovered. When he had done so, he was merely able to say, or rather to sob forth, as he grasped the hand of Mr. O'Connell, “I come, sir, to congratulate you on what I heard.” This gentleman, I have been assured, was an Orangeman, is a high Tory, an ardent supporter of the Peel administration, and even still I doubt whether I ought to mention the name, for it was suggested to me by one closely connected with Mr. O'Connell, and for whose opinion I have the highest respect, that the incident itself ought not to be mentioned, lest it might injure this gentleman with the administration.

I place no great faith in the magnanimity of Sir Robert Peel, and I doubt if Sir James Graham ever felt its impulse; but, still, of neither the one nor the other can I think so badly as that they would injure any man who, being a servant of the government, had, whilst performing his duty strictly, also evidenced in his conduct the feelings of a gentleman and the humanity of a Christian. I do believe that the times of Toryism are gone by, when the rewards and dignities of the state are to be bestowed upon the torturer of an illustrious prisoner. I cannot think that the individual of whom I mention this trait of sympathy towards one who had been his prisoner, and is his political opponent, will suffer the displeasure of the administration for thus conduct-

ing himself—that it does not follow that Mr. Purdon, the governor of the Penitentiary, of whom I speak, will be injured, because in times past a Sir Hudson Lowe was promoted.

The truth is, that there is no prison in Ireland, which the government could have selected as a place of incarceration for Mr. O'Connell, in which, I believe, he would not have been treated with the same respect, and the same tenderness exhibited to him, which it was his good fortune to receive from Mr. Purdon. The government are utterly ignorant, and the people of England seem to be scarcely aware, of the feeling entertained amongst all men of all parties for Mr. O'Connell. Excepting a few, a very few half-mad fanatics, he is respected by all "as an Irishman." Those most opposed to him are proud of him as the great man of Europe, as "the man of his age." They admit him to be a fair, manly, candid opponent, and none but the fanatics could have persuaded themselves, or the place-hunters about the Castle, who hate him for his support of the Whigs, and his thereby injuring themselves, could have persuaded the government that a prosecution of O'Connell would be popular with anything like a respectable portion of the Irish nation. In the eyes of the intelligent Tories of this country the prosecution was a shabby prosecution, a special pleader's prosecution, in which the utmost ingenuity exhibited was that of a pettifogger on points of law, and of a thimble-rigger in the management of the jury lists. It did not gratify those it was intended to please to see Mr. O'Connell so "put down:" whilst as to the opposite party, that great mass of the community deserving the name of the nation, the entire of the past proceeding was so bad, was so glaringly bad, that it was felt by the Irish people that no man would have dared to have adopted it who did not rely for its sustainment upon brute force alone. By the Irish it was considered as a defiance to the last appeal and it only required one word from Mr. O'Connell and the challenge would have been gladly accepted.

It is not possible to believe that Sir Robert Peel knew the perilous consequences of those unfair proceedings in the prosecution of Mr. O'Connell, which were patent to every man in Ireland, and that now are repudiated by the highest court of appeal. It is for him to consider, that he has unfairly attacked, in the person of Mr. O'Connell, one who it may be said is the household god of the humblest hearth in Ireland; that he has deprived such a man unjustly of his liberty; that, in doing so, he has inflicted a gross and personal wrong upon millions, and that he is bound now to make a full, large, ample, and equivalent national compensation. I state this, because I know that it is the universal feeling. If Sir Robert Peel is not equal to the emergency that has arisen, and that he himself has created, then it is his duty to resign office to bolder or better men than himself.

In making these observations, I am but the mouth-piece of remarks I have heard uttered, or feelings that I know to exist. It is as "a reporter" of public events and political feelings, I communicate them, considering that what is required to be known in England is, not merely facts that occur, but the feelings and the opinions that make these facts of importance.

The other events of Thursday evening I leave to the care of your

vigilant correspondent, well knowing that nothing of the slightest interest will be allowed to escape him.

Those who have seen Vauxhall or Surrey gardens upon a fete day, can have something like an accurate conception of the scene which the gardens attached to the prison of the Richmond Penitentiary presented this day. As the sheriff had intimated to the governor of the prison that Mr. O'Connell and his fellow traversers were to be liberated the moment the order from the House of Lords had arrived, they were of course no longer regarded as subjected in any respect to the strict rules of the prison, and directions were given that as many as they chose to admit to their presence should be allowed to see them. It was well that such an order was given, for otherwise hundreds of the most respectable classes must have been subjected to a great disappointment. All regarded Mr. O'Connell and his brother traversers as free, and it would have been a dreadful pain to them to have been told that a mere formality stood in the way, and prevented their seeing "the victors and the victims." From an early hour hundreds upon hundreds of the middle classes came pouring into the prison. Those who came upon political matters, or to make arrangements as to the procession to-morrow, were admitted to an audience to Mr. O'Connell, and then proceeded personally to pay their respects to the other traversers. So many and so incessant were these calls that at length it was found the prison rooms could not conveniently contain the numbers that pressed for a sight of Mr. O'Connell, and he was finally obliged to descend to the garden, wherein ladies and gentlemen, and children in vast numbers, kept crowding round him, each contenting himself with pressing his hand, uttering a fervent prayer for his welfare, and then passing on. The same course was observed with the other traversers, and wherever they were found, they were each, one and all, entreated to write their names. Large coloured cards, with richly embossed borders, had been procured for this purpose; and to what extent these signatures had been looked for may be learned from the fact, that so early as two o'clock, Mr. Duffy, of the *Nation*, assured me he could not have written his name less than twelve hundred times. Such was the scene exhibited in the gardens of Richmond Penitentiary during the day. It began early in the morning—it lasted until dinner hour, when for the last time the prisoners and their friends met within the walls of the prison.

The order of the House of Lords had been brought by Mr. Gartland. The usual formalities were gone through, and it was announced to Mr. O'Connell and the other traversers that "*they were FREE.*"

I pass over all other minor circumstances, to state a fact which will show the state of organization, of perfect order, of the earnest desire to maintain the peace, that prevails among the poorer classes in Dublin.

During the day thousands had been gathering around the prison to see Mr. O'Connell quitting its walls, and as the evening approached their numbers were momentarily increased. The police were sent for

to secure the public peace as Mr. O'Connell returned through the streets. He wished, he said, to have the peace preserved, and declared that if the populace were left to his management, that not one should be impeded in his passage whilst he walked home, for that was the mode of returning he preferred rather than go in his carriage.

What then occurred? In the midst of their joy, their exultation, their triumph, that portion of the population that in other cities are designated the mob, here ranged themselves in close files; each grasped the other firmly by the hand; they pressed together in such a manner, as to leave space, a free space for Mr. O'Connell and the traversers, from Richmond Penitentiary to Merrion-square, a distance, I think, about two miles at least, and thus it was, that there was given a most extraordinary instance of his influence and their subordination to the world. I doubt much if such an exhibition as this could be witnessed in any other part of the world but Ireland. I certainly do not hope that the procession of to-morrow can at all equal it for simplicity and grandeur of effect.

GRAND PROCESSION FROM THE RICHMOND PENITENTIARY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7.

This day is certainly one of the most extraordinary I ever witnessed, as affording a display of popular enthusiasm. It began as unpropitiously as possible, for, from an early hour in the morning, the rain fell in torrents. It was such dreadful weather, that it would appear to be an act of madness for any one to venture forth; and I must own that my expectation was, that the intended procession would prove to be, despite of the enthusiasm of the multitude, a complete failure. I proceeded towards Merrion-square, whilst the rain came pouring down, and to my astonishment I found that crowds had already collected, and there it seems they had determined to remain, for the purpose of accompanying the procession to the prison, where Mr. O'Connell had gone at an early hour in the morning, in order that he might finish one of the devotions of the Catholic church, which, continuing for a certain number of days, terminated with to-day. This devotion, entitled "the Novena," it seems was offered up for the purpose of beseeching Heaven that justice might be done. In this devotion it seems that all the Catholic traversers had united; and all, I was told, were then at the prison, whence it was intended that the procession should advance on its way to the Four Courts.

Upon going to the prison, I found that the devotions had been completed, and that the parties were proceeding to breakfast. Here, again, I witnessed the same scene of enthusiasm that I have already described. Persons were begging of Mr. O'Connell and the other traversers to give them their autographs. I was also here informed of a very kind and generous act which had been performed by Mr. O'Connell. He inquired the names of all who were in the prison, incarcerated by reason of the non-payment of fines imposed upon them, and he directed that all whose characters were good should have their fines paid for

them. This order liberated about forty prisoners, or gave them the option of being liberated, if they chose to pay the fines. Some, whose punishment was to expire in a few days, preferred keeping the money, as they had mostly discharged their fines by their personal sufferings. The joy which Mr. O'Connell himself felt at the termination of his imprisonment was thus communicated to the families of many of the poor, and these individuals left the gaol, joining in the heartfelt blessings which were uttered by so many who were perfectly free from crime.

About eleven o'clock the heavy rain which had been falling the entire morning, ceased, and a bright burst of sunshine came to make the general joy complete. At that time there were thousands collected along the lines leading from Merrion-square to the prison.

In the front of the gaol there is a road about two hundred feet wide, and beyond that, fields extending towards the city for about a quarter of a mile, where they are then closed in by houses. This is the position of the place that was now occupied by the population, and looking down from the outermost parapet of the gaol, I observed that every point was occupied, not merely where the procession could be seen, but, as it appeared to me, where, there being no chance of seeing that which was on the road, there could, as I fancied, only be the opportunity afforded of hearing or joining in the shout with which it was intended to greet Mr. O'Connell on his emerging from the prison. I was not aware at the moment that the triumphal car fitted up for the occasion was so high as to tower for twelve or fourteen feet over every other object. There the people knew Mr. O'Connell would be, and all they wanted to see was O'Connell.

Amongst the crowd I perceived that which I had never before noticed in any large collection of persons assembled together. Instead of the crowds being jumbled together, you could observe that they formed lines within lines, not running as straight, certainly, as if they were military, nor so wide a part from each other; but, as if inspired with a feeling of mutual convenience and propriety, they seemed to have adopted a mode of standing which gave to every person the best opportunity of seeing, and of allowing those who desired to shift their position the means of doing so. It was thus they stood, in the roads and in the fields; and I suppose this "manœuvre," if I may so term it, was acquired at the monster meetings, and suggested the notion of that "military array" of which so much was said in the state prosecution.

It was not until twelve o'clock that the first portion of the procession reached Richmond Penitentiary, and the length to which it extended may be surmised, from the fact that it was not until two o'clock the triumphal car reached the doors of the prison. During those two hours thousands upon thousands defiled before the gaol in one unbroken line of full grown men. There was a wide space kept for them by the people themselves, unaided by a single policeman, the entire population obeying on the instant the signal or the voice of Mr. Thomas Reynolds, the City Marshal. This vast mass of human beings was only broken up into sections by the bands of music preceding the flags or carriages of the different trades, amongst which were the following, that I was able to note, as they went along—the bricklayers, Dublin horse-shoers, ship carpenters, house painters, nailers, clothiers, woollen operatives,

printers, coach makers, machine-smiths' society, cabinet makers, tallow chandlers, tobacconists, shoemakers, skimmers, tin-plate-workers, Spanish leather-dressers, the Friendly Brothers of French-street, the sawyers, the post-office ward, the stone marble sawyers, the coopers, tanners, the silk trade, the butchers, saddlers, house-smiths, slaters, bakers, poulterers, tobacco-pipe manufacturers, and the Temperance Society of the Very Rev. Mr. Spratt. Each of the preceding, with others, the names of which I could not ascertain, were headed by bands of music, the players being all dressed in fancy uniforms, and bearing colours of the most vivid description—light blue, pink, green—everything that could attract and gratify the eye; whilst as to the banners and carriages that were displayed, some of them were of the most gorgeous description. The trades were followed by carriages of every kind—post chaises, jaunting cars, coaches. In fact, such was the demand for vehicles of all sorts, that Dublin alone could not meet the supply, and carriages were obtained from Bray, in the county of Wicklow, and all the other large establishments for miles round the metropolis. In these carriages were the repeal wardens and persons who were merely members of the Association. These were again followed by the members of the corporation, the aldermen and town council, in private carriages, headed by the Lord Mayor. These then were succeeded by the personal friends or political admirers of Mr. O'Connell; and amongst them, I was informed, was, in the same carriage with Mr. Grattan, the member for Meath, the Honorable Hely Hutchinson, the brother of the Earl of Donoughmore.

Never in Dublin was there such a procession seen, either for the numbers that it included or for the respectability and wealth of those who either participated in it, or manifested their delight in witnessing it. The great climax to its magnificence was, however, the moment in which Mr. O'Connell, accompanied by his son John and the Rev. Dr. Miley, Mr. Duffy, Mr. Steele, Mr. Ray, Dr. Gray, and Mr. Barrett, emerged from the prison gates to take part in it.

A movement from persons who could see from the parapet of the prison into the inner court, intimated to those outside that Mr. O'Connell was about to appear. The crowds which up to that time had been cheering loudly, paused; the silence seemed to run with the rapidity of electricity along the line. There was a dead silence. It continued for at least five minutes, and then, when at length O'Connell was conducted from the gaol by Mr. Smith O'Brien, M.P., a sudden cheer burst forth, but it was instantly suppressed, as if it were premature. A low, deep, and thrilling murmur seemed to be uttered by the thousands that were witnessing the scene; it was the suppressed exclamation of men who were struggling with their feelings, and endeavouring to master them. At length Mr. O'Connell, with Mr. John O'Connell, and the Rev. Dr. Miley, were seen ascending the triumphal car, and then came forth a shout, so loud, so long, so vehement, and so enthusiastic, that even the man of firmest nerve must for the moment have felt himself shaken by it. Wherever the eye could reach upon the space beneath it was occupied by a human being, and each and all were sending forth a peal of acclamation that in its unanimity and its strength must have startled the boldest and the most relentless of the persecutors of the

man for whom such feelings were displayed. The shout of those in front of the prison was caught up along the whole line of procession, and for at least five minutes the air seemed to be rent with a thunder-burst of joyful cheerings, that came reverberating back upon the utterers, making every heart beat quicker, and every eye glance brighter.

The cheers continued; and then Mr. O'Connell, who wore on his head a bright green velvet cap, rose and waved it two or three times round his head, when again and again were the acclamations renewed, each time appearing to increase in fervour and in strength. I have often seen exhibitions of popular enthusiasm; I have often observed multitudes collected together for festive occasions; but never did I see anything to be compared with this exhibition of popular triumph. There could not have been less than five hundred thousand persons gathered together for this national festival, and as Mr. O'Connell looked down upon it, and saw the civic officers coming thus to greet him, and so many of those who enjoy the respect of their fellow citizens coming thus to do homage to him, that scene of which Cicero boasts so much to his friend Atticus of the welcome given to him, must have appeared poor in comparison. Here the hero of the day stepped forth from the place of his unjust captivity, and was at once recognised the idol of the rich and the poor, of the exalted and the humble—everywhere to be congratulated, everywhere to be honored—by every one to be venerated, excepting by those enemies who could not venture to play the hypocrite, or would not choose to do so—"undique ad me cum gratulatione legati conveniunt—ad urbem ita veni, ut nemo ullius ordinis homo nomenclatari notus fuerit, qui mihi obviam non venerit, præter eos inimicos, quibus id ipsum non liceret aut dissimulare aut negare."

The carriage in which Mr. O'Connell sat on this occasion was of the most magnificent description.

Dr. Gray, his lady, and family, occupied the next carriage.

Mr. Barrett, Mr. Duffy, and Mr. Ray next; and

Mr. Steele sat in the third from the triumphal car.

Each of these gentlemen was warmly applauded as he took his seat.

The next carriage in the procession contained the solicitors for the defence, bearing the monster indictment.

The scene of joy that I have described as presenting itself at the Penitentiary was repeated upon all parts of the line where Mr. O'Connell appeared, but in none did it reach a higher pitch of enthusiasm than at the Four Courts and at Mr. O'Connell's own residence, when he returned to it in the evening.

The procession passed along the Circular-road, by Kilmainham, over Island-bridge, by Conyngham-road, Barrack-street, Ellis's-quay, Inns-quay, Ormond-quay Upper, Capel-street, Bolton-street, Dorset-street, Upper, North Frederick-street, East side of Rutland-square, Sackville-street, Carlisle-bridge, Westmorland-street, Grafton street, Nassau-street, Leinster-street, Clare-street, Merrion-square, North, and to Mr. O'Connell's house.

Owing to the pressure of the crowd, it was impossible to ascertain the names of the occupants of the different carriages; but, within a

brief space, we observed the carriages of the Lord Mayor and Sir John Power, Smith O'Brien, Esq., M.P.; Robert Dillon Browne, Esq., M.P.; Sir Valentine Blake, M.P.; Mark Blake, Esq., M.P.; the Rev. Dr. O'Connell, Captain Broderick (late of the 31st Regiment); Nicholas Balfe, of Southpark, county Roscommon, Esq.; J. Balfe, Esq.; Surgeon O'Reilly, Edward Galavan, Esq.; Jeremiah Dunne, Esq.; Cornelius M'Loughlin, Esq.; Christopher Mac Donnell, Esq.; James Haughton, Esq.; — Codd, Esq.; Pierce Mahony, William Ford, J. M. Gartlan, J. M. Cantwell, and J. Reilly, Esqrs., the solicitors for the late "state prisoners."

Mr. O'Connell, on reaching the balcony of his residence at Merrion-square, came forward, and proceeded to address the vast multitude, amidst the most deafening peals of acclamation. He said: This is a great day for Ireland [tremendous cheering]—a day of justice. All that we ever desired was justice, and we have got an instalment of it at any rate. The plans of the wicked and the conspiracy of the oppressor—the foul mismanagement of the jury panel—the base conspiracy against the lives, the liberties, and the constitutional rights of the public—have all, blessed be God, been defeated. Justice has thus far been attained, and Ireland may, if she deserves it, be free [loud cheers]. But do I doubt the people of Ireland deserving it? If I did, I would be the most stupid as well as the most base of mankind. How could I doubt them? Had not we made a mighty experiment of collecting them in tens of thousands, and twenties of thousands, and hundreds of thousands? Had not we even millions meeting in the tranquillity of the open day, with a strength that would bear down the armies of the world [great cheers], but with a meekness and a mildness, and a gentleness of demeanour that allowed them to be managed as if they were a mere flock of children [cheers]? Yes, from north to south, from east to west, the congregated myriads met—they assembled—they heard their wrongs described—they knew that there was no exaggeration and no falsehood asserted. They knew that they had been a nation, and they determined that their country shall be a nation again [cheers]. One meeting alone remained unassembled—the meeting of Clontarf [cheers]. Some of the minions of power laid, I fear, a scheme to dye that day in gore—to deluge the soil with the blood of the people, but we disappointed them [cheers]. I issued my counter proclamation, and it was obeyed. The people did not put themselves in danger. But the law has since declared that we were acting illegally. Oh, no, it dare not do that, but it spelled illegality out of a number of legal meetings [hear, and cheers]. Our Clontarf meeting has not taken place as yet, but it will be for the Repeal Association, which has the confidence of the Irish people, to determine whether it may not be necessary for the sake of public principle to decide whether that meeting may not be hereafter held [great cheering]. I hope they may arrive at the conclusion that it is not necessary to have that meeting; but if the cause of liberty requires it, we will all go there, peaceably and unarmed, and we shall return with an increased determination that Ireland shall be a nation [cheers]. My own opinion is, that it will not be now necessary to hold the Clontarf meeting, because I think the principle which would call for it has been abundantly vindicated already. Even

the trials vindicated it [hear, hear]. But if we do not take that step, what are we to do? I have a secret for you [cheers and laughter] We will do everything that can be necessary to procure repeal—we will adopt no detail without being perfectly advised as to its propriety and legality. Why, they said that I was not a lawyer, or that I had grown old, and forgotten all my law, but I am young enough in law and in fact for them yet [cheers]. They said that I, who had often boasted that no man who followed my advice had ever been brought into jeopardy, or found himself within the fangs of the law—and I often did make that boast—but they turned round upon me and said, “Doctor cure thyself.” They alleged that I, who had advised others well, had misadvised myself. They said I was guilty of a conspiracy, but I tell them they lie [loud cheers]. And I will tell you who says they lie—Lord Chief Justice Denman in the House of Peers [great cheering]. If I wanted to indulge my vanity, and to have my legal skill tested, I could not have devised a better plan for having my object effected than that which has taken place throughout the entire of these proceedings. The honorable and learned gentleman then proceeded to state that he would attend in the Conciliation Hall on Monday, when he would announce all his future plans, and among others detail his project for having county meetings to petition for the impeachment of the judges, Attorney-General, and other parties concerned in the late trial.

The following interesting details of the liberation appeared in the *Freeman's Journal* of September 7th, 1844:

“Mr. Gartlan arrived from London by the evening mail packet of yesterday, bringing with him the order of the House of Lords for the liberation of the state prisoners. He first waited on the sheriff, and having procured from him a warrant authorising the governor forthwith to discharge from his custody Mr. O'Connell and his fellow-prisoners, he proceeded to the prison, accompanied by Messrs. Ford, Mahony, Cantwell, and Reily, bearing on his shoulder the monster indictment, and in his hand the reversal of the foul decree by which the Liberator and his associates were deprived of their liberty.

“Having reached the prison, Mr. Ford proceeded to the apartments of Mr. O'Connell, and handed him the order for his liberation. Mr. O'Connell read it aloud to his friends and fellow-captives, and then returned it to his solicitor, who at once repaired to the governor and handed him the release. The governor, with the greatest promptness, communicated in the most gentlemanly manner to the state prisoners that he had the pleasing duty of telling them that they were again at liberty, and free to return to their homes.

“After a few moments' consultation with his friends, the Liberator resolved to go at once to Merrion-square, and in less than ten minutes he left the prison on foot, accompanied by R. Dillon Browne, Esq., M. P., the Rev. Mr. Gilligan, Rev. Mr. Collier, Mark Blake, Esq., M. P., Rev. Mr. Cullinan, D. O'Connell, jun., Messrs. Ford, Cantwell, Reily, Mahony, and about twenty other gentlemen. Some of the other state prisoners left the prison along with the Liberator, and accompanied him home. It being the intention to have left the prison

privately, there were not more than a few hundred persons at the time on the Circular-road. But in consequence of the loud and animated cheer that burst forth on the appearance of the Liberator without the walls, he did not proceed many yards before the crowd began to swell, and ere he reached New-street they amounted to thousands. As they passed along the streets, people seemed to doubt the reality of what their senses told them, and eagerly ran to convince themselves that indeed O'Connell was free. When he reached Harcourt-street, so great a crowd had collected on the continuation of the Circular-road, by which it was intended to have proceeded to the square, that Mr. O'Connell and his friends were compelled to turn along Harcourt-street, proceeding through the Green and Merrion-street to his mansion. Long before they had reached the square the crowd had become enlarged to many thousands. It would be futile to attempt a description of the enthusiasm that prevailed. From the windows of the several houses handkerchiefs waved, and long before the crowd reached any given point every window was raised to send forth greetings to the Liberator. As he neared Merrion-square, the tidings that he was positively abroad were spread wide, and fresh crowds rushed eagerly to meet him, incredulous that he was there till they had actually seen him; for it was understood that he would not leave the prison until this day. The people leaped and danced about him, while their acclamations rent the air. When he entered the square, having still to pass along the whole length of one side of it, crowds rushed along the flagways to secure a place near his house. Mr. O'Connell had to walk in the middle of the road, but the people still preserved the whole road in front of him clear, not more eager to see him than to have him seen. There could not be less than fifteen thousand persons in the square. Their acclamations never once subsided as Mr. O'Connell approached; but when he actually placed his foot upon the step to ascend to his own door, there was an outpouring of popular acclamation which we have never seen surpassed. In a few moments after—

“Mr. O'Connell entered his house and presented himself at the balcony. He frequently essayed to address the assemblage, but his words were drowned in the reiterated acclamations that ascended from the vast multitude, and several minutes elapsed before their enthusiasm became sufficiently subdued to permit them to listen even to him. At length, during brief intervals of silence, he spoke to the following effect:—“Why you seem——[cheers]. It seems as if you were glad to see me home again [tremendous cheering and waving of hats]. This house is my own honest home [cheering for several minutes]; but I have come home from a prison [cheers]. In other countries [cheers] they send the rogues to prison and leave the honest men at home, but many a paltry rogue was left at home while I was confined within the walls of a gaol [immense cheering]. But God is stronger than our enemies [cheers]; and thanks be to that God [great sensation], I am here to-night in my own home [cheers]. The rogues are at home too, but do they feel as comfortable to-night as I do [cheers]? The foul attempt to destroy the sacred right of petition, to violate the jury box, and trample the constitution in my person—that foul and felonious attempt has signally failed [loud cheers]. The people of Ireland have gained a mighty victory, and well have they deserved that victory—they have

—the moral, the temperate, the religious people of Ireland [tremendous cheering]. In their hundred thousands strength they were mild as the playful lamb that crops the herbage as it passes along, and such mildness will they show in their might at present [tremendous cheering]. Oh, but we'll have a *labrapleasura* to-morrow [loud cheers]. But no man shall be harmed—no man shall be insulted or offended; there shall not even be a groan [cheering]. We will laugh to-morrow, and keep the groaning for another day. I did not make a speech these three months [tremendous cheering and waving of hats]. I did not make a speech these three months, so my pipe is a little out of tune [cheers]. In the meetings of 1843—the glorious meetings of 1843—they called them monster meetings [cheers]—because such assemblages could not be peacefully collected in any country on earth except our own [cheering]—not a blow was struck—not a glass of whiskey drank—not even an accident occurred [cheers]. No one was shoved, or crushed, or pressed upon [great cheering]. Oh, it could happen no where but amongst the courteous people of Ireland—the people of Ireland that are kind to one another—the Christian people of Ireland [cheers]; and now, blessed be God! we are here to-night rejoicing [deep sensation]. We shall have no tumult to-morrow—a little shout we will have—and some cheering—the happy bird must chirrup [tremendous cheering]. And now go home in quiet, and tell every one you meet that we are to assemble to-morrow in peace and happiness [cheers]. And then go to your rest, having first offered up your thanksgivings to the Almighty, that He has vouchsafed to look in mercy upon His people of Ireland, and I promise you we will have the repeal [tremendous cheers].

“The Liberator having retired from the balcony, the Head Pacifier then came forward, and waving his hand to the people, cried out, ‘Home, home’ and they moved away, passing the house of the Liberator in one dense deep stream, and at half-past seven o'clock Merriion-square was silent, or disturbed only by the footsteps of the casual passenger.”

GREAT PUBLIC BANQUET.

A public dinner, on a splendid scale, is to be given to Mr. O'Connell and his fellow-martyrs, on a convenient day within the present month, to commemorate the memorable event of the reversal of the judgment and their release from prison. Arrangements are to be made to enable all parts of the country to participate in this national festival.

POPULAR REJOICINGS IN THE COUNTRY.

From all quarters—even the most remote parts of the country—accounts are received of the public rejoicings, caused by the reversal of the judgment against Mr. O'Connell. The people hail this event as the proudest triumph they have ever obtained, and their joy is unbounded.

The Mayor of Limerick and Alderman Honan arrived in town this morning, deputed by a meeting of their fellow-citizens, held yesterday, to present an address of congratulation to Mr. O'Connell, and to invite him and his co-martyrs to a provincial dinner. The enthusiasm

and excitement which prevailed in Limerick, on the announcement of the joyous tidings, was beyond all conception; the trades unfurled their banners, and planted them in the several districts of the city; the most active preparations were making for bonfires, fire-works, &c., every boat of turf at the quays contributing half their loadings; the different bands of music tried their happiest strains, amidst the greatest order and regularity.

CORK.—The *Cork Examiner* of yesterday evening says, "Cork, and, we believe, Ireland, has been taken by surprise by the arrival of the all-important and glorious news of the liberation of the father of his country. Whilst we write our ears are deafened by the cheering of the thousands who surround our office. Gentlemen, known for years for their devotion to Ireland and her cause, are addressing the people from the windows of the Chamber of Commerce. Women lose their shrinking delicacy, and join the *melee*. The people have just seized our placard which announced the reversion of the sentence, and are bearing it on a long pole through the city. In every district its annunciation is hailed with cheers of delight. The windows of the houses all through are filled with delighted spectators, who join the enthusiastic multitude below in their loud huzzas. Another crisis for Ireland has arrived. Had the Queen of England with her own right royal hand unbarred his dungeon it could not have been received in the same light. Simple justice and the cause of Ireland are triumphant in his person."

DUNDALK, SEPT. 6.—The moment the joyful intelligence reached this town, the captain of a Prussian vessel and his men heartily cheered for O'Connell, and hoisted colours. All the vessels in port, including other foreigners, followed the example. The joyous news spread like lightning. The surrounding hills are literally in a blaze with bonfires.

KILKENNY, SEPT. 6.—The reversal of the judgment has caused universal joy. There has been a very crowded meeting of the citizens, the mayor in the chair. The people have consented to forego illuminations, contenting themselves with bonfires, which are now blazing around.

NENAGH.—The *Tipperary Vindicator* gives a glowing account of the rejoicings in that part of the county Tipperary.

Accounts similar to the above have been received from Clonmel, Drogheda, and at least thirty other towns. The whole country is rejoicing. An Orange paper, the *Monaghan Standard*, says—"It would be much better that O'Connell had never been tried at all."

LIBERATION OF MR. O'CONNELL—PUBLIC PRAYERS.

The *Freeman's Journal*, after quoting various evidences of the reaction produced by the reversal of the judgment, says:—"The Catholic Archbishop of Dublin has intimated his intention of offering up on to-morrow (Sunday) in the Metropolitan Church, a pontifical high mass and solemn *Te Deum* 'for the deliverance of the beloved Liberator of his country and his fellow-martyrs from their unjust imprisonment.'"

SICKNESS

AND

DEATH OF O'CONNELL.

"THE *Liberator* departed for London, on Monday evening" (28th January, 1847), "to attend parliament. The honourable and learned gentleman was accompanied by his sons, the members for Kilkenny and Dundalk; and by M. J. O'Connell, Esq., and Alderman O'Brien, M.P. for Cashel."—*Weekly Freeman's Journal*, January 30, 1847.

THUS was announced the final departure of O'Connell from Ireland; and we may well believe, notwithstanding the hopes and wishes of his family and his friends, that he was himself fully impressed with the conviction, that he was exposing himself to the peril of dying far away from the land of his affections. In leaving Ireland he requested permission from the pious Archbishop of Dublin (the Most Rev. Dr. Murray) that his beloved friend, the Rev. Dr. Miley, might be relieved from his parochial duties, and suffered to attend him as his confessor and constant companion. A request with which the good archbishop willingly complied.

Most of the following documents, describing the illness, the death, and the events subsequent to the decease of O'Connell, will be found to be written by the Rev. Dr. Miley. It is not necessary to praise them. The interest with which they will be always read must win for them that laudation which should justly attach to them; whilst the letters of others that announce O'Connell's first serious manifestations of sickness, must be read with painful consciousness of the fearful anxiety which that announcement created in the public mind. In making a selection of these letters we regret that it is not in our power to embody with them some that were truly admirable, and which appeared in the private correspondence of the *Cork Southern Reporter*.

STATE OF MR. O'CONNELL'S HEALTH.

House of Commons, Monday night, March 8, 1847.

You will learn with feelings of the utmost gratification—feelings in which every Irishman will proudly participate—that our illustrious countryman is, thank God! decidedly better. So marked an im-

provement did his physicians observe on Saturday morning, in the honourable and learned gentleman's malady, that they gave their assent to his leaving town for Hastings, whither, accompanied by his two sons, John and Daniel, and the Rev. Dr. Miley, he proceeded on Saturday afternoon. I had the pleasure of learning from a friend, who saw the Liberator early to-day, that the genial atmosphere of the southern coasts appears, short though the period of his residence at Hastings has been, to have had a vivifying effect on his spirits, and there is now every prospect of the great master mind of Ireland being preserved for the affectionate people by whom he is so well beloved. Mr. O'Connell's medical advisers are Dr. Ellmore and Dr. Chambers. I believe it is Mr. O'Connell's intention to proceed after some time to Germany and thence to Italy.—*Private Correspondence of the Freeman's Journal.*

London, Tuesday night.

My letter yesterday put you and the Irish people in possession of the fact that Mr. O'Connell, acting under the advice of his eminent medical advisers, had gone to Hastings, a watering place on the southern coast, for change of air and scene. The honourable and learned gentleman was accompanied by his two sons and the Rev. Dr. Miley, who, you may feel assured, left nothing in their power unperformed to lessen the inconvenience to an invalid unavoidably attendant upon a three hours' railway journey. Messrs. John and Daniel O'Connell have returned to town, the business before parliament being just now of such pressing importance as to demand the earnest and persevering attention of the Irish members. When they left their illustrious father he did not appear much fatigued, but, on the contrary, seemed somewhat less dejected than he has been wont for weeks past. The accounts received this afternoon from Dr. Miley are of a favourable character. They bear a better complexion than those which, in the painful discharge of my duty, I am occasionally obliged to transmit you. But, alas! I grieve to record the sentiment, they are by no means such as to shake the conviction of those who constantly associate with our great Emancipator—who have daily and hourly opportunities afforded them of seeing him and observing his every movement—that entire change of scene, climate, and occupation afford *only* hope of his being restored to the service of our country. It would be wrong to foster any delusion in the public mind on this subject. My duty is clearly defined, and no matter how painful or afflicting may be the character of the intelligence, in connexion with Mr. O'Connell's health, which comes to my knowledge from authentic sources, I shall, without exaggeration or mystification, place it before those for whom our leader has so long laboured, and by whom he is naturally so well beloved, and affectionately regarded. Let me, then, having made these few observations, very briefly state, that though there may be partial and temporary improvement in Mr. O'Connell's health, and though better accounts, *bulletins* of a more favourable nature, may reach us one day than another, still it is unfortunately the fact, that no real efficient improvement seems at all likely, or is to be expected, except as the result of total abandonment of public

business, absence from all political and other excitement, and change of climate. The sad calamity which afflicts Ireland, and with such merciless slaughter cuts off my patient and enduring countrymen, has weighed most heavily upon Mr. O'Connell's spirits (seriously depressed as they were by the presence of the malady under which he labours), and a knowledge of its fearful and wide spread extent among the peasantry, and the still worse anticipations of its future progress, operate entirely to prevent any rally, physical or mental. Therefore it was that Mr. O'Connell's skilful physicians, Dr. Ellmore and Dr. Chambers—than whom the English metropolis cannot produce more gifted ornaments of the medical profession—advised, and his devotedly attached sons immediately acceded to the suggestion, that Ireland's great champion should at once submit to an entire change of scene, climate, and occupation, as the foundation, after several months' absence on the Continent, for that convalescence and complete restoration to cheerfulness and vivacity, of which there is not, under existing circumstances, any prospect whatever. Mr. O'Connell will, in all probability, remain for a week or ten days at Hastings, except the climate shall be found to disagree with him, and at the expiration of that period, probably accompanied by either of his sons, he will proceed to the south of Europe, but the precise locality has not been yet determined upon. While remaining at Hastings, Mr. O'Connell will be attended by a skilful physician, Dr. Duke, who daily communicates to Dr. Chambers and Dr. Ellmore the state of his patient's health. These are all the facts I have been enabled to collect in connection with the sad subject of Mr. O'Connell's physical indisposition. You may rely upon the strict accuracy of the details I have communicated, for I carefully avoided penning one syllable which was not to my own knowledge based upon truth, or the correctness of which had been guaranteed by the characteristic faith-worthiness of my informant.—*Ibid.*

London, Wednesday night.

The accounts received in town, at a late hour to-day, from Hastings state that Mr. O'Connell had a good night's rest and feels himself better. My letter written yesterday led you to believe that casual improvements might be expected, and that periodically you would hear of changes for the better, but complete restoration to health and spirits is altogether out of the question until Mr. O'Connell has enjoyed the generally refreshing influence of total absence from business, frequent change of air, and some months Continental touring.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREEMAN'S JOURNAL.

Merrion-square, Thursday, March 11, 1847.

SIR—Having seen in your paper of this morning a communication from your private correspondent in London, giving a most alarming account of my father's state of health, and knowing the great anxiety felt by all in Ireland on the subject, I feel bound to inform you and the public that the letters which I receive from my brothers and Dr. Miley are of a much more cheering nature. The following extracts from Dr. Miley's last letter will be read with interest:—

"MY DEAR SIR—It delights me to inform you that the rapidity with which your illustrious father's constitution has rallied, since our arrival in this place (Hastings), affords us a proof the most decisive and cheering that when the physicians promise such great things from change of scene and climate, they are beyond question right."

Speaking afterwards as to how he passed the preceding night, he mentions his having enjoyed "a sound and placid sleep, from which he rose so much refreshed, that as he paced our delightful drawing-room, looking out on the sparkling waters of the sea, you would hardly believe him the same man. He breakfasted well, and ate a hearty dinner. His spirits, too, were cheerful. The doctors here entirely coincide with the London physicians and Sir Philip Crampton as to his soundness of constitution and the certainty of his recovery."

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

MORGAN O'CONNELL.

Extract from a private letter, written by Doctor MacCabe, of Hastings:—

Hastings, March 17, 1847.

MY DEAR WILLIAM—I have paid more than one visit to Mr. O'Connell—not professionally, but as a friend—and found that he bears a distinct remembrance of those who are most dear to us both. You ask my opinion respecting him, and his state of health, and ultimate hope of his recovery. My conviction is, that he has not sufficient strength to reach Rome—that if he does reach it, it will be but to be entombed in the city of the Scipios; but my fear is, that he never will live to behold it.

ARRIVAL OF MR. O'CONNELL ON THE CONTINENT.

London, Wednesday night, March 24.

In my necessarily hurried note of Monday night, written on the arrival of the express train from Saint Leonards, and only five minutes before the departure of the mail train to Liverpool, I was enabled to communicate the fact of O'Connell having quitted the shores of Great Britain on a Continental tour, in order that, by change of scene and climate, he might re-invigorate his constitution and re-establish his health on such a permanent basis, as to permit him once again to devote the energies of his indomitable mind to the service of our afflicted country, in sustainment of her rights, in vindication of her character, and, with the blessing of God, in the triumphant and not distant achievement of her nationality, rendered every day more necessary by the churlish, unjust, and niggard insufficiency of British legislation.

I am now in a position to supply some details connected with the Liberator's movements, which cannot fail to interest the Irish people.

Mr. O'Connell, after divine service on Sunday, left Hastings and proceeded to Folkestone, accompanied by Mr. John O'Connell, M.P., Mr. Daniel O'Connell, jun., M.P., the Very Rev. Dr. Miley (who, by the way, has become an amazing favourite with the good folks of St. Leonards), Mr. Fitzsimon, and Mr. Patrick V. Fitzpatrick. Before his departure he was waited upon by the Earl of Shrewsbury, Lord Dunboyne, the Mayor of Hastings, and the Roman Catholic clergymen of the district; and a great number of the resident gentry called at the Marine Hotel during the afternoon of Saturday, and conveyed to the Liberator, through his son, the honourable member for Kilkenny, the expression of their earnest desire for his speedy recovery. The distance from Hastings to Folkestone is about five and twenty miles, and it was travelled over in four hours. Mr. O'Connell appeared to enjoy the carriage exercise very much, and was not in the slightest degree fatigued on alighting at the Folkestone hotel. The picturesque prospect afforded by the seaside trip quite enraptured the illustrious patient; and as he gazed upon the bold but beautiful bursts of woodland and mountain scenery on the one side and the brilliancy of the playful waves on the other, mirroring the light blue clouds and reflecting the cheerful rays of the sun which shone out with great resplendence, it was evident to those who enjoyed the honour of the Liberator's company that the master mind of Ireland reverted with avidity, and the vigour derived from an early impression, to the national beauties of his own mountain home at Darrynane, and to the almost innumerable scenes of magnificence and enchantment with which the interior districts, as well as the shores of Ireland, admittedly abound. There beamed across his fine, manly countenance—still soft, placid, and intelligent, though slightly marked with the traces of protracted indisposition and mental anxiety—one of those sweet smiles, which the millions of Ireland have seen and felt when their leader stood before them, pleading the cause of his country with a vigour and an eloquence unequalled by any living orator of the age. His spirits, too, of late so sadly depressed, assumed much of their former playfulness. There appeared about him a consciousness that, under Divine Providence, his recovery was certain; and exercising full mastery over the misgivings which, until very recently, have tended in no inconsiderable degree to create melancholy despondency, he threw aside much of his reserve, and delighted, as well as instructed, his fellow-travellers with the freshness and highly intellectual character of his conversation.

Mr. O'Connell and his party remained all Sunday night at Folkestone, and on Monday morning, having assisted at the celebration of the mass, which was offered up by the Rev. Dr. Miley, he embarked on board the mail packet for Boulogne, accompanied by Mr. Daniel O'Connell, jun., and the most estimable clergyman who has been his devoted attendant for many weeks. Mr. John O'Connell, Sir James Murray, Dr. Duke, Mr. Fitzsimon, Mr. P. V. Fitzpatrick, and some other private friends, were among those who took an affectionate farewell of the Liberator, and breathed a fervent prayer to Heaven for his speedy return, completely restored to health and

enjoying that flow of joyous spirits which, in the days of his unremitting agitation, assisted him in braving danger and surmounting obstacles, while he battled against factitious intolerance and struggled for the independence of his country. The packet sailed shortly after twelve o'clock, and the weather being fine, with a light and favourable north-westerly breeze, the voyage was performed in something less than two hours, the Liberator not having experienced the slightest inconvenience, but, on the contrary, feeling, when he reached the hotel at Boulogne, rather invigorated and refreshed than otherwise by the sea passage. Among the passengers for Folkestone Mr. O'Connell recognised an old friend, Mr. Gully, formerly member for Pontefract, whom he evidently felt great pleasure in meeting. On yesterday it was arranged that the illustrious invalid should proceed to Abbeyville, thence to Amiens, and in the course of this day or to-morrow, by slow stages, on the *chemin de fers*, as the French say, through Ailly, Bretenil, Beauvais, Pontoise, and St. Denis, to Paris. I believe Mr. O'Connell does not intend remaining in the capital of France longer than his chaplain and son consider absolutely necessary for one in his comparatively debilitated state performing a journey several hundred miles in length. I say several hundred miles, because I have reason to know that there exists a desire on his part to visit the Eternal City, should he find himself sufficiently strong, as he progresses through France and Switzerland, to endure the fatigue of an Italian trip.

With respect to Mr. O'Connell's state of health when embarking at Folkestone—the first time, by the way, these twenty-four years he travelled beyond the boundaries of Ireland and Great Britain—my own observation, confirmed as it has been by the opinion of two or three medical men of eminence, fully justifies me in assuring you and all other friends and admirers of our great and gifted countryman, that he rallied considerably at Hastings, and that both as respects the character of his malady and the general tone of his spirits, he has made decided progress towards improvement. Ever since you entrusted me with the painful duty of communicating whatever particulars I could collect in reference to the indisposition of the man who is, and ever will be, looked upon as the greatest benefactor of the Irish people, my letters almost daily reiterated the opinion I formed, after careful and anxious consideration of all the circumstances connected with Mr. O'Connell's disease and dejection, "that no real or efficient improvement seemed at all likely, nor was it to be expected, except on the result of total abandonment of public business, absence from all political excitement, and change of scene, climate, and occupation." This day fortnight my letter was couched in terms which fully expressed that conviction. I see no reason whatever to retract one syllable I have written. As Mr. O'Connell enjoyed perfect quiet, having withdrawn from all participation in the bustle and turmoil of political life, and as he moved towards the genial and bracing atmosphere of the southern coast, his physical indisposition gradually gave way, and his spirits became less oppressed.—*Private Correspondent of the Freeman's Journal.*

MR. O'CONNELL IN PARIS.

London, Tuesday night, March 29.

Through the kindness of an Irish friend, whose zealous advocacy of the cause of Ireland has enriched the pages of one of the leading journals of Paris, and who ably exposed the iniquity of the Irish Coercion Bill, attempted to be forced on the Irish people last session by the Peel administration, in a series of articles which were copied into the *Freeman* at the time of their publication, I am privileged to send you the subjoined interesting intelligence regarding our illustrious countryman's health, and the just tribute of respect which has been paid to him by the leading peers, deputies, and members of the French Institute. The communication was written last night in Paris, and reached here at nine o'clock, only half an hour after I had despatched my usual letter:—

“Dr. Chomel, one of the King's physicians, who was called in yesterday by Dr. Oliffe to see Mr. O'Connell, considers that his patient's ultimate recovery is certain; and that having experienced the effects of the tour to Rome, provided he abstain from political excitement, and transacting any business calculated to cause him the slightest mental anxiety, he will be enabled, against July or August, to resume his ordinary labours. The Archbishop of Paris, the Count de Montalembert, the Marquis of Laroche Jaquelin, Lord Holland, and the Marquis of Normanby, have been among those who daily call at the Hotel Windsor, Rue Rivoli, to inquire for Mr. O'Connell. The British Ambassador invited Mr. O'Connell, his son, and the estimable Rev. Dr. Miley, to dinner, but the state of Mr. O'Connell's health precluded the possibility of the invitation being accepted.

“At about two o'clock on Sunday, the members of the Electoral Committee, instituted for the defence of religious freedom, waited on Mr. O'Connell to offer him their congratulations, and to tender to him their respected sympathy. At their head were the Marquis de Barthelemy, peer of France; Viscount de Falloux, Count Buetrebarbes, and Messrs. Chappier and Du Rozier, deputies; the Marquis de Dampierre, Messrs. Lenormant and Mauvais (Members of the Institute), Baron de Montigny (Judge of the Royal Court), Viscount de Bonneuill (President of the Petition Committee), Messrs. Decous and Oeuillot, (Editors of the *Univers*), &c. When all the members were introduced into the saloon of Mr. O'Connell, the President of the Committee (Count de Montalembert) addressed him in the following terms:—

“ ‘Sir and Illustrious Friend—When I had the pleasure of seeing you for the first time, sixteen years ago, in your castle of Darrynane, on the shores of the Atlantic, the revolution of July had just taken place, and your solicitude was already ardently directed towards the future stability of religion in France. I heard with respect your wishes and your lessons. You then pointed out to us the course we should pursue, and the rules we should follow, in order to emancipate the church from the temporal yoke by legal and civil means, and at

the same time, to separate religion from all political causes. I am glad to have it in my power to show you that your lessons have fructified amongst us. I am come to present to you the men who in France have enrolled themselves as the first soldiers under a banner you were the first to unfurl, and which will now endure for ever. We are all your children, or rather your pupils; you are our master, our model, our glorious preceptor. It is for that reason we are come to tender you the affectionate and respectful homage we owe to the man of the age, who has done most for the dignity and liberty of mankind, and especially for the political instruction of Catholic nations. We admire in you the man who has accomplished the noblest achievement that can be given to man to conceive in this world—the man who, without shedding a drop of blood, has reconquered the nationality of his country and the political rights of 8,000,000 Catholics. We are come to salute in you the Liberator of Ireland—of that nation which has always excited in France fraternal feelings. But you are not only the man of one nation, you are the man of all Christendom. Your glory is not only Irish, it is Catholic. Wherever Catholics begin anew to practise civic virtues, and devote themselves to the conquest of their legislative rights, after God, it is your work. Wherever religion tends to emancipate itself from the thralldom in which several generations of sophists and legists have placed it, to you, after God, it is indebted. May that thought fortify you, revive you in your infirmities, and console you in the affliction with which your patriotic heart is now overwhelmed. 'The wishes of Catholic France, of truly liberal France, will accompany you in your pilgrimage to Rome. The day of your meeting with Pius IX.—when the greatest and most illustrious Christian of our age shall kneel at the feet of a Pontiff who recalls to our recollection the most brilliant period of the church, will be a truly momentous event in the history of our time. If in that instant of supreme emotion, your heart should entertain a thought not absorbed by Ireland and Rome, remember us; the homage of the affection, respect, and devotion of the Catholics of France for the chief of the church could not be better placed than on the lips of the Catholic Liberator of Ireland.'

"The following is Mr. O'Connell's reply :—

" 'Gentlemen—Sickness and emotion close my mouth. I would require the eloquence of your president to express to you all my gratitude. But it is impossible for me to say what I feel. Know simply that I regard this demonstration on your part as one of the most significant events of my life.'—*Private Correspondent of the Freeman's Journal.*

The accounts of the health of our illustrious countryman continue good. One of our letters says that Doctor Oliffe not only calculates on his perfect recovery, but that he will enjoy many years of life, and be qualified fully to resume his public labours as the result of his visit to Italy. Another correspondent thus writes from Paris, March 28:—

"The Liberator's reception here has been most enthusiastic, and

all that was anticipated from the journey begins already to be realised.

"Ireland will be taught by Catholic Europe to set additional value on the champion of her faith and rights, who is regarded by the highest intellect and worth of the world as far and away the first man of his age.

"The address delivered yesterday to O'Connell, he properly designates as the most important demonstration of Catholic opinion that ever he has witnessed. Thousands of the *elite* of Parisian society have been anxiously entreating to be allowed to behold him whom they revere and honour so greatly, and the first nobles of France have gone away in rapture on being allowed to salute him and press his hand. The necessity of guarding him from the effects of over excitement has, however, restricted the privilege of *entree* to a comparatively small number of the distinguished applicants. Paris has 'pronounced' magnificently the estimate formed of O'Connell by its mighty population; and the same may be predicted of all the other places through which he proposes to pass to the capital of Christendom.

"The Liberator starts for Orleans this afternoon, and will, it is expected, reach Rome about Low Sunday."—*Weekly Freeman's Journal*, April 3.

MR. O'CONNELL'S DEPARTURE FROM PARIS.

"Mr. O'Connell," says *Galignani*, "left Paris yesterday (Monday) by the five o'clock train for Orleans, accompanied by his youngest son, D. O'Connell, Esq., member for Clonmel (Dundalk), and the Rev. Dr. Miley, his chaplain. At the moment of his leaving the hotel there were between 200 and 300 persons, and amongst them several well-dressed ladies, assembled in the court-yard and under the arcades of the Rue Rivoli. Up to the last moment a great number of visitors continued to call, but Mr. O'Connell was too much fatigued to see any one, except M. Berryer, 'whose hand,' he declared, 'he could not resist the satisfaction of pressing in his own.' The visit only lasted a moment. M. Berryer was much affected in approaching the invalid, and said, 'Je viens vous exprimer mon profond respect et toute mon admiration.' Mr. O'Connell shook him by the hand, expressed his regret that his state of health did not permit his conversing, again pressed his hand, and the visit was over. Mr. O'Connell was to sleep at Orleans last night, and to proceed, *en poste*, to Lyons this day (Tuesday)."—*Weekly Freeman's Journal*, April 3.

O'CONNELL'S HEALTH.

(From the *Weekly Freeman's Journal* of May 1.)

The accounts of O'Connell's health given in the letters of our London correspondents are rather of a desponding character, and would lead to the opinion that no decided improvement had taken

place. The account which we annex, taken from a private letter which arrived in this city on Saturday, is of a much more cheering nature. From it, it would appear that the course of treatment recommended by his physicians is likely to restore the Liberator to health, and that already a marked improvement is perceptible.

The following extract is from a private letter, dated Lyons, April 19. It contains the most consolatory news we have had to present to our readers for some days:—

“I am happy to say that the Liberator is getting better as the weather improves. The remedies continue to act favourably, and he sleeps, eats, walks, and looks better, and speaks with more vivacity and cheerfulness. To-day we shall have a carriage airing—that will also be beneficial. Some of the gravest symptoms have utterly disappeared, and the physicians are more confident. He remains here for some days longer, and will then proceed to Marseilles, taking with him a young physician, to superintend and carry out the course of treatment so successfully, nay, so providentially, entered upon by Doctors Bonnet and Vincel.”

(From our Private Correspondent.)

London, Saturday night.

Advices dated “Wednesday” have been received from Lyons. My private letter thence, written only a few minutes before the departure of the mail, states that the medical men are rather alarmed at the increasing weakness of our illustrious countryman, who, for some days past, has severely suffered from the effects of an obstinate attack of dysentery. The weather, however, was becoming less inclement, and the atmosphere assuming something like genial warmth; and it is hoped that this change in the capricious elements would tend to Mr. O’Connell’s progressive restoration. He is represented as lamentably weak, and sadly depressed in spirits. The *Gazette de Lyons* of the 20th instant says “that the day for Mr. O’Connell’s departure, *en route* to Marseilles, has not yet been fixed. The illustrious invalid still continues extremely weak, and remains during the greater portion of each day recumbent on a sofa.” At all the Roman Catholic churches in and about Lyons prayers have been offered, during the celebration of divine service, for the spiritual comfort and recovery of the “*celebre Irlandais et le grand Libérateur d’Irlande*.” The *Hotel de l’Univers* is almost besieged by hosts of anxious inquirers, some of whom call so often as two and three times a day to ascertain if the patient improves. Indeed the demonstrations of admiration and reverence which the Catholic people of the second city in France continue to render the great Catholic emancipator of the age, and the anxiety they evince for his restoration to convalescence and Ireland, are equally gratifying to the Liberator and creditable to the Lyoneses. But they have only done their duty, and feebly attempted to discharge one of the many obligations which they, in common with the Roman Catholics of the world, are under to the champion of civil and religious liberty.

We rejoice exceedingly at being enabled to state, on the best

authority, that our illustrious countryman is not only better, but that there is good reason to hope the amendments will be progressive.

One of the latest letters from immediate friends of the Liberator, and written from Lyons on Wednesday, the 21st instant, says:—

“We improve rapidly with the weather, which has passed suddenly from winter to summer, skipping spring altogether.

“Yesterday we enjoyed a carriage airing for two hours, and to-day we shall turn the good weather to advantage in the same way.

“We expect to leave Lyons to-morrow, going as far as Valence (down the Rhone) the first day, to Avignon on the second, and reach Arles on the third day, where we will remain on Sunday. Good news will, we trust, be communicated from henceforth in all our letters.”

* London, Monday night.

Our illustrious countryman has at length been enabled to leave Lyons. The *Gazette de Lyons* of the 23rd inst. has just come to hand, and from it I extract and translate the following paragraph:—

“A steamboat running from Lyons to Valence took Mr. O’Connell and his suite, consisting of his son Daniel, his chaplain (the Rev. Dr. Miley), his physician, and his valet, on board at 11 o’clock this morning. It was arranged by his medical attendants that the illustrious invalid should remain in the south of France until his strength was sufficiently reinstated to permit him to continue his journey towards Rome. We saw O’Connell descend from the carriage which conveyed him to the steamboat, and we felt an inexpressible degree of sadness (*un sentiment indefinable de tristesse*). How, said we to ourselves, is this, indeed, the man who has filled the world with the thunder of his name, and made England tremble to her centre. Animation seems to have fled from the face, once so expressive, of the Liberator. He advanced slowly, sustained by his physician and chaplain, not taking the slightest notice of those persons who bowed before him in token of respect, or who had come to bid a last adieu to the members of his suite. We seemed to see Ireland still strong in her powerful Catholic regenerator; but weakened, and bent down, and lingering, in the person of her illustrious champion. God protect O’Connell and Ireland. Doctors Bonnet and Viricil, who have given such enlightened and judicious professional attention to O’Connell during his stay in our city, insisted upon his being accompanied by a medical gentleman from Lyons, and indicated Doctor Lacour, our friend and colleague. It is, then, to a Lyonese physician that will henceforth be confided the precious life of Daniel O’Connell.” I have only time to add a re-echo of the general sentiment which pervades the minds of all Englishmen I have heard speaking on the subject—“God grant that he may be preserved for his country.”

THE LIBERATOR'S HEALTH—MOST CHEERING ACCOUNTS.

The following hopeful news will be received with great joy :—

“ Marseilles, Monday, May 3, 1847.

“ I delight to inform you that since Thursday last we have observed distinct indications of recovery. I said, in my last, that ‘ the remedies of the Lyonese physicians were telling well.’ Thank Heaven ! I can now announce with confidence that *they have told decisively*.

“ The Liberator has at this moment all the appearance, and other symptoms, of one recovering, and recovering steadily. We are now definitely turned towards Rome, and the interest about our great countryman augments—if that were possible—the further we proceed to the southward.

“ Marseilles may be called the *focus* of his popularity in France, intense as has been the anxiety to do him honour at all points. Here, as elsewhere, the distinguished by position, influence, and wisdom, crowd to manifest their respect and admiration.”

The subjoined communication assures us that the improvement announced on Saturday continues to manifest itself steadily, and most satisfactorily. Ireland is now justified in expecting that her guardian and guide will be restored to her, in the fulness of his capability, after a short interval :—

“ Marseilles, 5th May, 1847.

“ The decided improvement in the Liberator's health, which has been steadily progressive since Thursday last, I am delighted to inform you, still continues. Yesterday we had a very agreeable carriage airing, and a walk in one of the suburban gardens. We are now preparing to sail this evening, by the Lombardo steamer, for Genoa, Livorno, and Civita Vecchia. The weather is so exceedingly fine, and the Liberator so much recovered, that we propose to effect the entire voyage by the same vessel, considering it sufficient for his recruitment to stay at Genoa and Livorno the six or eight hours during which the packet is accustomed to pause at these two places.

“ From Civita Vecchia, where we expect to spend next Saturday and Sunday, it is but five or six hours posting to Rome. The greatest anxiety reigns in the Eternal City for the arrival of the illustrious pilgrim. His Holiness has given us, by rescript, the power of having Mass in the Liberator's apartment every day, with other marks of his benign favour.

“ Praise be to Heaven ! I may, I think, certainly say that the worst is now over, and that we have entered on our progress towards complete recovery. Our charge, however, is of a value so inestimable, that caution and vigilance must not be relaxed even for a moment.”—*Weekly Freeman's Journal*, May 15.

THE LIBERATOR'S PROGRESS.

Our great countryman reached Genoa on the 6th instant, after a fine, but somewhat tedious passage of twenty-two hours, and he may, perhaps, make a short stay in that city.

The voyage was borne by him exceedingly well, and the accounts add that "it has not checked the improvement already manifested, but the reverse. In fact he is not only beyond comparison better than when leaving England, but continues to recover rapidly."

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

Accounts have been received up to the 11th of May. The Liberator suffered from a derangement of the stomach, after his arrival at Genoa, which detained him in that city for several days, and rendered it necessary to have local medical assistance there, where it exists of the first class.

The indisposition has, however, been happily got over, and the accounts state him to be now going on well and qualified to pursue his journey, not only with safety but with advantage. He is completely himself in strength of mind and heart, and says he feels lighter and better than for a long time past. He intended to proceed to Leghorn by an early conveyance.

The letters add: The most complimentary interest and greatest solicitude exist in this city regarding the illustrious invalid. The governor-general (the Marchese Pallache), the foreign consuls, the clergy and nobility, as well as the English who pass through Genoa, are unremitting in their attentions and inquiries after his health, and express in the kindest manner their anxieties for his restoration.—*Weekly Freeman's Journal*, May 22, 1847.

RUMOURED DEATH OF O'CONNELL.

(From the *London Standard* of May 21.)

"The *Moniteur Parisien* of this night (Thursday), contains the following:—

" 'A letter from Nice gives the death of Mr. O'Connell on his arrival at Genoa.' "

" On ecrit de Nice que O'Connell est mort en arrivant a Genes. "

(From the *Freeman's Journal* of May 23—a special edition.)

The melancholy announcement of the *Standard* had not up to Saturday (*yesterday*) morning been confirmed in London. That we may expect, if not its confirmation, at least intelligence that it was erroneous only in being *premature*, is but too evident from the following painful

LETTER FROM THE REV. DR. MILEY.

Genoa, Saturday, May 15,
Half-past 11, A.M.

MY DEAR SIR—You are not to be surprised at a day's interruption in our letters, as no mail is despatched from Genoa on Sunday. But, alas! you are at the same time to be prepared for the most heartbreaking announcement by the Monday's post. The Liberator is not better. He is worse—ill as ill can be. At two o'clock this morning I found it necessary to send for the viaticum and the holy oil. The Cardinal Archbishop having been confined to his bed ever since our arrival here (he is eighty-eight years old), the vicar-general, attended by his curates and the clerics of his church, and followed by several of the faithful, though it was the dead of the night, carried the adorable viaticum with the solemnities customary in Catholic countries, and reposed it in the tabernacle, which we had prepared in the chamber of the illustrious sufferer. The Liberator joined fervently and as audibly as his exhausted powers would permit in the prayers which we had been reciting for an hour before the arrival of the most adorable sacrament. I had made every arrangement during the day, though hopes were held out by the physicians. It was his wish that I should officiate on this most solemn and melancholy occasion. Though prostrate in the last degree he was perfectly in possession of his mind whilst receiving the last rites. The adorable name of Jesus which he had been in the habit of invoking was constantly on his lips with trembling fervour, and his hands were clasped in prayer, except when he stretched them out to receive the sacred unction. Since his illness commenced his thoughts have been entirely absorbed by religion. For the last forty-eight hours he will not open his lips to speak of anything else, but what he says to me concerning his eternal interests and the bright hopes of eternity. Be not surprised if I am totally silent as to our own feelings. To describe them is not possible. That we have neglected nothing—spared no effort or trial to recover him and to alleviate his pains and sorrows—and, above all, that he is so perfectly resigned and prepared, like a magnanimous Christian, to bow to the ever adorable will of his Creator—behold the only stay that kept the heart from being utterly crushed within us! The doctors still say they have hope. I have none, except in Heaven. All Genoa is praying for him. I have written to Rome.

It is poor Daniel who is to be pitied more than all. Nothing can surpass his affection and edifying demeanour in this terrible crisis. I hardly know what I write. Oh! may our Redeemer in his mercy grant, and our merciful Virgin Mother procure it for us by her prayers, that I may have better news when I write again.

That Heaven, in its mercy, may sustain and comfort you all under this stroke, is, and shall ever be, the prayer of, my dear sir, yours ever faithfully,

J. MILEY.

Morgan O'Connell, Esq., &c., &c.

To the writer of the above letter the Irish people owe the deepest gratitude for his attention to the illustrious champion of their liberties; it has been as unwearying as it was kind and sympathising. By him everything that friendship and care could effect has been done for the illustrious sufferer. His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, with a promptness worthy of his exalted character and position in Ireland, granted permission to Dr. Miley to absent himself from Dublin, that he might attend the Liberator in his pilgrimage. To that kind act of the Archbishop, and the unceasing solicitude of Dr. Miley, our illustrious countryman owed much of the consolation which soothed those days, which we fear we will soon have to announce as his last.

Our readers are already informed that on Sunday last (this day week) prayers were offered up in all the Catholic churches of Dublin for "the spiritual comfort and recovery" of Mr. O'Connell. *This day* prayers were offered for his "spiritual comfort and recovery, or happy death."

DEATH OF THE LIBERATOR.

(From the *Freeman's Journal* of May 25.)

Our worst anticipations have been realized. A special messenger from our London correspondent has just reached our office with the French papers of Saturday night, which contain painful confirmation of the melancholy and afflicting rumours with which the public mind has been especially agitated since Saturday last. The Liberator expired at Genoa on the night of Saturday, May the 15th, at about half-past nine o'clock. *Galignani's Messenger* publishes the following letter from Dr. Duff, the English physician, who attended him at Genoa, dated the 16th instant, descriptive of the sad termination of his malady:—

THE PHYSICIAN'S LETTER.

"Some account of the closing scenes of the life of an individual who has filled so remarkable a position in the world as Daniel O'Connell must prove interesting to the generality of the readers of the *Messenger*, and I, therefore, as an English physician called in to attend him, take leave to lay before you the following statement:—On Monday, May 10, I saw Mr. O'Connell for the first time, and he was then suffering from profuse and involuntary diarrhœa, with great pain of the abdomen, under pressure, strong rapid pulse, flushed face, &c. Mr. O'Connell had also chronic bronchitis of some years standing. From the remedies employed these symptoms were much ameliorated, and on the morrow he seemed convalescent. But, from Mr. O'Connell's great repugnance to swallow even the most simple medicine, this state of improvement could not be followed up. On the evening of Tuesday (11th) the new symptom of congestion of the brain presented itself. Active measures were immediately had recourse to, and from them there was a decided improvement. Again the aid of internal remedies was denied, Mr. O'Connell refusing to take any medicine. Towards the evening of Wednesday (12th) the

symptoms increased, Mr. O'Connell was restless, and sometimes slightly incoherent. Our former measures were again employed, but with slight success. During Thursday all the symptoms increased with great tendency to sleep, from which, however, he could easily be roused; the breathing was much embarrassed; circulation became difficult and in some degree indistinct, and the mind wavered. Thursday night was passed in a state of profound heavy sleep, with increased difficulty of breathing, and, in addressing those about him, he imagined himself in London, and spoke to them as if there. On Friday he was much worse, the breathing very laborious, the voice scarcely audible, and the words half formed; all the symptoms had increased. In this state he lingered, of those about him, but neither attempting to move nor speak. My treatment of Mr. O'Connell was always in conjunction with Dr. Beretta, of this place, and a young French physician, who had accompanied him from Lyons, and, on the day preceding his demise, we had the advantage of consulting with Dr. Viviani, the oldest practitioner of Genoa, and of high repute. By his advice, and as a last resource, a further application of leeches to the temples was advised, but all was in vain; he expired last night, at half-past nine o'clock (P.M.), apparently suffering little pain. During the whole period of our attendance upon Mr. O'Connell it was with the greatest difficulty he could be induced to take medicine, or even necessary food, and he perseveringly abstained from drink for fully forty hours. Had this been otherwise, the period of death might have been procrastinated, but his failing health and spirits, with constant tendency to cerebral congestion, rendered certain his death at no very distant period."

In the *Evening Freeman* of the same date were published the following touching letters from the Rev. Dr. Miley—one to Mr. M. O'Connell, the second son of the Liberator, the other to Mr. P. Fitzpatrick, his old and loved friend. These letters will be read by the Irish—by all people with the deepest emotion.

The following is

THE REV. DR. MILEY'S LETTER TO MR. M. O'CONNELL.

Genoa, Sunday, 16th May, 1847.

MY DEAR, DEAR SIR—May the God of Mercy sustain and comfort you—the *worst* has befallen us—the Liberator, your illustrious father—the father of his country—the glory and the wonder of Christendom—is dead! Dead! No, I should say rather, *O'Connell is in Heaven*. His death was happy; he received in the most fervent sentiments the last rites, and up to the last sigh was surrounded by every consolation provided by our holy religion. Oh! would to heaven that I could pour the balm of consolation into the wound which I open by this heartbreaking intelligence; but, alas! how could I, my own heart is bursting, and poor Daniel is crushed with grief. Nothing that strangers could do to comfort us have been wanting, but the stroke is so tremendous! On the side of religion everything

cheers us, and it is there we have sought for refuge. You are already aware from my last letter, and that which was written by Daniel at a later hour, how matters stood up to six o'clock on last (Saturday) evening. From that hour up to eight o'clock he continued to sink gradually, but without suffering. I knew long before this hour that he was dying, and we had recited the prayers from seven to eight o'clock, in which he joined most fervently, and with all the distinctness his fast-failing powers permitted. I think his agony began at eight o'clock, or a little after; but in using this word you are not to understand me to say, that there was any painful struggle. At no stage, especially for the two last days, was there anything like pain. At this time the vicar-general, who is a prelate, with the clergy, were round his bed; his breathing became gradually more weak; as the prayers were recited, his hands were fervently clasped upon his noble breast, his countenance perfectly serene; and as I suggested to him all that my sacred office required, and my grief permitted, he responded by word and sign so as to express perfectly and fervently the glowing sentiments of his heart. Daniel and me, and his faithful Duggan, he recognised to the last. Our supplications, in the sublime and consoling language of the church, were mingled with our tears as we knelt around his bed. When at last his mighty voice was hushed, his countenance—his hands—responded to the prayers.

AT THIRTY-SEVEN MINUTES PAST NINE, THE HAND OF THE PRIEST OF GOD, PRIVILEGED "TO BIND AND LOOSE ON EARTH EVEN AS IT IS DONE IN HEAVEN," WAS EXTENDED OVER HIM. *There was no struggle—no change visible upon the features, except that, as we gazed, it was plain that a dread mystery had cast its shadow over him.* The spirit, which had moved the world, took its flight so peacefully, that all who were there, except the angels who were in waiting for it, were in doubt if it had departed. He died as an infant sinks upon its mother's breast to sleep. It was by the soft and beautiful transition of the prayers that we were reminded that we had before us only the noble *body* of O'Connell, as if listening, hushed in attention, for the summons to a glorious immortality.

We are thrown upon our own counsels, with nothing to guide us but what we inherit from his conversations and casually expressed wishes. Acting on this we have determined to have the *heart* embalmed, placed in a silver urn, and transported to *Rome*, as of old the heart of Robert Bruce was carried to Jerusalem, when it was not permitted him by Providence to perform, in his own person, that pilgrimage to the holy sepulchre which he had vowed, as O'Connell had vowed his pilgrimage to the tombs of the Apostles. His *body*, also, is to be embalmed, and deposited in a chapel of the Church of our Blessed Lady, *Dalle Vigne*, where it is to repose until, on our return from leaving the heart in Rome, we convey it to Ireland.

We have thought it right that his obsequies, though to be renewed, no doubt, by the Irish nation, should be *princely* here. It is likely we shall proceed with our sacred charge to Rome on Thursday or Friday next, by way of Civita Vecchia, where the carriage and nearly all our luggage have been for some days.

We shall hold it a sacred duty to guard every object, no matter how otherwise insignificant, that belonged to his pilgrimage, as well

as all the documents and memorials appertaining to it, which we have collected.

I should add that we are satisfied with the physicians. We are *certain* there was no mistake about the disease, and but for the science and skill of the Continental physicians it must have had much sooner a fatal termination, or one still more afflicting. I will write to Mr. Fitzpatrick a few lines, but you will oblige me by letting him see this letter, as I am not able to write to him at length. We have had a cast taken of his head, which has filled with wonder the physicians who have seen it. Farewell. May heaven comfort you all. My beloved and revered friend, John—I could not write to him. In writing to you I write to him and to all the family. Oh! ever Blessed Mother! comfortress of the afflicted, pray for us!

Ever yours,

To Morgan O'Connell, Esq.

J. MILEY.

The following is

DR. MILEY'S LETTER TO MR. FITZPATRICK.

Genoa, 17th May, 1847.

Oh, friend of my heart—of my heart crushed and steeped in sorrow—how shall I address you! He is dead! The stroke has fallen upon us close upon hopes with which we had cheated ourselves, that we should see him once again almost himself returning to cheer and console his country. I must not again attempt to rehearse the details of his last hours, I thought my heart would not have held out to the end while I wrote them yesterday to Morgan. Go to him; he will be hardly able to read what my tears and the agitation of grief permitted me to write. The dignitaries of the church of Genoa attended round his death bed; the dirge or office of the dead was kept up perpetually day and night by the Franciscans of the great church of the *Annunziata*. The Jesuit fathers came and prayed beside his sick bed—the church bells tolled solemnly from his hour of agony till the removal for embalment took place. This morning the solemn votive mass was celebrated by the whole chapter, to-morrow the same, on Wednesday the grand mass *a musica* with *catafalque* at the grand altar, and the chapels lighted with wax lights, the whole church hung in black, and masses at the four-and-twenty altars—then the body embalmed is to be deposited temporarily in a separate chapel till we return from leaving the heart at the tombs of the Apostles.

Ever yours,

J. MILEY.

We quote at full length four letters—one from the *Univers*, one from the *Journal des Debats*, one from the *Union Monarchique*, and one from the *Times*—which, though containing much that appears in the letters we give above, contain also some additional matter which will be read with painful interest, as showing the perfect collectedness of the Liberator to the last moment, and the continued

manifestation of these kindlier feelings which formed so prominent a characteristic of his life.

We translate the following from the *Univers* of Sunday :—

“ Providence in striking down O’Connell granted to him at least one great consolation—that of receiving at his last moments all the care and attention that filial tenderness and long tried friendship could offer. He had near him the youngest of his sons, Daniel O’Connell, M.P., and the Rev. Dr. Miley, a priest recommended equally by his virtues and his talents. At the request of the illustrious Irishman, this pious ecclesiastic accompanied him from Dublin to Italy, and had the mournful pleasure of assisting him in his last hour. The subjoined letter addressed to us by the Rev. Dr. Miley, the day after the sad event which deprived Ireland of her greatest citizen, and perhaps her last hope, will be read with profound emotion :—

“ Genoa, May 17.

“ Alas! alas! my dear friend, O’Connell is dead! I am so completely overwhelmed with the blow that I am almost incapable of writing. His death was serene and happy, for it was sanctified by the sacraments, and alleviated by the consolations which our divine religion lavishes with so much mercy on its children. He replied at first in words, and afterwards with look and gesture, to the exhortations which I addressed to him up to the last moment. He rendered up the last sigh, with the calm of an infant that falls off to sleep, on Saturday, at twenty-five minutes to ten at night. He requested his heart—that heart which always beat for the cause of religion and liberty—to be taken to Rome. We have had that noble heart embalmed, and have enclosed it in a silver urn. The body, which has also been embalmed, will remain here in a chapel until our return from our pilgrimage to Rome with his heart; and then he will be transported to his native mountains, to remain there to the day of resurrection. The heart of O’Connell at Rome, his body in Ireland, and his soul in heaven—is not that what the justice of man and the mercy of God demand? Adieu, adieu.

“ J. MILEY.”

The *Journal des Debats* gives the following extract of a letter from Genoa on the same subject :—

“ Genoa, May 16.

“ He (Mr. O’Connell) only spoke a very few words to his physician; and these were to make an earnest request that the coffin should not be closed too soon over his remains, because he was sure (he said) that he would have the appearance of being dead before yielding up his last sigh. His most ardent wish was to reach Rome, and to receive the benediction of Pius IX., and in the course of his journey he expressed a wish that, if he should die on the way, his heart would at least be sent to the capital of the Catholic world. This idea is said to have been suggested to him by the recollection of Robert Bruce, who, before dying, requested that his heart might be

deposited in the Holy Sepulchre. The wish of O'Connell will be fulfilled, and, in conformity also with his last wishes, his body will be carried to Ireland."

The subjoined extract of a letter appears in the *Union Monarchique* :—

"Genoa, May 16.

"We cannot now doubt that it is less owing to the influence of a physical evil than to a deep moral discouragement, caused by the misfortunes of his absent country, the noble existence of the great man, whose loss Catholicism must ever deplore, has ended. It is, as it were, spontaneously that O'Connell has resigned a life which had become to him an intolerable burden, since he could hope no longer to secure the happiness and liberty of his beloved Ireland. Vainly, during the two days that separated him from death, did his physicians and friends strive, by tender and warm exhortations, to revive a little confidence in his soul, and entreat him to suffer, at least, such attempts to be made by science as might combat the progress of a disease which still presented so many chances of being cured. To all these prayers Mr. O'Connell replied but by a mournful silence and melancholy looks, whilst his hand rejected the refreshing beverages tendered him to quench the feverish thirst which devoured him. During the forty-eight hours this lamentable scene lasted, the patient ceased not to retain possession of his whole faculties, though seemingly in a half lethargic sleep. A few minutes before he expired he appeared to revive, under the sudden influence of some anxious thought: he raised himself, called for his physicians, and, with deep emotion, recommended their making quite sure of his being dead before they suffered him to be buried. This recommendation he renewed twice or thrice. Soon after he expired, and it was remarked that his passage from life to death had been so imperceptible that it might easily have been fancied that he was but a sleep. O'Connell has left a will, one of the clauses of which states that his heart shall be conveyed to Rome, and his body to Ireland. The death of the illustrious Irishman, and, above all, the circumstances that have attended it, have created an immense sensation at Genoa."

(*From the Times.*)

We have received the following letter from a gentleman to whom it was addressed from Genoa, with permission to publish it:—

"Genoa, May 18, 1847.

"Intent on visiting the tombs of the Apostles, and paying his homage, as a Catholic, to Pius IX., O'Connell was interrupted at this stage of his pilgrimage by fatal illness, and expired at the Hotel Feder, in this city, about an hour and a half after sunset on Saturday, the 15th instant.

"His life is for history, which will take care of it, but this memorandum of what occurred since his last illness seized him will be received, perhaps, with some interest, were it not only for its complete exactness. It has been read for the approval of Mr. O'Connell's

friends and the physicians who attended him ; they sanction it as correct.

"For two days after his arrival here from Marseilles, by the Lombardo steamer, the friends of the illustrious pilgrim observed with joy that the improvement in his health, which they began to date from Avignon, went on increasing ; but on Saturday, the 8th, it became necessary to have recourse to the same aperient remedies which had been for some time past adopted to relieve him, and always with complete success. Diarrhœa, however, set in some time after the remedies applied on Saturday night had produced the desired result, and as it still continued on Monday morning (after a partial cessation on Sunday), it was deemed expedient to call in additional medical aid. The English physician resident here, Dr. Duff, and Dr. Beretta, of this city, met in consultation with Dr. Lacour, the physician who had accompanied O'Connell from Lyons. The diarrhœa was regarded as rather fortunate than otherwise, as helping to relieve the head, where they were of opinion the chief danger was to be apprehended.

"With this view (which coincided exactly with that taken of O'Connell's case from first to last by the most eminent physicians of France), their remedies were mainly directed to check the congestion which they judged to have been gaining ground in the brain from a period considerably distant. The success with which their efforts were attended was not lasting. However, even after a fourth physician, Dr. Viviani, was called in on Friday, there still were hopes. Nevertheless, it was judged prudent to be prepared for the worst ; and on Friday night the last rites of the church were received by the sufferer, with a serenity and a fervour of piety which produced upon the members of the clergy and his friends who surrounded his bed, the most profound and edifying impressions.

"Towards three, p.m., on Saturday, he called his own man, and, taking him warmly by both hands, to acknowledge the rare fidelity with which he had served him, he said, 'as yet I am not dying ;' but two hours later he called the Rev. Dr. Miley (his chaplain), to whom he said, when he had bent down over him, the better to hear his fast sinking voice—'I am dying, my dear friend !'

"The physicians were still in attendance ; but from that moment the prayers and other offices of religion, which had not been interrupted from the preceding night, were pursued with redoubled earnestness by his friends and the chief members of the clergy. At first his voice was united in the prayers and responses ; but, as it became less and less distinct, his hands clasped in fervour—his eyes, his countenance, revealed how his soul responded to the litanies for the dying, which they were mingling with their tears around his bed.

"Occasionally, during this, his last illness, as the brain became more and more invaded, there was a momentary wandering of the mind, from which, however, the slightest word recalled him. He never murmured, though his internal sufferings, at times, at least, must have been great. Every one was struck with his serenity, his recollection, and fervour in receiving the last rites of religion. The adorable name of Jesus, and the prayer of St. Bernard to our Blessed Lady, mingled from time to time with verses from the Psalms, and

the most earnest and contrite aspirations, were most perpetually upon his lips. Up to a few moments before he expired, he continued to recognize his confessor, and to respond to his suggestions.

"Far from surprising him, he had been long, long familiarized with the contemplation of his last end, prepared for it perfectly, and almost eager for its advent. When that spirit, so mighty, which seemed to glory in and to sway the tempests which agitate our being, took its flight, there was no more trace or sign of pain or struggle than when the babe in smiling sinks to slumber upon the mother's breast.

"It will be a lasting, though a sorrowful consolation, for his friends and family, that no resource of skill or climate, calculated to promote the existence of this extraordinary man, has been left untried. The professional advice obtained for him was always the best that could be procured.

"His body is to be embalmed and conveyed to Ireland. His heart he bequeathed to Rome. The autopsy demonstrated singularly the correctness of the view taken of his case, and how wonderfully successful had been the remedies recommended in postponing the fatal event.

"His obsequies commenced from the moment of his decease, and are still continued with princely pomp in the Church of our Blessed Lady delle Vigne. They are to close to-morrow with a grand *requiem* mass, at which his Excellency the Governor-General, the foreign consuls, and Mr. R. Cobden are to be present."

POST MORTEM EXAMINATION.

We find the following in the *Times*. The appearances presented fully account for the symptoms, physical and moral, that manifested themselves during the progress of the malady :—

We have received the following report of the *post mortem* examination :—"The body was opened in the presence of Doctors Duff, Beretta, and Lacour, by Dr. Balleri, surgeon-in-chief of the Hospital for Incurables in Genoa, 'who had been charged with the process of embalming the body of this great man.' Lesions were observed in several organs. The right lung presented traces of chronic catarrh. The intestinal canal showed vestiges of former inflammation. More serious alterations were, however, observed in the brain. It was found gorged with blood throughout its entire extent, and partially softened. Its membranes were inflamed and thickened."

PROGRESS OF THE LIBERATOR'S DISEASE.

(From the *Freeman's Journal* of June 5.)

We translate from the *Univers* of Thursday the following painfully interesting article, descriptive of the progress and final termination of the Liberator's malady. From the opening paragraph it will be seen that this description was communicated by a correspon-

dent, and that the *Univers* says of it—"Our correspondent has written nothing for which he had not the approval of the physicians who attended the illustrious invalid:"—

We have already published a sufficiently minute account of the last moments of O'Connell, and perhaps we would not insert the following but for this reason:—The most part of the French journals have copied from an English journal, printed in Paris, some details which were far from being correct; and as, with a little malevolence, it would be easy to draw false inferences from them, we think it right to rectify the errors committed, we hope, without any bad intention. Our correspondent has written nothing for which he had not the approval of the physicians who attended the illustrious invalid at Genoa. It is a sort of medical *procès verbal* which has been drawn up under their eyes, and with their sanction—a document, in fact, which may be strictly called official:—

"Towards the middle of March O'Connell quitted England for France. He was accompanied by his son, Mr. Daniel O'Connell, and by his friend, the Rev. Dr. Miley. At Paris he consulted Professor Chomel and Dr. Oliffe. Both of them attributed the weakness of which he complained to a congestion of the brain, the probable results of his labours and political struggles. Besides a purely medical treatment they expressly recommended that his mind and thoughts should be directed to light and agreeable topics. According to their opinion nothing was more necessary than travelling, in order to produce varied and agreeable impressions. The journey to Rome would perfectly answer the end, because of the variety and interesting nature of the scene, and the wonders of Christian art to be found there.

"The illustrious invalid left Paris on the 29th of March. Very severe weather surprised him on the route from Paris to Lyons, which it took twelve days to go over. On his arrival Professor Bonnet found him in a state of extreme weakness. His countenance was highly coloured—he complained of vague pains in the head, and his mind was a prey to sad pre-occupations. He complained that his ideas were confused; his memory, formerly so prodigious, was weakened, the right arm trembled, and was weaker than the left. In addition the habitual slight catarrh which afflicted him had considerably increased. Doctor Viricil, called upon to give his advice, was of the same opinion as Doctor Bonnet as to the nature of the malady. It was a cerebral congestion, the origin of which dated from a distant period. During the stay of O'Connell at Lyons, the severity of the weather confined him to his chamber. This forced confinement had the worst effect upon his health; his mind, unoccupied, was a prey to the greatest uneasiness; his appetite became worse each day, and his strength sensibly declined. As this state of the weather might continue, and aggravate still more the already painful position of the invalid, Doctors Bonnet and Viricil decided that he should set out for the south of France, and even for Italy, if his strength permitted. Doctor Lacour was chosen to accompany him to his destination.

"The departure from Lyons took place on the 22nd of April.

Mr. O'Connell rested a short time at Valence, and arrived at Avignon on the 24th of April. The improvement in his health was already visible. It was so evident that Doctor Chuffard and his son, who were called in, were of opinion that the cerebral affection alluded to by the physicians at Lyons, had been considerably amended by the climate, the journey, and the treatment. They considered that medical care, exercise, and unceasing mental diversion, were absolutely necessary. The journey to Rome was considered by them as very salutary.

"On the 25th O'Connell quitted Avignon, continued to descend the Rhone to Arles, where he rested two days, and then proceeded by the Rhone to Marseilles, where he arrived on the 2nd of May. His health had further improved; the cough had ceased, the appetite was better, his strength was greater, and he joined in the conversations of those about him with more vigour and interest. This happy change was so evident that many persons who had seen O'Connell on the day of his arrival at Avignon expressed to his son their astonishment and satisfaction at finding him so much improved in so short a time.

"Every thing seemed to favour the pilgrimage of the Liberator to Rome. He embarked on the 5th of May, the weather being magnificent. The passage was happily made. He arrived at Genoa on the 6th of May, without having felt any fatigue but what resulted from the effects of the uncomfortable bed in the boat. During the first two days of his stay at Genoa, his health did not disappoint the hopes which his son, the Rev. Doctor Miley, and his physician, entertained at Avignon. The third day he complained of a violent pain in the head; his speech was quicker, and his movements more energetic. A remedy which had been already administered with success was prescribed anew. A diarrhœa which supervened caused a diminution in the symptoms of the cerebral congestion. On the nights of the 9th and 10th, the uneasiness which he felt deprived him of sleep. The next morning a consultation was summoned by Doctor Lacour, and attended by Doctor Beretta and Doctor Duff, an English physician residing at Genoa. The invalid was then in this state: the cough had returned since the previous two days; the diarrhœa, arrested in the evening, re-appeared in the course of the night. But that which attracted most attention, governed the whole case, was the state of the brain, characterised by an almost continual inclination to sleep—the flushing of the countenance—the pain in the head—vertigo—a difficulty of speech—a sense of fulness—the strength of the pulse, and the particular position of the invalid in his bed. It was the slow congestion of the brain, noticed by the French physicians, which was stationary for a moment, but which now continued its fatal progress. It was complicated with a pulmonary catarrh, which confinement to the bed had increased, and with a chronic intestinal inflammation. The application of leeches and some internal remedies were prescribed. In the evening there was manifest amelioration, which gave rise to the most sanguine hope. The morning of the 11th of May was also encouraging, but in the evening of the 11th the head was worse. As the diarrhœa had ceased, it was found necessary to apply leeches again to the neck, which caused r

momentary amelioration. The next day he became worse; his speech was more difficult, and he could no longer swallow anything, a circumstance probably caused by a paralysis of the throat. On Thursday, the 13th, his speech was scarcely audible, and the difficulty of swallowing was insurmountable. On Friday, the 14th, the danger was imminent, and his physicians consulted Professor Beretta, who coincided in their opinion upon the nature of the malady, and, unfortunately, in their fears also. The compression of the brain augmenting continually might bring on apoplexy, and affect his understanding, which had remained intact and in full vigour in the midst of those excessive shocks. A small quantity of blood was taken from the arm. During the night a violent crisis came on, and caused Doctor Lacour, who assiduously watched over the invalid, to fear that a catastrophe approached. The Rev. Dr. Miley thought it necessary to prepare the illustrious patient to receive the last sacraments: he heard with fervour the touching exhortations of his spiritual director, and felt himself more calm after the solemn ceremony. This occurred at two o'clock on the morning of Saturday, the 15th. All the rest of this memorable day, during which life gradually ebbed, was consecrated by the pious invalid in listening to the prayers that were recited in his ear; he made continual efforts to articulate the Divine name of the Saviour, and sometimes succeeded. He was even able to pronounce the last sentence of the prayer of St. Bernard. At thirty-six minutes after nine o'clock he yielded up his last sigh, after a short agony, edifying those who were about him by his piety and resignation.

"It is important to observe that at no period of his illness was the intellect or understanding of O'Connell affected or diminished. During the time that passed from his leaving Lyons until his death, the most critical period of his malady, the least confusion in his ideas was not observable. A very competent judge, Doctor Chuffard, sen., expressed, at Avignon, his surprise to Doctor Lacour at finding such great charms and acuteness in the conversation of a man labouring under a chronic affection of the brain. Each evening, when his friend, the Rev. Doctor Miley, his son, and his physician were about him, he always took part in their conversation, followed with exactitude and perseverance every part of the argument, and with admirable precision pointed out the defects in it. He prayed many times during the day, and never went to rest without reciting the litanies of the Virgin in an audible voice. The physicians who attended him had occasion to admire all the resources of his mind and understanding, preserved in full strength in the midst of so much suffering; they knew better than any others what an amount of circumspection and clear reasoning his perspicuity required in discussion.

"The opening of the body took place in the presence of Doctors Duff, Beretta, and Lacour, by Doctor Balleri, chief surgeon to the Hospital of Incurables at Genoa, to whom was entrusted the duty of embalming the mortal remains of the great man. Several important organs were injured; the right lung had all the appearances of a chronic catarrh, and the entire digestive system exhibited the traces of an old inflammation. The brain presented more serious alterations; it was gorged with blood in its entire extent, and was partially softened; its covering was inflamed and thickened.

"The embalming of the body, effected with great care, will permit its removal to Ireland. The heart has been taken out and deposited in an urn, in order to be sent to Rome."

The *Censeur* of Lyons publishes the following letter :—

" Genoa, May 20.

" On Sunday night, at eleven, the corpse of Mr. O'Connell was conveyed to the Hospital of the Incurables, where a room had been prepared for its reception. On Monday morning the *post mortem* examination was effected, in presence of Doctors Lacour, Beretta, Cardona, and Duff, by M. Balleri, the hospital head surgeon, who is entrusted with the embalming of the Liberator's remains. Several important organs were found to be impaired. The lungs had all the character of a chronic catarrh, and the whole digestive system presented vestiges of a former inflammation. The brains presented a far more serious aspect; their substance was filled with blood, and partially softened. The coverings of that organ were inflamed, and had thickened. The embalming was immediately proceeded with, and the body deposited in a leaden coffin, which was itself put into another of hard wood. On Wednesday, the 19th, it was conveyed to the parochial church, Della Vigne, where the obsequies were celebrated. A large crowd filled the church, where places had been reserved for those invited. All the consuls, saving the English consul, were present; the consul of the United States was *en grand costume*. The body will lie in state until it is conveyed to Ireland. The heart has been put into an urn, with this simple inscription :—

' Daniel O'Connell,
Natus Kerry,
Obiit Genus,
Die 15 Maii, 1847.
Ætatis suæ ann LXXII.'

" It will be shortly conveyed to Rome."

(From the *Tablet* of May 29.)

The following notice was affixed to the doors of the Metropolitan Church in Dublin—

"R. I. P.

"Pray for the soul of the lamented Liberator of our Altars, for whom the masses of to-day, and the two next days, will be offered in this church.

"Wednesday in Pentecost Week."

All the public bodies in one way or other evinced their grief and sympathy. In the Lord Mayor's Court, at the Manor, his lordship had fixed Tuesday for the admission of freemen. The council and witnesses, claimants, and opponents, &c., on each side were assembled when the Lord Mayor entered. He was evidently suffering under deep affliction, the counsel on both sides observed, and they immediately acceded to his lordship's desire, elicited by the suggestion of one of them, to adjourn the court. His lordship said he felt satisfied that the citizens of Dublin, of all politics, would regard it as

being but a proper mark of respect to the illustrious individual of whom Ireland has just been bereaved. The professional gentlemen and freemen present, instantly consented, and the court was adjourned to the same hour on Friday morning.

The corporation also met on Tuesday in unusual numbers. The meeting resolved itself into a special one, and, on the motion of Alderman O'Brien, the chair was taken by the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor.

Mr. C. M'Loghlin (who seemed deeply affected) then presented himself. He said—I believe, my Lord Mayor, that, upon occasions like the present, it is not necessary to wait for a “house,” as it is termed. We have got, to-day, most melancholy tidings—tidings that, I am sure, come home to the heart and soul and feelings of every Irishman—tidings fraught with the most disastrous prospects to Ireland (hear, hear). I speak not now of the feelings of those with whom our Liberator and our friend was acquainted and intimate—I speak not of those who enjoyed the familiar intercourse of private life, as well as shared with him in the excitement of public proceedings. No; in saying that the tidings will be received with strong and heartfelt grief, I speak of all who can admire virtue and greatness—of all in whose hearts there is implanted the slightest particle of nationality or patriotism (hear, hear). I suppose I could myself claim with the illustrious deceased a longer acquaintance than any other man in Dublin. I could go back for a period of fifty years, two years before the Union, and I had the honour, and good fortune, and the happiness to possess his friendship and confidence, and cordial and kind advice from that day to the present. I know not how to speak of the loss that has come upon us. To me, personally, it is one which I deeply and painfully feel—to Ireland, it is a loss which can never be supplied; and, though I have lost many of my own dearest relations and friends, I was never so oppressed or grieved in the whole course of my life as I was at hearing of this calamity, in addition to the other calamities of the country (hear). If proof were wanting of the greatness of him, who is now lost to us for ever, we have it in the reception given him in the countries where he was only known by name. He was met with honour, and respect, and worship, by foreign nations—his titles to these tributes having been his love for universal liberty, and his exertions for poor Ireland. Foreign nations, in no measured language, have deplored his loss—how much more acutely must the people feel it for whom he struggled, and perished. It is unnecessary for me to go into a discussion of this painful subject; and I, therefore, beg to move that, as a mark of respect to our deceased Liberator, we adjourn for three weeks (hear, hear). If there be any emergency, upon any occasion which we do not now foresee, an early meeting can be called by your lordship. Mr. M'Loghlin concluded by moving the motion for adjournment.

Mr. Kirwan, one of the oldest members of the corporation, seconded the motion, which was supported by Mr. Reynolds, who suggested immediate preparations for the reception of the illustrious remains.

The corporation's attendance at the funeral, and the adoption by that, and all the other liberal corporations of Ireland, of a badge of mourning, was proposed. The propriety of this suggestion having been disputed, the Lord Mayor anxiously suppressed the difference of opinion, and the resolution of Mr. M'Loghlin was unanimously agreed to—the Conservative members of the corporation earnestly joining in the desire to pay a tribute of respect to their late illustrious colleague.

At the Repeal Association, it is almost needless to say, that the deepest grief was manifested.

Immediately on receipt, on Tuesday, of the intelligence confirming the melancholy accounts of the Liberator's death, measures were taken to convene a meeting of the general committee, for the purpose of considering the steps necessary for the association to take under the distressing calamity. Though the summonses were not issued until past twelve o'clock, the committee-room was densely crowded at half-past three o'clock.

Mr. Steele rose, and moved that the true and tried friend of the illustrious deceased, and the consistent supporter of his policy, Mr. Cornelius M'Loghlin, should take the chair.

The motion was seconded by Mr. Patrick Costello, and unanimously adopted.

Mr. O'Hea, after a brief and affecting allusion to the loss which the country had sustained in the death of the illustrious Liberator, stated his conviction that the best course to pursue would be to convene a meeting of the association at once, and issue an address of condolence to the Irish people.

The course advised by Mr. O'Hea was at once acceded to, and, on the motion of Mr. Costello, a resolution was adopted requesting the learned gentleman to undertake the task of preparing the address.

On the motion of Mr. Steele, permission was given to publish an abstract of the committee's proceedings, in order that the country should have early intelligence of all steps taken by the association to pay honour to the memory of O'Connell.

The committee then separated.

The adjourned meeting was held on Wednesday, C. M'Loghlin, Esq., T.C., in the chair.

Mr. O'Hea moved the following address :—

“ADDRESS OF THE LOYAL NATIONAL REPEAL ASSOCIATION TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

“Fellow-countrymen—O'Connell is no more! The animating spirit of Ireland has passed away. The light of the nation is extinguished.

“Weep and wail, and let your grief be without limit, O children of Ireland, for the cup of your affliction is full, and the extent of your suffering without measure. The pride of your hearts has been stricken down. The bright one of Erin is removed. The Liberator of our country has departed.

“With a season of sorrow it has pleased the Almighty to afflict us

to the uttermost. Pestilence and famine blight our people ; and in a foreign country, far away from his own loved native land, low lies the veteran Champion of Ireland's liberties.

"Oh ! well may we mourn him, for the whole human race deplore his loss, and the gloom of our bereavement afflicts the world.

"Fellow-countrymen, how shall we best prove that we loved him whilst living, or mourn for him when dead ? By reverencing his principles—by obeying his dictates—by pursuing the same noble objects in the peaceful steps he trod.

"In one sense—in the true sense—O'Connell is not dead ! Men like unto him can never die. All that was mortal has passed away, but the immortal part remains. His spirit, fellow-countrymen, abides with you. His moral teachings are spread for ever through you, and through the universe. No time can extinguish the lessons of his wisdom.

"For ourselves, associated as we here were by him, our purpose is determined, to stand by his principles, and to abide by his doctrines, and by them alone. This is our fixed and unalterable resolve.

"Throughout the wide world a mighty void is felt. Who shall fill it up ? What nation—what people have not lost a benefactor ? Our country has lost its guide and leader. Oh ! let that country still be directed by his wisdom, and be marshalled beneath his standard.

"His paths were the paths of peace. He walked in the ways of the law and of order. Remember, still remember, his motto of the association—the moral of his wisdom and experience—'The man who commits a crime gives strength to the enemy.'

"By his long and faithful services—by the noble example of his life—by the glory of his immortal name, we beseech, we implore you, fellow-countrymen, swerve not from the principles, desert not the objects, nor abandon the doctrines of O'Connell.

"Signed, by order,

"CORNELIUS M'LOGHLIN, Chairman of the Meeting.

"T. M. Ray, Secretary."

The adoption of the address was seconded by T. Kirwan, Esq., T.C.

Mr. Steele moved that Mr. M'Loghlin do leave the chair, and that the future legal guide of the association, he to whom O'Connell had, with confidence, entrusted its safety, Mr. James O'Hea, should be called thereto.

Thanks having been then voted to the prior chairman, the meeting separated in the sorrowing solemnity which marked its entire proceedings.

It need not be added that no member of Mr. O'Connell's family was present.

Mr. Steele gave notice that, on Monday week, he would move an address of gratitude to Dr. Miley, and that the honourable member for Kilkenny be solicited to preside at the committee, as soon as the poignancy of his affliction should be allayed sufficiently.—Adjourned.

PILGRIMAGE OF THE HEART.

Genoa, 22nd May, 1847.

This evening, at seven o'clock, we leave this place on the "Pilgrimage of the Heart," bearing with us the legacy of O'Connell—the devoted and mighty **HEART** of your Liberator—to the tombs of the Apostles.

That pledge, so sacred and so expressive, deposited there—the body, by which it was borne so gloriously, reposing in the primitive mountain sanctuary of his martyred country. Between the see of St. Peter and the Irish there is established a new bond of fealty and affection which shall last like his fame—**FOR EVER!**

The body, now embalmed in aromatic and costly unguents—as his memory shall be in the tears and never-dying admiration, not of his own nation alone, but of the whole Christian world—and deposited in the bier by which it is to be borne to its mountain grave, is now reposing before the altar in the beauteous little chapel, *Della Croce*, attached to the Church of our Blessed Lady *delle Vigne*, with no ornament or escutcheon above the simple catafalque but that broad red banner of redemption, under which he served so well.

Until our return to commence our sad march towards home, across seas and realms—one, at least, and the greatest of them, full of sympathy—funeral torches are to be kept burning night and day around the bier; and each morning the priest of God is to ascend the altar of that heavenly place, to offer the sacrifice of propitiation for his eternal rest.

Yours in sorrow,

J. MILEY.

FUNERAL CEREMONIES AT THE CHURCH OF ST. AGATHA (IRISH COLLEGE) AT ROME.

On Monday, 1st June, a solemn funeral service was celebrated in the Church of the Irish College, St. Agatha, for the soul of the late Mr. O'Connell. Over the principal entrance to the church the following inscription was placed, together with the arms of the family:—

Danieli O'Connell
Religionis Catholicæ libertatis adsertori
Fortissimo jurium patriæ vindici
Viro fide in Deum, charitate in pauperes
Omni virtute Christiana conspicuo
Collegii Hibernorum præsides et alumni
Adsistenti viro Eminentissimo
Jacobò P. Cardinale Fransonio Prot.
Mærentes extincto Hiberniæ lumine
Justa persolvunt.

The ancient and venerable church was lit up with torches and candles, and ornamented in an appropriate manner with black drapery for the mournful ceremony. In the centre of the nave a rich *catafalque* was erected, of considerable elevation. In this was placed the heart of the father of his country, which, according to his wish, had been brought to Rome, thus to give a solemn attestation in death of his attachment to the centre of unity, and to the successors of St. Peter, for whom he had, during his eventful career, always maintained the sincerest veneration.

The ceremonies commenced with matins and lauds, which were sung with solemnity by the Irish students, assisted by those of several other colleges. A pontifical high mass for the dead then commenced, in which the celebrant was the Right Rev. Dr. Murphy, Bishop of Philadelphia and Vicar Apostolic of Hyderabad. After mass, his Eminence Cardinal Fransone, Prefect of the S. Congregation of Propaganda, robed in his pontificals, and attended by a deacon, subdeacon, and other ministers, and surrounded by a numerous clergy, with lighted candles, gave the absolution, according to the Roman ritual, in the most solemn manner. During the entire morning masses were incessantly celebrated by clergymen from every country, and a considerable concourse of people attended, among whom were the superiors of the Irish Dominican, Franciscan, and Augustinian convents, the rector and students of the English College, several members of the company of Jesus, students of the Propaganda, &c., the Rev. Mr. Newman and his companions, Daniel O'Connell, M.P., and a number of distinguished laymen. It is needless to say that an expression of the sincerest sympathy and respect towards the memory and virtues of the illustrious deceased, was visible on the countenances of all.

The funeral oration was recited by the Rev. D. Kirby, who gave a rapid and eloquent sketch of the great deeds of Mr. O'Connell, and described in a most affecting manner the virtues for which he was distinguished, dilating principally on his attachment to the Catholic faith, which he always boldly professed in the presence of the world, and nobly defended against its enemies. In the end he mentioned the edifying circumstances of the great patriot's death, in which the promise of the Holy Ghost was so strikingly fulfilled—"To him who feareth the Lord it shall be well in the latter end, and in the day of his death he shall be blessed."—*The Roman Advertiser*, 8th June, as quoted in the *Weekly Freeman*, June 19.

AUDIENCE WITH THE SOVEREIGN PONTIFF.

Rome, 12th June, 1847.

BELOVED FRIEND—We have just this moment returned from the audience in which the ever-glorious Pontiff, Pius IX., himself pronounced the eulogium of our Liberator, your immortal father, with such effusion of heart, with so much of the fire divine, and influence of inspiration in his language, in his features, in the air and attitude of his entire person as he spoke, that in vain shall I

attempt to describe it to you. In fact, we were beside ourselves with admiration, gratitude, unutterable reverence, and happiness, while we looked and listened. Since receiving his parting benediction we can think and speak of nothing else, of nothing but what we have heard and seen.

After passing through the vast and gorgeous saloons and galleries of the Quirinal, we found the anti-chambers filled with groups of personages in every style of costume, from the glittering uniform to the cowl, and all before us in the order for reception. But the name of O'Connell was a "talisman" which brought us at once into the presence of his Holiness; and while Daniel was kissing his feet the Pontiff said—"Since that happiness I had so longed for was not reserved for me, to behold and embrace the hero of Christianity, let me at least have the consolation to embrace his son." He then drew the son of O'Connell to his bosom and embraced him, not unmoved, with the tenderness of a father and a friend. Then, with an emotion which stirred our hearts within us, this great father of the faithful poured out his benign and loving soul in words of comfort, which proved that it was not new to him to pour the balm of Heaven into broken and wounded hearts. "His death," the Pontiff said, "was blessed." I have read the letter in "which his last moments were described with the greatest consolation." I must not attempt to detail the manner in which his Holiness eulogized the Liberator as the great champion of religion and the church, as the father of his country, and the glory of the whole Christian world. "Had the Pope been the bosom friend of the Liberator, and the ardent admirer of his career, how else could he speak of him than he has done?" This was the observation of the Very Rev. Monseigneur Cullen, President of the Irish College, who introduced us; and, better than any detailed description I can give, it conveys an idea of the heartiness of affectionate admiration and sympathy with which his praises were pronounced by Pius IX.

From O'Connell—the transition was easy and natural—the Pontiff came to speak of Ireland. His expressions breathed the most intensely paternal sympathy, and while he spoke of the sufferings of the Irish, of their fidelity, of his solicitude and his hopes regarding them, it was beautiful and impressive beyond my power to describe, to observe that countenance which, like a mirror, reflects the charity, the compassionate care, the fortitude, with an hundred other sentiments divine, which are never dormant within his breast.

When speaking of the Liberator's obsequies, he said that already he had notified it as his will and command that they should be celebrated in his name—that he had privileged all the altars—in short, that nothing should be wanting to their magnificence, and that he wished it to be known to the whole world, that this tribute to the memory of Ireland's Liberator was from himself. "His *geste* also," he added, "the achievements of his wonderful existence, I wish to be celebrated and made known to the world—not that this is necessary—because (said the Pontiff, with a sublime look and gesture) *his* grand career was ever in the face of Heaven—he ever stood up for legality—he had nothing to hide; and it was this, with his unshaken fidelity and reverence for religion, that secured his triumphs.

May the same spirit descend upon his son." This latter aspiration of the Pontiff, my beloved friend, was intended for yourself—for it had been intimated, in a previous stage of the interview, that it was to you the Liberator had looked for the realization of his hopes regarding Ireland, and had left, if I may so speak, the executorship of his testament in politics.

At one stage of the audience the Pontiff rose, and going to a cabinet, brought with him presents—for me one of his own medals in silver; for Daniel one of gold, with a costly rosary and a gold crucifix appended to it.

The obsequies cannot be celebrated till the 25th, and for us to leave Rome until then cannot be thought of. This solemnity, to be performed by Rome itself, by order of the Pontiff, is of more importance than every other connected with the memory of the great departed.

Ever yours,

John O'Connell, Esq., M.P.

J. MILEY.

PARLIAMENTARY RESPECT TO MR. O'CONNELL.

(From the Private Correspondent of the Freeman's Journal.)

London, Tuesday, June 29.

The debate last night upon the second reading of the Irish Railway Loan Bill elicited from the British house of legislature an expression of opinion with respect to the calamity which had befallen Ireland in the loss of her beloved Liberator. Mr. Sheil, who very rarely addresses the house, last night, in a short and brilliant speech, expressed his gratification that an opportunity had been afforded him to pay an unavailing debt of gratitude to the memory of a deceased member of that house, whose loss could not be regarded in any other light than as a national bereavement. Those who have had the privilege of hearing Mr. Sheil address the House of Commons cannot soon forget the impression which his matchless eloquence instantly occasions, but last night the right hon. gentleman appeared suddenly endowed with the gift of inspiration. The manner in which he addressed himself to the task—so mournfully, so pathetically, so feelingly, and so truthfully, enlisted for him the sympathy of the whole house, and when with upraised hands, and impassioned accents, he proceeded to depict his sorrow that his aged friend had not been permitted to kneel before the marble altars of the Vatican, and receive, amid the effulgence of sacerdotal pomp, the benediction of the great Pontifical Reformer, there was scarcely a member present who did not manifest the deepest sorrow; many sobbed aloud, whilst the gifted orator tendered the fervid and fitting compliment to the memory of unquestionably the most conspicuous and the most illustrious member of which the British house of representatives could, or ever will again, be able to boast—indeed there was no man within the walls of St. Stephen's unmoved. Although you will have transferred to your columns, under the parliamentary heading, a report of Mr. Sheil's fervid and feeling panegyric on our departed chief, I venture to subjoin the right hon. gentleman's own version of his well deserved, though, it must be admitted, too long delayed eulogy:—

"I shall be glad," said Mr. Sheil, "if, when the parliament is approaching to its close, it shall make a testamentary manifestation of good will to the people of Ireland, indicative of the policy by which the government of the noble individual should be sustained who has had the courage to undertake the administration of Ireland. That able and sagacious statesman will have great difficulties to encounter—difficulties which have been enhanced by the death of the celebrated man to whom the noble lord opposite (Lord George Bentinck) alluded in the course of these discussions—the man to whom his country owes incalculable obligations, and to whom hereafter, when the prejudices and the passions, the antipathies and the predilections of the hour shall have passed away, in the impartial adjudication of those who shall come after us, the attributes of greatness, political and intellectual, will be beyond doubt assigned (loud cheers). Whatever opinion may be entertained of his title to the veneration of his country, in an assembly composed like that which I am now addressing, it must be admitted, by those who were in the sternest antagonism to him while he lived, that that renowned Irishman effected his achievements by a great mental instrumentality; and I trust that the time will never arrive when English statesmen will have cause to lament that the voice by which millions of men were at once excited and controlled is heard no more, and that the accents on which a nation hung in rapture, and a senate in admiration, are hushed in the grave for ever. Would that he had been spared to his country—would that he had lived to behold the seat of that ancient and perpetual faith, of which he was a firm and humble believer, and of which he was the proud and chivalrous champion—that he had lived to behold the Eternal City—that he had knelt down at the altar of the greatest temple which was ever raised by the hands of man, worthy of the purposes, the high and holy ones, to which it was devoted; and that through the marble halls of the Vatican, the venerable man, although with feeble and tottering steps, had found his way, amidst the array of sacerdotal pomp, to receive the sanctifying salutation of the great Pontifical Reformer who has ascended the chair of St. Peter amidst the acclamations of the world; and would that, after the performance of that pilgrimage, the illustrious Irishman could have returned to the country of his birth, and which he set free, in order that he might renew the injunctions never to infringe the principles on which he acted all his life, and of the violation of which he was never rightfully accused. I am conscious that I have departed from the more immediate question before the house, but I who have now so seldom a justification for interfering in your discussions, shall be pardoned if I have availed myself of this the first occasion which has presented itself to me, to offer a mournful but unavailing tribute of commemoration to the memory of the man with whom I was for so many years politically associated, and whose departure from the great scene in which he performed a part which attracted the attention of mankind, I regard as a disaster which it will require great wisdom and fortitude, and the spirit of conciliation, by which the policy on which this measure is founded, to countervail." (The right honourable gentleman resumed his seat amidst general applause.)

R O M E .

OBSEQUIES OF THE LIBERATOR.

FATHER VENTURA'S ORATION.

Rome, 28th June, 1847, Two o'clock, P.M.

BELoved FRIEND—Be not surprised if there be an air of incoherency in what I write. Like one who has just beheld a vision, my capacity to give utterance to the thoughts and emotions which agitate my breast is exactly in proportion with their vividness, their multitudinous variety, and, I may add, their grandeur. Oh, how intensely and how often during the last four hours have I longed that you were here—that the whole family which bears his world-honoured name—that the entire Irish people were eye and ear witnesses of what has been our privilege to see: the Catholic enthusiasm—the more than earthly pomp and ecclesiastical magnificence with which **ROME**—wide-sceptered, eternal Rome—has to-day performed the Liberator's funeral. It was like a vision, I calmly and solemnly assure you—a vision so august and overpowering that no man could describe it, much less when, fatigued and unnerved as I am now, not so much by many hours' movement and the sultry heat as by that species of collapse which comes upon us after a mountain of doubt and anxiety, after long resting there, is lifted, and that not gently, from the heart. This is the reason I wished, as ardently as vainly, that all Ireland were present at the solemnity of to-day—for then, and only then, could they have formed a notion of the immensity of the effect their Liberator's principles have had upon the world—of the services inappreciable for which they stand indebted to his memory, since he himself has ceased to live. “*Defunctus adhuc loquitur.*” Often he said it, and to the letter we have seen it verified to-day. He is agitating for their rights and privileges even in the grave. I wished, too, that they were here in order that they might estimate correctly how great and sacred are their obligations towards the Romans and the Supreme Pontiff, Pius IX., whom may Heaven, in its bounty to the church and to the world, long continue to defend and prosper!

Yes, I feel conscious that anything I can say must fall so far short of the reality, that it were almost better be altogether silent; and, on the other hand, I feel how indispensable it is that the country should not be left in ignorance of what so vitally concerns, what I am certain it considers and cherishes as its dearest interests. I have, on this account, besought of others far more competent for the task, to write such details of the funeral as may help, at least, to convey to the Irish people a shadowy idea of what it was. This will state particulars—such as the inscription which adorned the

mausoleum or cenotaph—a tomb like a temple, more than sixty feet in height, erected beneath one of the proudest cupolas of Rome—that one which the celestial orb of Domenichino has adorned. They will describe the effect of the choir of one hundred voices—the *elite* of those whose echoes are familiar to the laquered roofs of the Lateran, of St. Peter's, and of the chief basilicas of Rome. They will estimate the multitudes by which the temple was crowded in all its vastness—it is more than three hundred feet in length—enumerating the great personages, such as ambassadors, &c., who were assigned distinguished places. As for me, in the mood in which I find myself—and in the fifteen or twenty minutes yet remaining before the post closes—I can only repeat, that the august magnificence with which the Liberator's funeral has been solemnized here to-day, in Rome—at the expense of the Roman people, and by express command of the successor of St. Peter—is indescribable, and cannot be comprehended adequately by any one who has not seen it. It was grander under many aspects, I am certain, than the funeral of Constantine the Great, or Charlemagne. This, as I warned you, may sound like incoherency and extravagance; but here is the proof that it is true:—

LATIN INSCRIPTION—No. I.

(*Supra templi portam horis.*)

D. O. M.

DANIELI O'CONNELLO.

Regni Hiberniæ columni ac præsidio

Maximorum operum immortalis

Ob proclara in Christianam rempublicam merita

Ordo populusque Romanus

Suprema parentaliorum justa

Persolvit

Quisquis ades sive civis sive hospes

Pacem et requietam animæ incomparabili

Adposcito mento pura.

That was the inscription placed, surmounted by the emblazoned escutcheon of the O'Connell, above the portals of the basilica, where the rites were to be celebrated for his eternal rest. It tells, in the dialect of Rome, how this tribute of Christian piety and honour to his memory, is concurred in by all orders of the Romans. The more than Roman emperor—he who wears the triple crown, and rules a kingdom which knows no limits but those of the world—it was he, Pius IX., who ordered the funeral. He exercised the plenitude of the divine jurisdiction confided to him to secure for the departed “Hero of Christianity,” as the Pontiff himself entitled him, the greatest advantages from the suffrages of the church. He proclaimed his wish that the obsequies should be in every respect worthy of Rome, of the Papacy, of O'Connell; and he stopped not with the bare expression of his wishes, even the very vestments worn at the altar in the requiem were sent, by his own special order, from the Papal Chapel.

The Governor of Rome, surrounded by the civic officers, was

present. The grenadiers who kept guard round the cenotaph were selected from the civic guards—the representatives of the ancient legions, and emphatically the military representatives of Rome. Their officers were there. They bore torches round the bier, and many of them evinced, by bearing and by feature, that they belong to the same race as the heroes who still seem to live in the reliefs of the ancient triumphs on arch and pillar. From the Campus Martius and the Roman Forum—from both sides of the Tiber—and from all the Seven Hills and their interjacent valleys, this people, who grow up from infancy with the trophies of thirty centuries of greatness round them on every hand, assembled with enthusiasm to supplicate for the eternal happiness of Ireland's Liberator, and to exult in the wonders he had achieved, as if he had been their own. I am bewildered, I confess, between the grandeur of my theme, the shortness of the interval—not many minutes more—in which it will be possible for me to speak of it—between the deep sense of my incapacity to do it anything even remotely approaching justice, and my strong solemn conviction how expedient—how indispensable it is that Catholic Ireland should not be unaware of, and it will not be insensible to, the share it has in this grand event. I should have said, since I cannot describe the funeral decorations of the church, that they gave occupation to painters, sculptors, artists, and artisans of every kind, who, since early last week, pursued their work (I mean within the church itself) incessantly by day and night. I have just got a copy of the inscriptions which were placed around the mausoleum—there were tablets also with texts upon the pilasters round about the church. Let the inscriptions be given *literatim*, and translated word for word. I have said that the Pontiff had privileged all the altars—the high altar was reserved, from four o'clock in the morning until the requiem began, exclusively for the priests and bishops of the Greek and other Oriental rites. From the dawn until nine o'clock it was difficult for a priest to get an altar, though the vast basilica cannot contain less than twenty. Every mass had its congregation of devout adorers, as priest succeeded priest in orderly succession. Around the bier were ranged the Irish in the front rank; and if we count, besides the German College, the Scotch, English, French, the students of the Propaganda, we may say that all nations were represented in his obsequies—wept for his death—supplanted for his eternal felicity—and exulted in the great things the Providence which ever protected and guided this great servant of the Most High, enabled him to achieve for his country and to mankind. But I must pause. But this is just. Even Rome in one day could not complete his funeral. The Bossuet of Italy—the illustrious Ventura—could not, in a matchless oration of two hours, say enough for his glory. His funeral, interrupted by the glorious festival of Rome—that of her Apostles, Peter and Paul—is to be renewed again on Wednesday. To-day the great Christian orator treated one-half of his text, as he alone knows how to treat it. Next Wednesday he treats the second part and concludes. Then you shall, with God's blessing, hear again from your faithful friend,

J. MILEY.

The following are the other inscriptions, with a translation of the entire, of which, as we have been necessarily hurried, our readers will excuse the faults:—

INSCRIPTION—No. II.

(Supra portam intus.)

DANIELI O'CONNELLO.

Viro omnium sæculorum præ icatione memorando
 Atque hoc tempore necessario
 Qui ingenii sui splendore, et mira dicendi copia
 Vitam, religionem, civium jura, libertatemque
 Adseruit propugnavit.
 In gravioribus causis a prima juventute subactus
 Nihil ei in abstrusis reipublicæ negotiis arduum fuit,
 Quod non acie mentis ut labore perciverit enodavit
 In maximis muneribus et honoribus
 Pari semper fassigio stabit
 Cujus janua nullo unquam tempore ullum repulit
 Egentibus ultro liberalitate patuit
 Demum omnibus officiis in patriam sancte perfunctis
 Adversariis superatis consopitis factionibus
 Catholica religione cui se totum devoverat
 In libertatem vindicata
 Ex sæculi procellis in portum æternitatis
 Se recepit,
 Ingenti sui desiderio apud cives tum apud externos relicto
 Obiit Januæ id, Mali, an sal. MDCCCXLVII.
 Vixit an. LXXI. mens. IX., di. VI.
 Ad ætatem et res gestas per diu
 Ad populorum præsidium ac solamen
 Heu parum diu.

III.

(In tumuli lateribus hinc inde.)

DANIEL O'CONNELLUS.

Unus post hominum memoriam
 Qui scriptis et orationibus sapientia refertis
 Jura fidei libertatisque
 Quæ se antea invicem, aveesari videbantur
 Amice composuit
 Ac ceteris gentibus ut hanc inirent viam
 Unde tanta ad imperia firmitas
 Ad religionem incrementum redundat
 Quasi signum extulit universis

Ea fuit gratia et estimatione ut Catholicorum primus
 In Anglicis comitiis adversariis frustra obnitentibus
 In II. ordine sederit
 Idemque tot annos rem popularem dexter egit
 Et principem semper locum obtinuit
 Per quem iudicii severitas legibus adserta est dignitas
 Frene injecta licentiis—Pietas et religio amplificata magnis auctibus
 His artibus viam affectavit ad superos.

IV.

DANIEL O'CONNELLUS.

Pro ea qua fuit summa erga sedem apostolicam
 Observantia.
 Et Santis. Pontificem *Pium* Opt. Max.
 Cuins fama apud omnes gentes jam percrebuerat
 Romæ infirma licet valetudine iter suscepit
 Verum Januæ quum morbus magis ingravesceret
 In Christi Servitoris pro se cruci adfixi complexu
 Diem obiit supremum
 Alter Moyses terram viventium de longe prospexit
 Cujus tamen cor in quo dum viveret
 Candida religio pietas amor patriæ unice valuit
 Daniel filius ad paternæ exempla contendens
 Romam sicut moriens ipse caverat
 Perferendum curavit.
 “*Cor suum tradidit ad viladamati Dominum.*”—*Ecel.* 39.

V.

(*In aversa tumuli temporarii facie.*)

DANIEL O'CONNELLUS.

Exima fuit in Deum pietate
 In Virginem Deiparam
 In cujus tutelam se solum tradiderat
 Studio singulari.
 Justitia vero integritate animi fortitudine liberalitate
 Diligentio facilitate qua se omnibus exæquavit.
 Nulli omnino comparandas
 Quas animi sui virtutes in quatuor liberos
 Sedulitate tanta instillavit
 Ut eos non tam sibi procreasse quam Deo et Reipublic
 Præferret
 Et longo post se intervallo relinqueret!
 “*Generatio rectorum be nediatur.*”—*Ps.* cxi.

TRANSLATION.

INSCRIPTION—No. I.

(Over the Outer Door.)

D. O. M.

TO DANIEL O'CONNELL,

Of the Kingdom of Ireland the Safeguard and Protection,
 Immortal for the greatest Deeds,
 As for his Distinguished Services to the Christian
 Commonweal,

The Nobles and the Roman People
 The last due Offices of the Dead
 Have Performed.

Whoever you be who approach, citizen or guest,
 Peace and Repose to his Incomparable Soul
 Beseech with Pure Mind.

II.

(Over the Inner Door, or rather Inside over the Door.)

TO DANIEL O'CONNELL.

A man to be remembered in the Praise of all ages,
 And in the time of necessity;
 Who, by the splendour of his genius, and wondrous fertility
 of speech,

The lives, the religion, the rights and liberties of his fellow-
 countrymen,

Preserved and battled for.

In gravest interests engaged from earliest youth,
 Nothing in the abstruse affairs of Commonwealth was difficult
 to him

That he did not conquer and unravel by the acuteness and labours
 of his mind.

In highest gifts and honours,
 On a like pinnacle he will ever stand;
 His door was never closed to any;

But to the needy was open with exceeding liberality.
 At length, all the duties to his country being sacredly performed,
 His adversaries conquered, and factions laid asleep,
 The Catholic Religion, to which he wholly devoted himself,
 Vindicated in its liberties,
 From the storms of this world to the harbour of eternity,
 He has betaken himself,
 To the overwhelming grief as well of his own countrymen as
 strangers.

He died at Genoa, 15th May, in the year of our Redemption,
MDCCCXLVII.

He lived 71 years, 9 months, 6 days ;
For age and deeds a long period ;
For the protection and comfort of his people,
Alas, too short !

III.

(On both sides of the Tomb.)

TO DANIEL O'CONNELL.

One who will outlive the memory of men ;
Who, by writings and speeches fraught with wisdom,
The rights of faith and freedom,
Which before seemed to be averse from one another,
He amicably set in order,
And to other Nations, that they might enter on his course
In which to such triumphs a persistence,
To religion such an increase would redound,
As it were a beacon he held out to all.
He was in such popularity and estimation that he was the first
Catholic,
In the English Legislature his adversaries vainly opposing,
Who in the Common's House obtained a seat,
And there for many years the same popular trust he ably discharged,
And a principal position ever held.
By whom gravity was given to judgment—dignity to the laws—
A bridle thrown upon license—piety and religion amplified by great
increase :

These were the arts by which he aspired to Heaven.

IV.

TO DANIEL O'CONNELL.

In discharge of that high reverence for the Holy See,
And for the most Holy Pontiff, the best and greatest,
Whose fame amongst all nations had already spread abroad.
To Rome, although in infirm health, he took his way :
But at Genoa, the disease having meanwhile become much
aggravated,
Embracing the cross of Christ, his Saviour, placed there by himself,
He breathed his last.
Another Moses, the land of the living he from afar beheld,
Whose heart, however, in which, whilst he lived,
Pure religion, piety, love of country, solely reigned,
Daniel, his son, labouring after the father's example,
To Rome, as dying he had ordered,
Took care should be conveyed.
" His heart he devoted to watching.....to the Lord."—Eccl. 39.

V.

(On the obverse face of the Temporary Tomb.)

DANIEL O'CONNELL

Was of surpassing piety towards God,
Towards the God-bearing Virgin,
To whose protection he had recommended himself
With singular devotion.
But in the justice, integrity, fortitude of mind, liberality,
Diligence, and ease, with which he adapted himself to all,
He was compared to none.
Which virtues of his mind into his four sons
With such sedulousness he instilled,
That it would seem he had destined them not so much for
Himself as for God and his Country.
May they long remain after him!
“Let the generations of the righteous be blessed.”—Ps. cxi.

A medallion, representing him clasping the crucifix to his heart, was over the door of the temple-like mausoleum—over it the text, “In memoria æterna erit justus.” On the other three sides of the mausoleum, each with one of the three inscriptions under it (24 feet square), were represented, in alto relievo, his first entering into parliament—his going to return thanks in the Metropolitan Church, when elected Lord Mayor—and his liberation from prison. A colossal figure of Religion surmounted the temple.

Rome, 30th June, 1847.

BELOVED FRIEND—Again I return to the subject of the funeral of the “Hero of Christianity,” as the supreme Pontiff, Pius IX., entitled our Liberator, your father, of *truly* “GLORIOUS AND IMMORTAL MEMORY.” It was resumed to-day with a splendour not greater certainly than that of Monday last, because greater than that it could not possibly be; but (a fact, perhaps, without example) it was resumed again to-day, and that with an ardour and a concourse of multitudes which distinctly evince that the enthusiasm by which the Romans of every order, and the strangers of every country were gathered round his cenotaph on the former occasion was not the offspring of a shallow and fleeting sentimentality, but a genuine Catholic instinct, as benign and irresistible in its results as it is imperishable in the divine origin and principle from which it springs—and which must continue to communicate itself from soul to soul, and from people to people, until it embraces them all. But here again I must protest against any intent to give you, by my feeble words, a description of the scene I return from witnessing. Vain, most vain, would be the attempt; but that your family, and the entire Irish people, to the latest posterity, may have, at least, some shadow to remind them of the great things which have come to pass in these

two glorious days, I have taken care that the cenotaph and the scene presented in the church during the function, shall be depicted by one of the ablest of the Roman artists. Engravings are to be made from the paintings, and thus the pencil may effect what cannot be done by the pen. For the present all I can do is to supply a few of the many omissions of my last letter.

I stated that the funeral of Monday was solemnized by special command of Pius IX., that his Holiness, not by the expression of his will alone, but by other means, enjoined that it should be characterized by the greatest magnificence. In furtherance of this, it was his own successor in the see of Imolas, his Eminence Cardinal Balieffi, who gave the absolution, wearing the papal vestments, and preceded by the papal cross. The bishop who sang the requiem mass was Monsignore D'Andrea di Napoli, late nuncio to Switzerland, and at present Secretary to the congregation of the Council of Trent. Three parish priests of Rome acted as deacon, sub-deacon, and master of the ceremonies, still to add dignity to the function, and to make it more emphatically the act of the Roman church. I also omitted to state, that amongst the students of the various colleges marshalled round the cenotaph were those of the Apollonari, which is the diocesan seminary of the Pope as Bishop of Rome. Instead of one hundred, as I stated, there were more than 200 masses on Monday. The General of the Order of the Jesuits, who was first in the sacristy, ascended the altar soon after four in the morning. I may mention here, that although no invitations were issued to the clergy for to-day, the altars were occupied from the dawn up to 10 A.M., so that the Theatine Fathers who serve the church of Saint Andrea della Valle, were obliged to send at an early hour to the Irish College, to have the help of the students in serving the masses.

In short all Rome is moved, and nothing else is talked of but the magnificence of the cenotaph, and the decorations, the pomp of the ceremonies, the enchanting perfection of the music, the immensity and brilliancy of the concourse. But above all the rest, it is the funeral oration which is the theme of every tongue; already it is in course of being translated into French, German, Spanish, &c. Tomorrow I forward a copy of it to a literary friend, eminently qualified to do it justice in our language. Depend upon it these events, but particularly the oration of the Padre Ventura, will turn out to be a stroke which will make itself felt through Christendom, to the universal and manifest advantage of civil and religious liberty.

You can have no notion of the spirit with which even the Roman people, properly so called, have combined to render this magnificent compliment to the Liberator of Catholic Ireland all that it should be.

Nor is it alone that the mere echoes of his renown have told on the ears of this posterity of kings and martyrs—this people who for grandeur of soul and perfectly Christian instinct surpass all others—they have become indoctrinated with the great principles of our unequalled Chief. May I so express myself, they have become thoroughly Irish. They *now* know our position—the perils over which we have triumphed—the perils still more menacing which we have yet to overcome.

The sublime funeral oration of Padre Ventura will be read in every

dialect of mankind, and not without the most important results. A cardinal, high in the confidence of his Holiness, assured us of so much to-day. It is an event, said his Eminence, which will live in the history of the church. I may mention that the highest grade of opinion in Rome is only reflected in the noble and brilliant discourses to which I have referred. To this great and gifted son of the church we have presented this morning, besides the feeble expression of our grateful admiration, a chalice of trifling value, that we might not seem altogether wanting in that virtue which they say so pre-eminently belongs to our nation; but I shall be sadly deceived if Ireland will not know how to make up for our shortcomings in this respect. To the Supreme Pontiff himself, to their Eminences the Cardinals, especially to Cardinal Franzoni, who has proved himself another father to our suffering country—to Cardinal Balieffi, who gave the absolution on Monday, and to his Eminence the Grand Penitentiary, the Cardinal Castreani, who gave the absolution to-day, we have nothing but our homage and most profound expressions of acknowledgment to offer. To the prelates also who officiated we shall endeavour to present a similar tribute, if it be possible to effect what we design in the few hours intervening between the closing of this hasty letter and our departure; but with all this you will see at a glance how much we still leave to be done by IRELAND.

I forgot to state that it was by the branch at Rome of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith that the funeral was celebrated to-day; the Cardinal Vicar, who is its president, was delighted in giving the necessary permission to the society for this application of their funds to add this new and extraordinary mark of favour and respect to all the rest.

The Scripture texts hung round the Basilica, which I was not able to procure on Monday, I send to-day. They are in Latin, because that is the language of Catholicity, and as such is familiar even to the *basso ceto* of Rome; but by the references which are given you can easily substitute the English version. Pray place the numbers 1, 2, 3, &c., before them, because they form a series not inaptly illustrative of the characteristics of your great parent's life.

A copy of the requiem and the absolution performed on the first day of the choir of 100 voices—*Roman* voices!—has been presented to us by the celebrated modern composer, M. Andrea Salesi, who presided. The honour of forming the choir was assigned to the Irish students, and admirably did they prove how deserving they were of this distinction.

In addition to the ambassadors, whom I mentioned in my last, the Ambassador of France was present to-day—certainly, in his Excellency's regard, nothing could be more *apropos* than the Padre Ventura's discourse, as you will say when you have read it. The civic guards were marshalled as on Monday last—their colonel and his *etat major*, as before, bearing lighted tapers in their hands at the canon of the mass and the absolution. The Basilica was crowded—from 14,000 to 15,000 people being present. Oh! could you have looked, as we did, with tearful eyes and hearts brimming over with emotions which no tongue could utter—could you have gazed upon that vast and fervidly agitated sea of life—the colleges in their white

raiments—their complexions indicating the shade of every clime, as they stood bearing lighted torches round the towering mausoleum, adorned with the *fasti* of your father's life, and surmounted by the statue of Religion—could your ears have drunk in the hallowed melody which reverberated from that dome, itself sustained by the Evangelists as only Domenichino knew how to paint them, and glowing above with those gorgeous tints of Lanfranc, representing the realms of bliss—oh, I doubt not but a tithe of consolation, pure as the regard which the Virgin Mother seemed to cast down from her throne of beatitude upon his bier, must have filled your heart, inciting and strengthening you to perseverance in following the example he has left, and I may, nay must, add, *bequeathed* so emphatically to you.

To conclude—Scenes not to be over-estimated in importance for our country and our church, have been in this instance acted here. Rome now holds ~~his~~ mighty heart as one of her proudest treasures. But I must close.

Ever yours,

J. MILEY.

John O'Connell, Esq., M.P.

The following are the Scripture texts hung round the Basilica, and alluded to in the Rev. Dr. Miley's letter. We (*Freeman's Journal*) also subjoin the translation of those texts from the Douay version of the Bible:—

1. Clamaverant ad Dominum, qui suscitavit iis Salvatorem.—Jud. iii., 15.
2. Clamor filiorum Israel venit ad me, vicique afflictionem eorum, quia ab Egyptius opprimuntur veni et mittam te ut educares populum meum. Ego ero tecum.—Exod. iii. 9, 10, 11.
3. Dedit ei Deus sapientiam, et prudentiam multam nimis, et latitudinem cordis.—3 Reg. iv., 29.
4. Ab infantia mea mecum crevit miseria, et de utero matris mee egressa est mecum.—Job xxxi., 18.
5. Justitia indutus sum, et vestivi me vestimento, et diademate judicio meo. Oculus fui cæco, et pes claude.—Job xxix., 14, 15.
6. Ipse est directus divinitus in penitentiam gentis, et tulit abominaciones iniquitatis, et gubernavit ad Dominum eorsipsum, et in diebus peccatorum corroboravit pietatem.—Eccles. xlix., 3, 4.
7. Ubi non est gubernator, populus corrumpet.—Prov. xi., 14.
8. In vita sua suffulsi domum, et in diebus suis corroboravi templum.—Eccii. i., 1.
9. Custodivit illum ab inimicis, et certamen forte dedit illi ut vinceret.—Sap. x., 12.
10. Mendaces ostendit qui maculaverunt illum, et dedit illi claritatem æternam.—Sap. x., 14.
11. Populum justum liberavit a nationibus, qui illum deprimebant.—Sap. x., 15.
12. Vos, filii confortamini, et viriter agite in lege, quia in ea gloriosi eritis.—1 Mac. ii., 64.

13. Majorem hæc delectione nemo habet, ut animum suam penat quis pro amicis suis.—Joan xv., 13.

14. Mortuus est pater et quasi non est mortuus—similem enim sibi reliquit post se. In vita sua vidit et lætatus est in illo ; in obtu suo non est contristatus, nec confusus coram inimicis.—Eccli. xxx., 4.

15. Præcepit Josue principibus diceas —mementoto cermonis, quem præcepit vobis Moyses famulus Domini, et responderunt ad Josue ; Omnia quæcumque præcepisti nobis laciemus sicut obedivimus in cunctis Moyse, ita obediemus tibi.—Josue i., 16.

16. Deceaset non solum juvenibus, sed et universæ genti memoriam mortis suæ ad examplum virtutis, et fortitudinis derelinquens.—2 Mac. vi., 31.

17. Cum placurint Domino via hominis, inimicus quoque ejus convertet ad pacem.—Prov. xvi., 7.

18. Sapiens in populo hereditabit honorem, et nomen illius erit vivens in æternam.—Eccli. xxxvii., 29.

TRANSLATION.

1. They cried to the Lord, who had raised them up a Saviour.—Judges iii., 15.

2. The cry of the children of Israel is come unto me, and I have seen their afflictions wherewith they are oppressed by the Egyptians. But come and I will send thee that thou mayest bring forth my people. I shall be with thee.—Exod. iii., 9, 10, 11.

3. And God gave him wisdom and understanding, exceeding much and largeness of heart.—3 Kings iv., 29.

4. From my infancy mercy grew up with me ; and it came out with me from my mother's womb.—Job xxxi., 18.

5. I was clad with justice, and I clothed myself with my judgment, as with a robe and a diadem. I was an eye to the blind, and a foot to the lame.—Job xxix., 14, 15.

6. He was directed by God unto the repentance of the nation, and he took away the abominations of wickedness ; and he directed his heart towards the Lord, and in the days of sinners he strengthened godliness.—Eccles. xlix., 3, 4.

7. Where there is no governor the people shall fall.—Prov. xi., 14.

8. In his life he propped up the house, and in his days he fortified the temple.—Eccles. i., 1.

9. He kept him safe from his enemies, and gave him a strong conflict, that he might overcome.—Wisdom x., 12.

10. He showed them to be liars that had accused him, and gave him everlasting glory.—Wisdom x., 14.

11. He delivered the just people from the nations that oppressed him.—Wisdom v., 15.

12. You, my sons, therefore take courage, and behave manfully in the law, for by it you shall be glorious.—1 Mac. ii., 64.

13. Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends.—John xv., 13.

14. His father is dead, and he is as if he was not dead ; for he

hath left one behind him that is like himself. While he lived he saw and rejoiced in him, and when he died he was not sorrowful; neither was he confounded before his enemies.—Eccles. xxx., 4.

15. Josue commanded the princes of the people, saying, remember the word which Moses, the servant of the Lord, commanded you; and they made answer to Josue and said, all that thou hast commanded us we will do. And we obeyed Moses in all things, so will we obey thee also.—Josue i., 16.

16. He died, leaving not only to young men, but also to the whole nation, the memory of his death, for an example of virtue and fortitude.—2 Mac. vi., 31.

17. When the ways of man shall please the Lord, he will convert even his enemies to peace.—Prov. xvi., 7.

18. A wise man shall inherit honour among his people; and his name shall live for ever.—Eccles. xxxvii., 29.

These letters form the most fitting introduction to the annexed pamphlet, containing the oration of the Very Rev. Father Ventura.

THE
FUNERAL ORATION
ON
DANIEL O'CONNELL, M.P.

DELIVERED IN ROME, JUNE 28TH & 30TH, 1847; .

BY THE
VERY REV. FATHER VENTURA,

EX-GENERALE DE' CHIERICI REGOLARI,

*Consulitore della Sacra Congregazione de' Riti ed Esaminatore
dei Vescovi e del Clero Romano,*

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN

BY
WILLIAM BERNARD MAC CABE, ESQ.,

Author of "A Catholic History of England."

"Simon Magnus, qui liberavit gentem suam a perditione; et in diebus suis
corroboravit templum."—*Eccles. ch. 50.*

DUBLIN:
PUBLISHED BY JAMES DUFFY, 10, WELLINGTON-QUAY.
1847.

DEDICATION

TO

THE REV. JOHN MILEY, D. D.

I HOPE you may not deem the following translation unworthy of your acceptance. If it should but convey one hundredth part of the beauty, the grace, and the genius of the original, it might be considered as a tribute that could, with some appearance of propriety, be presented to the devoted friend and the chosen priest of O'Connell.

My thoughts respecting him have long been identified with you. I remember being by chance his travelling companion from London to Dublin, on the 21st May, 1844. He was then proceeding from his attendance on a British parliament, to appear before an Irish bench of justice, to be sentenced to incarceration in an Irish prison.

The books he had brought with him were some of Mr. Newman's "Lives of the English Saints;" and the work then recently published, "The Anglican Church, the Creature and Slave of the State," by the Rev. Mr. Cooper of Marlborough-street. He spoke much in praise of such books, but most of all, of your "Rome under Paganism and the Popes;" and having dwelt with *his* enthusiasm on its opening chapters, he then spoke of yourself. The terms shall not be repeated here; but sufficient to say, that I was not surprised to see, when sickness was strong upon him, that earth was fading away from his contemplation, and heaven beheld, as with a nearer view—that you should be by his side; and aiding him onward to that great change which is for us all, the little as well as the great, beset with pain and strewn with agony.

It is but fitting that to you, who saw fade from earth that great mind, which was a power in this world—who revered O'Connell not less as your leader than as your penitent, who have made great sacrifices for him who was esteemed by you as "the father of his country," should receive from all who belong to Ireland the tribute of their esteem and their gratitude.

Amongst the humblest of such offerings, I pray you to accept the following translation. The hours given to it, you are aware, have been taken from a life of ceaseless labour. Receive it as the only tribute which can be tendered to you, by one whose greatest consolation in life is, that he is honoured by your friendship.

WILLIAM B. MAC CABE.

PREFACE.*

Finding myself in need of some repose, by reason of the unremitting labours which I underwent, during the last eight months, in the exercise of the ecclesiastical ministry, and hence, fully determined on not charging myself with additional undertakings, I had, at first, declined the task of pronouncing the Funeral Oration of the immortal O'Connell. The greatness, and the entirely peculiar circumstances, of the personage who was to form its subject, contributed, likewise not a little, to this refusal—O'Connell was not an ordinary man: but of those whose second appears not; one of those whom God calls into existence for the accomplishment of great designs, of which, at first, He alone is conscious, but which the course of events, subsequently manifests to the world. O'Connell was a mighty genius; the praise of genius cannot fittingly be pronounced, except by genius, and hence I considered the proposed theme far above me and my abilities.

Besides, the glory of O'Connell consists in his having compelled the greatest power of the earth to submit, with a becoming grace, to that law, which a private individual had, in a manner, imposed upon it. For it has been always, and still is, the peculiar characteristic of English wisdom, to resist, as long as resistance can be of any use, and when further resistance is no longer practical, then to make a timely concession rather than expose itself to one of those dreadful catastrophes, in which, ultimately, all is lost, through means of a foolish obstinacy in wishing to preserve all. The glory of O'Connell has been, that he, alone, has restored the civil and religious liberty of his country, through means of a peaceful revolution, and that one of the greatest recorded in history. The glory of O'Connell has been, to have brought about the triumph of liberty by the aid of religion, and of religion by that of liberty. Was it, then, possible to recall the memory of these glories of O'Connell, without exciting the resentment and antipathies of a darksome policy, which the bare name of liberty scares as a spectre—disturbs as the misgivings of a remorseful conscience? Was it possible to avoid drawing upon oneself the censure of persons so imbrued with antiquated ideas, as to have neither understanding to discern, nor heart to be alive to that little good which is to be found in the midst of much evil, in the more modern views of mankind.

Again, on the other hand, to bury in complete silence, or touch but lightly on the principal title which has elevated O'Connell to the rank of being the most extraordinary and most wonderful personage of our age, would have been doing nought else than dwindling down into diminished proportions, one of the greatest minds that ever appeared for the glory and comfort of humanity.

* The Publisher is indebted to the Rev. Dr. Ford, for the translation of this Preface.

For all these reasons together, I would not at first hear of my undertaking the task of pronouncing the eulogium in question; nor should I eventually have yielded, but to considerations, to invitations and to wishes, that savoured of command, and which it would be impossible to resist, even through humility, without incurring the guilt of pride.

In submitting, therefore, to undertake a task of such delicacy and difficulty, I made it my fixed resolve to discharge it with all that freedom of thought, which the Catholic religion permits in matters of doubt. In *dubiis libertas*: with an entire sincerity of heart; with a sovereign disregard of all personal risk; with total forgetfulness of all self-interest; and all this with a view to raise myself, in some sort, to a level with the loftiness of my subject, by, at least, a nobility of feeling, since I was conscious that I was placed far beneath it, in point of intellectual ability.

No consideration, in fact, has withheld me from eulogizing O'Connell in that precise point of view wherein he was most deserving of encomium; and from, moreover, proclaiming aloud, without equivocation or reservation, truths the most harsh and unpleasant, both as regards those who govern and those who are governed, and which truths are, however, the most salutary and the best adapted for securing the stability of thrones, the happiness of nations, and the triumph of religion.

It is to be observed that there exists, at the present day, a two-fold antipathy to religion, the one *total* and *absolute*, the other *relative* and *conditional*. The absolute is that whereby religion is hated on its own account as such; and hence, the feeling is extended to the church, ecclesiastics, and all that appertains to religion. This sort of antipathy is the horrible echo, still enduring, of the infernal motto of Voltaire: "Ecrasez l'in fame, et la superstition." The relative and conditional antipathy is that whereby religion is, indeed, an object of dislike: not, however, on its own account, but inasmuch as it is foolishly imagined to be jealous of, and inimical to, intellectual development and liberty.

There is, however, in the Italian character, an element of Catholicity, whence, try as he will, the Italian cannot, without trouble and discontent, do without the Catholic religion; and this is one of the reasons that heresiarchs and heretics have never succeeded in making a settlement in this beautiful and privileged portion of the world. Absolute antipathy to the Catholic religion is of most rare occurrence, and only to be found buried deep in the heart of some aged sectarian, who has been imbued from his very infancy with the prejudices and Anti-Christian ideas of the unbelieving philosophy of the eighteenth century; it is such as shall die without posterity—for the vice of hatred is cursed with barrenness: it procures accomplices, but does not give birth to inheritors. Love alone is fruitful, generative of and reproducing a being like itself, and ever perpetuating the same truth.

Such, however, is not the case respecting that antipathy, which we have termed *relative* or *conditional*. The middle order—that composed of reflecting, reasoning persons, be it agreeable or the contrary—is the most influential—that which transforms into itself, in the long run—arranges and reduces to its own likeness, the extremes of the social body; all its rising generation; all its intellect and all its feeling; for the union of soul and the harmony of intelligent beings, cannot be maintained but by the instrumentality of the intellectual element,

which is the sense of the saying of Paschal, that "opinion is the queen of the world." Now, this middle class is completely swallowed up in, and intent on the ideas of intellectual development and of liberty; and so firmly established are those ideas in the mind, so deeply engraven on the heart, that the man who declares against them, inspires nought but distrust, repugnance, antipathy, and contempt.

Since, then, as I have shewn* that the church, in her wisdom, has forborne to speak of liberty; nay, has been forced, in some sense, to stigmatize it, by reason of the abuse made of its name: the disciples of Voltaire have availed themselves of this silence and of those anathemas, for the purpose of persuading the masses, that the church, antagonist, as it undoubtedly is, of that which is false, is also inimical to genuine liberty—that Christianity is synonymous with intellectual darkness, and that priests and monks are the undoubted enemies, and the implacable foes to every species of development, and of every description of liberty.

Moreover, the system of the so-called *divine right* in political concerns, as represented by a celebrated ultramontane school, goes at bottom to maintain, that the public authority in a state is above reason; whereas, according to the celebrated expression of Bossuet, "God himself must be in accordance with right reason." The divine right, taken in this sense, places human authority above God himself, and is no other than the deification of tyranny, and an idolatrous worship of sovereign power. Such opinions, then, being contrary to reason, as well as to sound feeling and the natural instinct of humanity, and as such, absolutely inadmissible on the score of truth, it was deduced as a conclusion, that neither could that religion be true, which makes profession of them, teaches them, and constitutes them, a necessary condition of its formule.

Since, then, this dreadful doctrine, far better suited to expose authority to execration and destruction, than to procure support, and inspire sentiments of love for it, has been wrongfully assigned by some mistaken jurists to the Catholic church and system of instruction; it followed, that the antipathy which it awakens, has been extended, even in Italy, to Catholic teaching, and to the church. God and our Saviour, Catholic doctrines and Catholic institutions, the church and the ecclesiastical body, have been involved in similar hatred and contempt. Oh! were they but aware of the great detriment, the extreme detriment, which some ecclesiastics, of more zeal than discretion, have occasioned to the people and to the church, by wishing to make an article of divine faith, of a mere human opinion; and of contracting into a political faction, that which is the true assemblage of the faithful, or the true church! Aye! even thus it is they have estranged, from the observances of religion, enormous numbers of Christians, and have cast them forth from the circle of Catholic unity, into the abyss of deism and indifference.

The time for indulging in this delusion has passed away. As long as the prejudices, the destructive errors, which a concurrence of unfortunate events have eventuated, in accrediting, touching the pretended alliance or complicity of the church, with the excesses or abuse of power, shall continue to keep their hold, in vain shall we, ministers of religion, hope to draw around us the intelligent, social body; they will continue to progress without us, and if we do not place ourselves at their head, they will array themselves against us and above us.

* See Oration, Second Day. §. 53.

I will go farther and say, that if a disturbance should take place in Italy, under the influence of these prejudices, and of these erroneous notions, that it would prove Anti-Christian and anti-ecclesiastic in the extreme. The cry—"down with the priests, down with the monks," would receive a dreadful and practical verification. The church would be exposed to horrors, more dire than those of which, at the commencement of the present century, it was the victim—and since, as I have already observed, the Italian, in his inmost soul, loves the Catholic religion, his hatred against it and its ministers would be confirmed and augmented, by the despair of ever harmonizing with a religion which is necessary for his very existence; by the feeling of vexation at the idea of being thrust back by it—of finding an enemy in that religion, of which he has an immense necessity, and which enlists all his sympathies; in fine, by that feeling of infuriated rage, into which love, disappointed in its most ardent aspirations, always degenerates. "*Frustrata cupiditas vertitur in furorem*:" (Aug.) There is nothing more terrible, and nought so unsparing, as the passion of love spurred on by rage, or rage exacerbated by love.

Behold, therefore, of what, and how great importance it is, that we, ecclesiastics, should, at the present time, address ourselves to the cultivated Italian public, in a strain capable of removing from their minds those fatal prejudices against the church, with which a "propaganda" of irreligion and disorder has sought to imbue them. Behold of what, and how great moment it is, that we should, at the present time, come forward and manifest ourselves without simulation or dissimulation, but with the sincerity, candour, sense, and power of conviction, which appertain to the ministers of a religion of truth—manifest ourselves friendly to, and supporters of, a discreet and legitimate development of a discreet and legitimate liberty! Behold of what and how great importance it is, at present, that the great Pontiff, whom God has granted, so wonderfully, to his church—elevating himself above all the petty considerations of human policy—that he, too, should speak in the tone of the people, to make them feel a taste for his heavenly instructions—that he should take to heart their temporal, in order to inspire them with a more lively zeal for their eternal interests; and that he should make them understand, that he is fully alive to, and willing to undertake, the complete discharge of the glorious and sublime mission of the supreme pontificate, to be not only pastor and teacher in the supernatural and divine order, but also, in the civil and political; to be the father, the guardian, and the champion, given by God to all Christian people.

There are certain political prejudices, which are not less common than they are deeply rooted. By dint of intrigue and deceit, the unthinking and unguarded have been led into the persuasion that sovereigns are the enemies of their people; that monarchy is incompatible with political freedom; that this freedom is not to be sought after by petition, but to be seized by force; that it is a plant which thrives under the pruning of the axe, bears its finest blossoms in blood; and that insurrection is the only resource against oppression. With regard to sovereigns, on the other hand, it was judged expedient to persuade them that their people are the enemies of their authority and of their existence; that there can be no peace with them; that order cannot be maintained in the state otherwise than by the aid of force; and that the art of good government consists, at the present time, in such an organization and adaptation of public force, as shall leave the persons

and purses of the governed open to vexation and extortion with impunity. And through means of this feeling of reciprocal jealousy, of mutual distrust, which has ultimately been settled in the mind of the people towards their sovereigns, and of the sovereigns in regard of their people, has it come to pass that they are placed in mutual antagonism to each other; in a state of permanent war, whence arise violent tendencies towards despotism on the one hand, and of anarchy on the other, that at every moment imperil the order and endanger the very existence of society itself.

In opposition to all such prejudices, whether in religion or politics, I have taken a bold and determined position in the course of this Funeral Oration. Entering into the spirit of the great man to whose memory it is dedicated, and exhibiting his glorious achievements in their general bearings, as well as in their results, I have endeavoured to establish that so far from religion being inimical to liberty, that there is not, and there cannot be, genuine liberty without true religion.

I have, moreover, with a view to calm the apprehensions and allay the scruples of simple well disposed persons, urged the great fact of modern days, that religion, far from having reasonable grounds of fear from political liberty, can, on the contrary, alone triumph and advance under its favour and protection, and I have manifested not only that it is possible, but still more, that it is necessary there must be a sincere alliance between both.

At the same time, however, and with the same earnestness, I have directed my attack against all the political prejudices of subjects against their rulers, and of governments against their subjects. I have explained the Catholic doctrine touching the points of passive resistance and active obedience, alone consistent with public order and the dignity of man's nature. I have condemned with all the power of reason and strength of language I could command, the desperate resource of insurrection, and the use of brute force against the abuse of power; while to the ruling power, I, to the best of my ability, have intimated, and if possible, made feel that it is a mistake to look with suspicion on liberty, that it is a principle of order and of power, and the sole, the most efficient means of disarming revolutionary violence and of bringing it, once for all, to a termination. Thus have I endeavoured to reconcile the sovereign with the subject, the people with their rulers, order with liberty.

The tenor of my discourse to some, has been an occasion of scandal, to others of surprise; but as regards the great body of those who were gathered together to hear it, I can indulge in a holy joy in the Lord, that the truth of its principles has been understood; the purity of intention with which it was pronounced, properly estimated; the value of consequences to which it led, duly prized. Those who have been present at the delivery of this discourse, new in outward form of expression, but ancient, if we regard the doctrines which it develops, will, in justice, testify that it is not a vain boast to assert, that seldom has pulpit oratory been crowned with a result so noble, so solid, so universally diffused. While I was detailing the noble sympathies, the secret relations of true religion with true liberty, a feeling of inexpressible joy shone upon every face. Each one appeared to say within himself, "it is, then, a mistaken notion, that the Catholic religion is adverse to liberty; we can love liberty without ceasing to be Catholics, without passing for unbelievers." Thus, a lover inflamed with resentment against a tenderly loved spouse, falsely represented as unfaithful, experiences an indescribable sentiment of self-gratulation, on the innocence of his

dearly beloved having been manifested to him, and the proof afforded that she has never ceased to be worthy of his attachment.

Similar were the tokens of internal content which appeared on the countenance, when I spoke of the possible bond of union between order and liberty, between the ideas of a rational onward movement and fidelity to the sovereign. "Blessed be God!" all appeared to say, "we can love liberty and improvement, without being mistaken for rebels;" and, when, at the close of my discourse, in a tone of deepest conviction and tenderest affection (for I both know and love the Roman people), I thus addressed them: "No, dear Romans, you are not such as a certain person would fain, calumniously, make you appear. No, you are not the foes to the Pontifical authority, to the ecclesiastical body, or to order. If you love the liberty of honest men, you also love the sovereign sway of the Head of the Church and of religion." At these words, the audience no longer controlled itself, a murmur of sincere and general approbation was heard throughout, which would have broken out into a less constrained mode of expression, if I myself, mindful of the respect due to the holy place, had not hastened to repress it. Behold, then, exposed to the public, by a most unequivocal and solemn attestation, the true, recognized, sincere and common sentiments of the Roman people.

Similar effects, I flatter myself, may be produced in the other portions of the Papal States, and even amongst other nations, by this formal announcement of the doctrines contained in this discourse; so, at least, persons not used to flatter me, have encouraged me to hope, assuring me that this harangue, under present circumstances, is an event which will produce an immense sensation within and without Italy.

I could here adduce their testimony and cite their very words; but lest it should appear, that in giving expression to an eulogium of O'Connell, I sought to pronounce my own, I content myself with but one, and that not so much for self-exaltation, as in self-defence, against such as have conscientiously considered themselves warranted in charging my doctrine as dangerous and chimerical, and my intentions as sinister. Moreover, I do not think I should suffer the present opportunity to pass, without doing public and merited justice to the moderation and prudence of the Roman censorship of the press. To omit, then, that the Theological Censor, the vastness of whose information, and the ardour of whose zeal in the ecclesiastical ministry, the public knows and admires, and the Supreme Pontiff has just remunerated—to omit that this personage, no less distinguished for his knowledge than for his virtue, has not discovered even a point worthy of censure in my discourse, I shall only say, that the most learned President of the Tribunal, who unites in himself a profound knowledge of antiquity, with a solid information and refined sense of modernized ideas, in returning to me the oration, with his "Imprimatur," has addressed me, by letter, in the following words: "As I had great pleasure in sanctioning the publication of your last sermon, pronounced in St. Peter's, regardless of the prejudices of some individuals, either excessively simple minded, or indiscreetly zealous, so, also, have I now much greater pleasure in giving my approval to the Funeral Eulogium pronounced by you in memory of the celebrated O'Connell, because I judge that address to be not only most eloquent, but, moreover, to be well calculated to rectify many erroneous ideas, as to do great good."

The most discreet president, has only directed my attention to a single word* which was liable to a sinister interpretation, and which I

* See last sentence in Second Day's Oration §. 69.

hasten to anticipate and prevent, by a little note purposely subjoined. I can, therefore, affirm, to the honour—willingly do I declare it—of the learned censors, that in the present edited discourse, is found everything that I pronounced by word of mouth, without a single syllable being curtailed, but, on the contrary, with the addition of many passages, which, in the recital, I omitted, to avoid over-fatiguing the audience and myself, wearied by a delivery, on the first day alone, of about two hours.

To the greater honour of the above mentioned distinguished president, I think myself obliged to add, that, not thinking myself authorized, without permission, to publish the extract above given, from the letter—this permission has been accorded by the excellent writer, in those terms which clearly manifest the sincerity and generosity of his sentiments:—"Your printer" he says "has informed me, that you were desirous of publishing the first paragraph of the former letter, which I wrote to you, but that you would not do so without being authorized, I now inform you, that, as in that paragraph I stated what was my most sincere conviction, you can, accordingly, make whatever use of it you deem fit."

Let me add, in the last place, regarding the immediate political results of this discourse, that they are not without their importance. The people, as a body, have, invariably, an exquisite sense, by means of which it discovers, and, as it were, divines whatever bears the character of utility and truth. In the popular meetings, then, which have taken place since the delivery of this oration, the speakers have urged nothing but the maxims contained in pages 20, 21, and which, in consideration of existing circumstances, I have inculcated with all my power. That sentiment, in particular, that "the man who resorts to physical force for redress, is undeserving of liberty," is in every one's mouth. A day or two ago, likewise, in a gathering of young men, one of them having called out, "a cheer for liberty," it was immediately subjoined, "yes: but such as has been preached by Father Ventura."

It is, therefore, no vanity to say, that under the guidance of Providence, I have had the happiness of doing a service, in the first place, to religion, the love of which alone gives vital energy to my existence, and, in the second place, to public order, and that, even my very censurers in particular, if they consult the testimony of their conscience, must admit, that they owe no slight obligation to the self-same man whom they have carped at. Let them not, however, imagine that I say so with any feeling of resentment. The Christian, much more, the ecclesiastic, is a man of forgiveness. Those, therefore, who, with intentions which I will not attempt to define, are bent on my downfall, may rest assured, that whatever be the personal influence, or the power of language, however trivial, the Almighty may have pleased to grant me, both shall be unceasingly devoted to their defence: happy shall I esteem myself, should I be found competent to protect them.

But if I have had critics at home, I must expect to find them likewise abroad. Like the great man, whose praises I have undertaken to celebrate—my object, that of reconciling religion with liberty, and the interests of subjects with the stability of the throne, will be misapprehended. The organizers of revolt will unite with the satellites and abject fawners upon authority, in censuring me. The former will seek to deprive me of the people's confidence, traducing me as the accomplice of despotic rule, the latter will endeavour to draw upon me the odium of authority, pointing me out as a demagogue. The fact, however, is as positive as it is indisputable, that the doctrine which I uphold is

one that I maintain in common with all the bishops of Ireland, of France, of Spain, of America; with all who are at this day distinguished by their noble intellects, and their generous hearts; and I might still ascend still higher with my authorities, on that point, if it were allowable to bring into the discussion of private opinions, the most great, and most sacred authority. Should I then be deemed to be in error, it is an error that is accompanied with honor. It is well, when a man can err as an associate of the good.

Persons of the old school of policy will, perhaps, look down upon me, with scorn. I am as indifferent to their opinion, as I am free from any obligation to them. I do not look for their applause, and I never sought for their favor. I do not, however, despair, that with God's help and the progress of time, that every good, that every pure intentioned, and that every philanthropic man will do me justice. Nor, mayhap, will it be so difficult to find that those who are sincerely the friends of religion, and of public order, and princes themselves, should this small pamphlet ever reach their hands, may be able to recognize, that in the apparent severity of my language, there are to be found the words of one who is a sincere friend to their interests, and an advocate for their welfare; and that they may thus, and whilst it is still time, come to the conviction, that those who are pedants in polity, are the worst enemies to society, as pedants in literature are the greatest foes to a true and great task.

But should I be disappointed in this expectation—why, even then, I will neither be disheartened nor dismayed. No chance can occur, that I have not previously surmised, and to which I am not, by anticipation, resigned. Well do I know, that we cannot grasp at any good, without our hands being stung by the passions we thus provoke. These are my sentiments—they are not selfish—they are not mean. They will be appreciated by my connexions, and by my friends, and cannot but win for me their prayers, and good wishes. In every case, and under all circumstances, I will bear in mind the example of our Saviour, Jesus Christ, of His doctrines, and of His promises to those whose lot it is to suffer persecution in the cause of justice and of truth.

THE FUNERAL ORATION

UPON

O'CONNELL.

PART I.

"Simon Magnus, qui liberavit gentem suam a perditione; et in diebus suis corroboravit templum."—*Eccles. ch. 50, v. 1, et 1, 5.*

1. Thus the day, to which we had looked forward as the object of our desires, and the hope of our congratulations, has been changed into one of mourning and of grief! He has come amongst us; but, alas! not as we had expected to see him. "*Conversi sunt nobis dies votorum nostrorum in lacrymas; siquidem nobis, non qualis sperabamus, advenit.*"—(Ambros. in obitu Valentiniani.)

Such is the manner in which an Ambrose lamented for the Emperor Valentinian; and in the self-same mode ought we to deplore the death of the celebrated and immortal Christian, Daniel O'Connell—one of the brightest glories of Catholicity—the greatest, the most extraordinary, the most stupendous individual of modern times—previous to the period at which Pious IX. revealed himself to this earth. It was whilst Rome awaited his arrival to *fete* him, that she has seen brought to her a portion of his mortal remains—his heart—that she may weep over it: and the very moment which we had calculated upon as being able to look at, and admire, him as a living man, is that in which we are called upon, as we are all here to-day, to pray for him, as one of the departed: *Conversi sunt nobis dies votorum nostrorum in lacrymas; siquidem nobis, non qualis sperabamus, advenit.*

2. But, how comes it to pass, my dearest brethren, that you should show such anxiety, such eagerness, such enthusiasm—first, in your admiration of the living man, and now in doing honour to his memory and his name? How comes it that a stranger, born two thousand miles away from Rome, should be able to awaken an interest so profound and so universal? Ah! I believe I have discovered the reason for this, and that I can find it in your hearts. I know you thoroughly; I perceive that you are animated with two noble instincts: with two sublime attachments to the two greatest objects—objects in which every species of force may be found concentrated—against which every device is vain—opposed to which every effort is null—adverse to which every undertaking is deadly—in conflict with which every opponent perishes; these two objects are true religion, and true liberty.

Now, Daniel O'Connell, the Simon of the New Law, was truly

great, for his entire life was devoted to work out the triumph of the true church—the temple of God amongst men; and because he liberated his people from oppression, he merited the noble eulogium which the Scripture has expressed with respect to the Simon of the Old Law: *Simon Magnus, qui liberavit gentem suam a perditione, et in diebus suis corroboravit templum.*

It is, then, because these two loves—the love of religion, and the love of liberty—common to all good princes, to all great minds, to all truly learned men, to all elevated souls, to all generous hearts, might be said to be personified in Daniel O'Connell—because in him they manifested themselves in all the perfection of their nature—in all the energy of their deeply-felt conviction—in all the potency of their strength—in all the splendour of their magnificence, and in all the glory of their triumph; it is because of all this that this singular man, who was born and has lived at such a distance from Rome, is now admired—is now wept for by you as if he had been born in the midst of you. Hence it is, that this great character, this sublime nature has awakened all your sympathies. Hence it is that his noble heart, which never beat but for the love of religion, of his country, and the poor, now makes your hearts palpitate.

3. You, then, anticipate me—you inspire me—you dictate to me the plan according to which should be composed that funeral eulogium which you call upon me to pronounce over that noble hero, whose loss the Christian world now deploras. You wish—you expect, that I should present to you one who is the type, the perfect model both of a good citizen and of a true Christian. Let us, then, first consider how Daniel O'Connell, a good citizen, availed himself of religion to restore his people to liberty—*Liberavit gentem suam a perditione.*

Let us next see how Daniel O'Connell, a true Christian, made use of the liberty possessed by his people to aid in the triumph of religion. *Corroboravit templum.* Let us do this, in order that the tribute of praise bestowed upon the illustrious dead may be a new and instructive lesson for us who are living; that it may help to confirm us in our holy resolution, and in our sincere feeling, that we should never separate the cause of liberty from that of religion—the only means and the only condition by which we can become great in the eyes of man and the sight of God, and of meriting the encomium: *Magnus qui liberavit gentem suam a perditione, et in vita sua corroboravit templum.*

I cannot, however, in a single discourse do full justice to a theme, which, considering the greatness and importance of the individual, and of the matters connected with him, assumes a peculiar greatness and particular importance. I must confine myself to-day to the treatment of the first point, and postpone until Wednesday next the consideration of the second.

In the one discourse, however, as well as in the other, if you but do me justice, you will, I hope, be compelled to come to the conclusion, that I have, under the veil of modern language, only developed ancient ideas; that I shall have pleaded the cause of religion and of public order, in pronouncing an eulogium upon liberty; and that in all respects I shall have said nothing which is not worthy of the

angust character with which I am clothed, and of the holy place in which I speak.

4. There is a word, among the many words which are much abused in this world, one that is the most abused—and that word is, “The People.” A band of wretches, a fanatical sect, or a turbulent faction, call themselves “*The People*.” An ambitious egotist, a tribune, a consul, a dictator, says *he* is “*The People*.” There are to be found designating themselves “*The People*,” either a mob, or a reprobate, or a person who is the execration, the enemy, and the tyrant of the people. And, alas! how often have been declared to be the general interests of the people, those things which were only for the private interests of the few! How often has that been declared to be the wish of the people, which was but the madness and caprice of an individual!—and that to be the liberty of the people, which was in fact the oppression of the people!

The evil that is but too often the work of hypocrisy and of malice, is also not unfrequently the result of stolidity and of error. How many are there who, in perfect simplicity and pure good faith, believed they were working for the happiness of the people, when they were, in fact, but toiling for their destruction? And how many are there who believed that they were avenging the cause of liberty, when they were fettering it with fresh chains, and dooming it to a more oppressive bondage?

And why should this have ever happened? Because such persons did not borrow from true religion the rules of justice, when they took upon themselves the defence of the people's cause and of true liberty—because they had forgotten—because they had repudiated God: *non proposuerunt Deum ante conspectum suum*—(Psalm 53)—and without God it is impossible to ameliorate in any manner the condition of mankind.

If Daniel O'Connell happily succeeded in relieving his people from a hard and bitter oppression—*liberavit gentem suam a perditione*—it is because, a great Christian and a great citizen, he sought the aid of religion in the sublime task of liberating a people.

5. He was born in the county of Kerry, in Ireland, in the year 1775. He sprang from one of the most ancient and distinguished families in the kingdom.(1) Scarcely, however, had he passed the age of infancy when he was sent, for the purpose of pursuing his studies, to France. It was necessary for him to do this, because such was the Anglican intolerance at the time, that none but Protestants were permitted to keep schools, or to enter colleges; and the children of Catholics were exposed to the cruel alternative, either of endangering their faith, or of remaining ignorant; and, to avoid either, they were forced to go abroad and beg the bread of intelligence, of instruction, and of knowledge.

Great men, at an early age, announce what they will be. So it was with the youth Daniel, in the famous colleges of St. Omer and of Douay. He distinguished himself by his amazing memory, by the soundness of his judgment, by the quickness of his understanding, by the brilliancy of his fancy; and, so distinguishing himself, he left far behind him the companions of his studies, over whom he gained rapid and surprising successes.

At the same time it was remarked that he was profoundly religious, but without fanaticism; devout, but without hypocrisy; modest, but without affectation; noble in his bearing, but without pride; severe in his manners, but without moroseness; jovial, but without dissipation; docile, but without levity; resolute, but without obstinacy; respectful, but without servility; obliging, but without meanness; and, being so, he attracted towards himself the admiration and the love of all, so that each regarded himself happy who enjoyed his friendship, and honoured when admitted to his society.

6. God takes a special care of the men destined by Him to achieve great enterprises. By means of the situations in which he places them—of the persons with whom He brings them in contact—through the events of which he renders them the witnesses—He prepares, He forms them for the designs of His providence; and, far more than their parents, He, in a certain manner, guides and conducts their education. Such may, with truth, be said to have occurred with O'Connell. He was on the soil of France at the sanguinary epoch of the French revolution. He was a spectator of that horrible drama, in which there appeared on the stage together every species of error confederated with every description of crime. He was intimately acquainted with the abuses which had acted as causes, the follies and injustices which had served as the means, and the horrors which were the consequences of all these things. He saw, with his own eyes, monarchy compelled to degrade itself, and to inflict its death-wound with its own hand; he saw the throne that base courtiers had dragged through the mire, defiled by the gripe of parricidal hands, and buried fathoms deep beneath a sea of blood; he saw the best of kings expire upon a scaffold, the victim not less of others' crimes than of his own weakness; he saw that vice was hailed as if it were virtue, wickedness uplifted as if it were morality, Atheism proclaimed aloud as if it were religion; that the *Goddess of Reason* (or rather a vile strumpet) was recognised as the only deity, and honoured with hecatombs of human victims; the people decimated and oppressed by vile tyrants in the name of the people; whilst beneath the shade of the tree of liberty was instituted universal slavery; and that the most Christian, as well as the most civilized, of all nations, had fallen down to the very lowest limits of impiety and barbarism.

Now, God having so disposed that the young O'Connell should be a witness of these events—the most celebrated and the most instructive to be found in the annals of history—they served to inspire him with the greatest horror for tumults and rebellion; they persuaded him that there is nothing more insane, and, at the same time, more pernicious, than to proclaim the rights of man in trampling upon those of heaven—in establishing liberty upon the ruins of religion—in making laws under the dictation of passion, or through the inspiration of sacrilege—and, finally, they convinced him that, to regenerate a people, religion is omnipotent—philosophy of little or no avail; and thus was generated in his mind that sublime social science, essentially conservative of order, and

friendly to true liberty—that which was afterwards the spirit that animated all his projects, that was the rule of all his operations, the strength of all his struggles, and the reason for all his victories.

7. And woe to Ireland, if her O'Connell had not been formed in this school, and had not been well imbued with these lessons!—Oh! Ireland! Oh! great—oh! sublime—oh! heroic Ireland!—No Christian people have ever suffered so much as the Irish, on account of their fidelity to the Catholic religion. For three entire centuries have the children of Ireland emulated the constancy of the ancient martyrs, whilst the Anglican Heresy renewed amongst them the cruelty of ancient tyrants. And if, in these latter days, the dominant heresy—wearied out with tormenting, before the Irish Catholic was tired of suffering—relaxed, in some degree, the bitterness of her torments,(2) she still left that heroic country under the command of laws capacitated to make it the theatre of every species of misery, and of every degree of human suffering, with a people the most unfortunate, the most humiliated, and the most oppressed, on the face of this earth! Not long since despoiled, by corruption and by terror, of its own Parliament(3)—and fallen from the rank of a kingdom, to become a degraded province of England—the days are not far distant when no Catholic could be a proprietor in fee of the land of Ireland—when he was destined solely to hold the position of a tenant, and that only by a short lease; and when each of his children, by declaring himself a Protestant, might deprive him of control over his property. Ireland, too, has seen, and still sees, her church deprived of all its revenues, whilst no other means are left for subsisting her priesthood and maintaining her worship, than the voluntary contributions of an impoverished people—pitilessly condemned to pay tithes for the Protestant religion, and to fatten, with their sweat and blood, the parasite ministers of error. Besides this, there was for the Catholics an absolute exclusion from all dignities, all honors, all employments, civil as well as military. They were legally incapacitated from taking part in the councils of the nation, as members of parliament, and hence they were interdicted from seeking, in a constitutional manner, to ameliorate their condition. Where justice was administered by magistrates who were all Protestants, the Catholic had not the right of seeking for it, nor the hope of obtaining it. Irish misery was the climax of misery. Anglican liberality had not left to Ireland, but the foul rags of a London rabble, to cover her limbs; the potato to feed upon, and—eyes to weep. There were Irish, but there was no longer an Ireland: this population—so good, so faithful, and so religious—were no longer a people; or, if they might be called a people, they were a people of slaves, without privileges, without rights, without protection—abandoned to the whim, the caprice, the covetousness, and the cruelty of masters, without a heart, without humanity, and without discretion.

8. Such was the condition of Ireland, when O'Connell had finished his legal studies, and appeared for the first time at a public meeting. The address he delivered on that occasion was a generous

protest against the baleful Union of the two kingdoms ; it was a mournful lament for the evils that oppressed his country—a funeral oration over its departed prosperity—a sorrowful wail, a lamentation, made more sorrowful by the facts which it narrated, and the language, worthy of poetry, in which it was expressed.

But the Lord was at last touched with compassion for the sufferings of this people—of these confessors and martyrs to the true faith ; and, as He spoke to Moses of old, so would it almost seem did he speak to Daniel O'Connell : "The cry of the children of Israel has come unto me ; and I have beheld the affliction wherewith the Egyptians afflict them. Come thou to me, that I may teach thee to liberate my people. . . . I shall be always with thee:" *Clamor filiorum Israel venit ad me ; vidique afflictionem eorum qua ab Aegyptiis opprimuntur. Sed veni et mittam te, ut educaas populum meum. . . . Ego ero tecum.* (Exod. iii.) Hence the unexampled generosity, the intrepidity, the indomitable determination, and the utter abandonment of self, with which O'Connell undertook the mighty work of Ireland's liberation, appeared to proceed solely from the profound conviction that his glorious mission was from above.

9. The eloquence of O'Connell seemed, from the very first time he spoke, to be something almost marvellous. It united within itself every characteristic excellence which, separately, constituted the glory of the most famous orators of ancient Greece and Rome : the argumentativeness of Æschines, the vigour of Demosthenes, and the dignity of Hortensius, with the polished finish of Cicero, and Phocion's readiness at repartee. In parliament O'Connell was an orator of enlarged views, and ever prepared with expedient and practical suggestions. The elevation of his sentiments and the majesty of his language, enabled him, with unrivalled felicity, to explain and resolve the most difficult questions of statesmanship ; so that, whilst his rivals were filled with jealous rage, they were also forced to bow down before his unapproachable superiority. And, as he never rose amongst the assembled Commons to speak, that he did not command the profound attention of the assembly, so when he ceased, he invariably left his auditors in an ecstasy of silent admiration. As a barrister, he exhibited in his pleadings, that accurate apprehension, that wonderful precision of language, and that extensive knowledge of English law, which enabled him to deduce from the chaos of the latter, arguments almost uniformly in favour of his client. In popular assemblies he was, as an orator, ever vivid, nervous, ardent, and bold—but never rash ; frank, without insolence—condescending, and, at the same time, august—he approached the people, descended down to their language, gathered to himself their sentiments, and then, lifting them up to his own height, he bound them to himself without resistance. Thus the master of all their affections, and having their feelings under his command, whilst he abounded in all the devices of oratory, and was rich in all the resources of language, he could give free scope to his impulses, or bring to bear the object he had in view ; now moving his hearers by the pathos of elegy—now entrancing them

by strains that fell as solemnly on the ears, as the holy chanting of a psalm, and now exciting them with the bitterness of his satire, and then charming them with a narration which had all the grace of a romance. His words were, by turns, a light to guide, and a thunderbolt to terrify: he combined within himself the wisdom of a statesman, and the awe-inspiring dignity of a prophet. No man better than he could excite the passions of the people, nor restrain them; no man ever endeared himself more to the people, nor was more successful in directing them: and from his lips they could hear the bitterest truth, whilst they but loved him the more from the manner in which he told it. The whole history of eloquence, in short, cannot furnish an example of a more perfect orator—one more varied, more original, more inexhaustible, more vivid, more impetuous, or more powerful.

10. If we were to judge according to appearances, it might be supposed that it was to this great eloquence, for which no model is to be found, and in which he will never have an imitator, that O'Connell owes the glory and success of his career. But it is not so. The character of the true orator, as defined by the ancient sage, is, "the honest and eloquent man," "*vir bonus, dicendi peritus*." For, as probity without eloquence is of little avail, so eloquence without honesty is disastrous, and can serve only to promote revolutions in settled states, or to excite subjects to rebellion. If the eloquence of O'Connell has contributed to the happiness of the people, and the security of the state—"Firmamentum gentis et stabilimentum populi" (Eccli. 49)—as most assuredly it has, it is because, as a Christian citizen he, imbued with grace and strength his words by the virtues and holiness of his life; and thus employed as an aid to the triumph of liberty, the fulfilment of those practices which religion imposes.

11. What man was more attached than O'Connell to the various duties of son, husband, father, and citizen; or more submissive to the laws of God and of the Church? I am aware of what may be here objected to me. It may be said, that in contravention of those laws, O'Connell fought a duel in which he had the misfortune to slay his adversary. Yes—it is true. But I might reply that this adversary was a bravo (*Sicario*), whom the Orange Corporation of Dublin, impatient to get rid of the great defender of the Catholic cause, sent forth to provoke and immolate our youthful hero: for this D'Esterre (such was the miserable person's name) was so dexterous and certain in the use of the pistol, that with his ball it was said he could extinguish the light of a candle, without touching the candle itself. I might even aver that O'Connell firmly and for no inconsiderable period of time, avoided any violation of the laws of man, or the precepts of the Christian faith, and treated with disdain that cruel defiance by which Orange fanaticism hoped to extinguish, in blood, the man it could not overcome by reason or with justice. I might add that the unfortunate *bravo* posted himself in the pathway of O'Connell, heaped on him affronts and contumely, menaced even then his life, and proceeded to such extremities that O'Connell was constrained to go armed, and surrounded by armed friends. I

might, in fine, suggest that as D'Esterre was the Goliath of these modern Philistines, the most furious and implacable enemy to the faith of Rome, in insulting whose priesthood, the Levites of the true Israel, he took a diabolical pleasure: so that O'Connell, in a moment of religious illusion, may have thought himself a new David chosen to avenge the people of the Lord; that in an instant of impatience, of anger, or of chivalrous resentment, excited and blinded by the repetition of these vile and abominable provocations, he may have given way to a principle of false honour and misdirected zeal, and descended to a combat, the issue of which was in the hand of God (who preserved for Ireland and for the Church the champion He had chosen), and in which he himself perished who had hoped to immolate him.

All this might I urge, if not to excuse our hero, at least to palliate his fault. But Heaven forbid! that I, the minister of a religion of peace, and in the presence of the Divine Victim, who, to spare the blood of man, has shed His own, should defend a crime which is equally condemned by the laws of nature and the admonitions of the Gospel. Heaven defend me from countenancing a custom as insensate as it is barbarous, which by quickness of eye and steadiness of hand, pretends to prove the innocence of the heart. Heaven forbid that I should attempt to excuse that which is inexcusable: a practice which pretends to reap honour from homicide, and wash away an ephemeral stain with blood: a practice justly described by the Church as diabolical: *a diabolo innectum* (Concil. Trid.). I admit, then, that O'Connell was culpable, highly culpable in this act: but, as ye have heard of his sin, hear now what was his penitence for it.

When the paroxysm of the fever excited by worldly honour and a false zeal for religion had left him, reason and faith resumed their sovereignty in his soul. With so great a horror did he ever after regard his melancholy victory, that the bare recollection of it caused him to shudder; and he registered a solemn vow in heaven never again to accept, much less provoke, an appeal to the insensate and murderous decision of the pistol. Engaged as he was in defending a great cause, it was impossible to avoid irritating numerous passions and creating numerous enemies; and when, repelling with horror the provocations to fight a duel that were frequently offered him, he was treated as an infamous coward, he would exclaim, "Oh God! grant that these contumelious affronts which I now suffer may be received in expiation of the blood I have shed!" And, a modern David, he prayed but to live, that he might do penance, and bewail his sin.

12. Who, from that time forth, could be found more pious or more devout than O'Connell? Surrounded by the numerous and complicated cares of his political apostleship, under the grave responsibility of sustaining the cause of one great nation, while he had to contend against another and a greater nation; not a day passed that he did not hear Mass, and once a week, sometimes oftener, he approached the tribunal of penance and the table of the holy Eucharist. Who manifested a greater reverence at the mere

mention of the holy name? Woe to whoever dared to pronounce it before him, without becoming respect ! (4)

Who more animated with a tender, pious affection towards the Queen of Heaven, or more zealous in her devotion? To the people he spoke of her, as of the mother of the people. That eulogium has become famous, which, one day, (5) seized with a feeling of extraordinary devotion and tenderness towards Mary, he pronounced in the presence of more than a hundred thousand persons, Catholic and Protestant; and that immense multitude, while they hung with ecstasy on his words, might have fancied themselves listening to a doctor or father of the Church repeating the praises of the mother of God. Immediately after the famous speech which subsequently opened the doors of parliament to the Catholics; while the most eminent orators were yet debating that great question; in that supreme moment on which depended the liberty or slavery of Ireland, O'Connell, in a retired corner of the chapel, repeated the rosary of the Blessed Virgin, the destroyer of all heresy. Under the protection of her blessed name, he had placed the great cause of emancipation: from her influence, not from his own strength, he anticipated success; and, having obtained it, to her he attributed all the glory.

What more moving spectacle than to see the greatest man in the united kingdom, the vindicator of Catholicity, and the scourge of heresy, to see him who was the object of Ireland's devotion, of England's fear, and of the world's admiration, kneeling with the people before the altar, practising the piety of the people with that humble simplicity, that recollection, that devoutness, and that modesty which supercilious science and stolid pride abandon, as things fit only to be practised by those whom they disdain as "the people"?

13. It was not alone when the Catholic religion had, through the instrumentality of O'Connell, found its way into the imperial parliament, and was allowed to appear in the royal palace, and was permitted to command the respect of all that was truly wise and really respectable in English society, that he showed his attachment to it; but even whilst that holy religion was deprived of every right, and that there was allotted to it only the disdain, the contempt, or the indifference, that ever attach to that which is proscribed by the law, that O'Connell, far from feeling shame in its public profession, considered it a source of personal pride, and a matter for sincere congratulation, that he was one of its members. He never presented himself at court, that he had not at his side a Catholic priest; for he desired, at all times, and in all places, to be associated with the clergy. He never sat down to a public dinner, (at which, mingled with Catholics, were always to be found members of every sect and of every opinion,) without first praying that one of his own priests, to whom he always allotted the most honourable seat, should bestow a blessing on the food of which all were about to partake. In those public re-unions he felt that he honoured himself by professing, both in word and deed, the faith of Rome. Either to conceal the sentiment of that true faith, or to feel shame in publicly practising the duties it inculcates, is a sad

weakness—a weakness, too, of the most despicable character ; it is one to be found only in narrow souls and contracted minds, whilst true genius, as it is always sincerely religious, delights to appear so, and is utterly incapable of contaminating its convictions with the vileness of “human respect.”

14. What shall I say then of the sentiments of this great Christian towards the clergy of his country? King, *de facto*, of Ireland, monarch of the hearts, and arbitrator of the actions of eight millions of men, ready to obey his slightest sign ; the true champion and support of the Catholic Church, which owed to him its increased glory and its extended liberty ; never did he overstep the limits of humble dependence on his bishop and his parish priest. Occupying the most eminent position (that of a leader) as a politician, he, as a religious man, placed himself below all others in matters pertaining to his religion ; a new Constantine, he scarcely presumed to take even the very lowermost seat in assemblies of the clergy, when called upon to unfold his designs, and communicate his counsels for the defence of religion and of liberty. Always ready to pounce, with the strength and vigour of a lion, upon whomsoever had dared to cast a disparaging phrase upon the priesthood, he afforded in his conduct and demeanour the proofs of his profound respect for that venerable body—not less illustrious by its sufferings, than by its teaching and its virtues. He considered them, indeed, not as an assembly of men, but as a conclave of pious saints and a band of holy martyrs, and never spoke of them but with the greatest reverence and most tender affection.(6)

As a motive for the people to avoid secret societies, he would say to them, “Our clergy have condemned them. Is there one among you who will venture to disobey your clergy, so wise, so good, so generous, and so pious?”(7)

15. As to the Religious Orders—institutions so serviceable to religion, and the advancement of true civilization—they were as frequently the subject of his public discourses, and magnificent encomiums, as they were ever the object of his most tender affection. He melted into tears his multitudinous auditors, whenever he reminded them of those blissful times, in which Ireland was covered with many monasteries, temples of prayer, schools of sanctity, asylums of devotion, homes and houses of refuge for the poor, and which had won for his native land the merit, the glory, and the title of “*The Island of Saints*.”(8) His eloquence became more energetic, more animated, and more pathetic, when, calling to mind such circumstances as these, he, with the Ireland of to-day, famishing with hunger, and under the yoke of a cruel Protestantism, contrasted the Ireland of that happy period, when it was independent, powerful, rich, and prosperous, aided and sustained by its monastic orders, in the paths of true virtue, and of real knowledge.(9) Thus, he ever kept alive among the people, a sentiment of nationality, and of love toward their country, once so great, so good, and so holy—now so unhappy ; whilst, at the same time, he strengthened their affectionate gratitude towards the Catholic faith—the only spring, out of which had arisen the departed

glories of Ireland, and the sole consolation, and the only remedy for her present misfortunes.

16. But that which is beyond our ideas, and that sets at nought our capability of expression, is the zeal of O'Connell for this self-same religion. He abandoned all things, sacrificed all things, when there was either the opportunity of doing for it some service, or the necessity of working for its benefit. Poor parishes, poor communities, poor villages, which were in want of churches repaired to him, and his energy, his activity, and his zeal, created the means for constructing them, and they sprang up, as if by enchantment, from the earth, wide, spacious, and noble temples of divine worship.

It was in vain that Anglicanism, at a subsequent period changing its weapons, but without ever changing its feeling of intense hatred of Catholics, meditated to overthrow, by the cunning of a refined malice, that which it could not overwhelm by the pressure of cruel martyrdoms. O'Connell was always on the watch to discover, as he was ever prompt and intrepid in resisting, the insidious machinations of heresy which, when it became hypocritical, was not the less persecuting and inimical. How much has he not done, how much has he not written, and spoken, and how strenuously has he not combatted, even to the last moment of his life, against those two bills, so sadly famous, which abandoned—one of them pious bequests and property, intended for the benefit of the Catholic church; and the other, colleges and the education of young Catholics to the supervision, the direction, or, to speak more correctly, to the domination of Protestants?(10) And although the weakness, or the delusion, of some members of the Catholic clergy were unfortunately brought in aid of the adoption of those deadly enactments, nevertheless such is the discredit into which they have been brought by the eloquence of O'Connell, so vigorous were the blows with which he assailed them, that they may be said to have come into the world still-born, or if a spark of life is retained, it will be extinguished as soon as the attempt is made to infuse their spirit into other acts of parliament.

Did any one, in the well-known tone of sacrilegious insult, cry out against O'Connell the word *Papist*! he quickly turned upon his assailant, and his retort was conveyed in some such words as these: "Miserable fool! You think that in thus naming me, you say that which is calculated to hurt my feelings, whilst on the contrary you pay me a high compliment. Yes, I am a *Papist*, and I am proud of being one; for that word tells me, that I hold my faith, through an uninterrupted succession of popes up to our Saviour Jesus Christ himself; whilst your creed dates no farther back than the days of Luther, of Calvin, of Henry VIII., or Elizabeth. To be sure, I am a *Papist*! and if you, you miserable blockhead, had but one spark of common sense, you would comprehend, that in religious questions it is safer to depend on the pope than on the king; on the tiara, than on the crown; on the crozier, than on the sword; on the soutan of the priest, than the petticoat of a queen; and that the councils of the church are a surer authority, than the enact-

ments of any parliament. Blush, then, for yourself, who possess, neither faith, nor understanding; and if you cannot think soundly nor speak wisely, exercise, at least, the discretion of silence."

17. The defence of the dogmas, the ceremonies, and the discipline of the Catholic church, constituted a favourite theme in his public harangues, as they were of his private conversation. Behold! there is a numerous assembly of the people, in which a swarm of biblicals have newly arrived from London, for the purpose of engrafting Protestantism upon Ireland; they are raging in the midst of violent invectives, atrocious calumnies, and sacrilegious slanders, upon all that is most august and most venerable in the Catholic faith, when suddenly O'Connell appears, as a spectre from the other world, in the midst of these wretches, and the very sight of him makes them freeze with horror. But what can even a layman do amongst ecclesiastics? or what business has a man of the law with disputes about religion? He is a citizen, but he is also a Christian. He loves his country much, but he loves still more the Catholic religion. In a war of invasion, every a man is a soldier; when faith is attacked, every Christian is a controversialist. On this great occasion, O'Connell spoke no longer as a lay-lawyer, but as a doctor of the church; he appeared no longer as a man who had been immersed in the wranglings of the bar, but as an Anthony or an Athanasius, issuing forth from solitude and meditation on the Crucified Saviour. Every sentence was like the lightning's flash, every word a barbed javelin, every argument a wound in the side of his adversaries. Never were the four great characteristics of the true church more amply demonstrated, with more marked emphasis, nor with greater warmth of expression. Never was placed in a more conspicuous light, the shameful origin of the Reformation, the beastly nature of its author, the dissoluteness of its apostles, the blasphemies and contradictions of its doctrines, the baseness of its manœuvres, the hypocrisy of its promises, the turpitude of its motives, the iniquity of its spoliation, the cruelty of its massacres, the horror of its sacrileges, and the mighty misfortunes which it has brought down upon the loveliest countries of Europe. Never, I say, were these things depicted in more striking colours, nor with more vigorous touches, nor with a greater power of genius, nor with mightier magnificence and force of expression, than on the portentous occasion to which I refer.(11)

It is impossible now to describe the effect of this famous oration: suffice it to say, that the Coryphæi of error, overthrown, beaten, discomfited, with silence on their lips, confusion in their looks, and rage in their hearts, departed during the night, and returned whence they had come, amidst the joy of the Catholics, the shame of the Protestants, and the laughter of all. Oh, noble victory! The modern Daniel unmasked and vanquished the hoary felons of heresy, who had dared to accuse the chaste and lovely matron, the true faith, of that turpitude, of which they themselves were guilty!

Scenes, similar to this, were frequently renewed, not only in Ireland but in England; not only in assemblies of private persons,

but in the public parliament, where, whenever any one ventured, in O'Connell's presence, to utter a single word derogatory to the Catholic faith, he was certain of receiving immediate chastisement, for instantly overthrown, he heard thundering over him the eloquence of O'Connell, which fell upon him in all the copiousness of erudition, and pierced him with the sharpness of his irony, and unnerved him by the impetuous power of reasoning. Before this terrible man, as they were wont to call him, heresy remained ever mute and respectful, and dared no more to insult the faith of Rome.

18. Hence that simple expression, so replete with sense, and so supremely honourable to him, concerning whom it was used—that with which the honest Irish people saluted O'Connell—“*our own O'Connell!*” signifying thereby, that he was not only the defender of their civil rights and of their liberty, but also the supporter, the vindicator, and the glory of their religion.(12)

Hence also the unbounded confidence which they placed in him, the tender affection with which they loved him, and the immense power which he exercised over them.

Even that zeal, marked as it was by generosity, intrepidity, and intelligence, with which O'Connell professed and defended his religion, won for him the sympathy and respect of the wisest amongst the English Protestants; for there is in the nature of the English an element of dignity and justice—a certain religious sense, which, when not corrupted by the prejudices of a fanatical sectarianism, leads them to abhor the impious and the infidel, and constrains them to honour and respect every sincere religious sentiment, and every ennobling conviction.

But, oh! how widely different from that of a corrupt and unbelieving nation, is the sense of a people, who are religious and moral! They will not surrender themselves to the guidance of a great intellect, but in proportion to the humility with which that intellect surrenders itself to the guidance of heaven. Their love and respect are only for that greatness which humbles itself before the Creator; and words of eloquence find a way to their hearts, only when proceeding from lips which respect religion, and a heart imbued with it: while political power, in the same degree that it bends before the Deity, will rise in the opinion and love, and become strong by the force and authority of such a people.

19. The greatest and most stupendous creation of O'Connell's genius, however, was *the Catholic Association*. Short-sighted men—those who never can comprehend how mighty results may flow from slight causes, laughed at the idea of O'Connell pretending, by means of a penny a month subscription, to overthrow the power of England, rich with the riches of the entire world. But facts demonstrated, that this Association, so weak and so contemptible in its beginning, was the mighty instrument, the battering ram, which broke open a breach in the citadel of heretical despotism, and facilitated its capture.(13)

It was founded, not covertly, but openly, and in the face of day; not contrary to the law, but in harmony with it; and rapidly

finding favour with all classes, its principles penetrated to the most distant localities, and every sincere friend to religious freedom among the Protestants, as well as the whole Catholic body, were speedily enrolled as members upon its books. Similar to the associations of the early Christian church, it formed, as it were, a state within the state, and without convulsing the state. Its leaders, like the ancient clergy, were the true representatives—the veritable rulers of the people, forming a perfect sovereign power, which, although wanting the authority of “law,” was not therefore less strong in the free adhesion of the nation, and finally became *de facto* the government of Ireland. It imposed taxes which were paid; it enacted laws, which were observed; it discussed the bills proposed in parliament, it approved of, or it condemned them; it superintended the elections, and excluded from, or admitted persons to, the representation of the people; it scrutinised the electoral lists, which it purged of the names of Orange voters, surreptitiously entered on them; it procured the discharge of poor prisoners, who had been unjustly confined; and it undertook the defence of those oppressed in the name of the law, and it extorted from the judges that justice, which magistrates had refused to administer.

No government ever exercised with greater facility, larger power. Never entered into the mind of any statesman, a grander or more comprehensive conception; never did the genius of political wisdom succeed more thoroughly in uniting in one design, the will of so many millions of men, and of restraining them within the limits of legality and of duty. From these considerations, it might then appear, that as O’Connell, by means of the Association, of which he was the leader, virtually reigned over Ireland, so by it he achieved his triumph. But, no; *that* was gained by means of doctrines inculcated by religion.

20. We must bear in mind, that foreign to, and beyond the pale of, Catholic doctrines, there are to be found two distinct and mutually antagonistic systems, by means of which men seek a solace or a remedy for tyranny and oppression; one is submission to them with stupid apathy—the other their repulsion by physical force: one bends to them like a slave—the other rises up against them like a rebel. The one is called, “*passive obedience*,” the other “*active resistance*.” The former is the system of Mahommedan fatalism and infidelity; the latter that of heretical rationalism. But ah! how much more disastrous are such remedial means than the evils they pretend to cure!

The system of *passive obedience*, or the inert resignation to all that which power may please to do with a people, consigns to the caprice of a tyrant not only the property, the honor, and the life of the subject, but still more his understanding, his heart, his conscience, his thoughts, his reason, his will—all that which man has most dear to him, that most exalts him, that is most sacred to him, that is of all things the most his own, the most inalienable from him, and the most peculiar to him—all—the entire of that which makes man worthy of the name of man. It degrades man into a brute, which is utterly and completely at the discretion of him who is its owner. It leaves to man nothing of humanity except the

form; and, even in that form, is not long to be found revealed the divine origin of man, and his innate dignity.

The system of *active resistance*, or of sedition, whether it be abortive or triumphant, is ever fatal. If triumphant, it merely makes a change of persons, and leaves unchanged the circumstances, and untouched the state of things against which it was directed. The same parts are represented by different individuals; but the tragedy is still enacted, and precisely in the same manner, in which it had been previously performed. The slave plays the tyrant, and he who had been the tyrant wears the garb and clanks the chains of the slave; and all goes on, as before, to its sad and fitting catastrophe. The sovereignty of all is the slavery of all, for the profit of a few. And if, at any subsequent period, the movement brings forth any advantage, such an event never occurs until a long time has elapsed, and until those who created the movement have paid for it with their lives, and until the traces of those passions which produced its triumph have been obliterated.

But woe! woe! to a people, if their attempt at resistance has failed. The wounded pride of tyranny is no longer to be kept within any bounds. That which it did from caprice, it then believes that it is bound, as a matter of duty, to perpetrate. Before it oppressed, because oppression was an instinct of its nature; and afterwards it oppresses, because oppression is regarded as the necessary means of its own conservation. Distrust changes to hatred, and hatred lashes itself into fury. Judicial forms are no longer attended to. Every thought is punished as an offence, and every word condemned as if it were sedition. Talent, wealth, virtue, are converted into crimes, and suspicion the sole—the sufficient ground for condemnation. Fetters are made more heavy, chains are added to chains to bind the limbs of freemen, whilst sycophants become more shameless, courtiers more vile, executioners more cruel, despotism more atrocious, and persecution more inhuman.

21. Between these two systems, which by opposite paths lead generally to the same end—the ruin and slavery of the people—stands the system of Catholic Christianity; which, condemning rebellions and tumults, teaches us to oppose to oppression, and especially religious oppression, no other species of resistance but those of *passive resistance* and *active obedience*.

Passive resistance, when the subject refuses to obey the commands of man, in matters which would be to the prejudice of the duties of conscience, or in opposition to the laws of God: but *passively*—that is, suffering (and without having recourse to physical force) those pains and penalties which are an honor to Him, when endured for the confession of His faith. For our Lord Jesus Christ has said, that “all,” even those who resist religious oppression, “that take up the sword shall perish by the sword:” *omnes enim qui acceperint gladium gladio peribunt*, (Matt. xxvi. 52,) that is to say, that religious persecution should never be combatted by the strength of the body, but by the virtues of the soul; that

in a war which is completely spiritual, we ought never to employ arms that are merely material, and by which, although we may succeed, yet we may also perish; that we should have recourse solely to spiritual and invisible arms, constancy in the faith—meekness—patience—and prayer; arms, of which, as the use is noble, so is the success certain. When the maintenance of the true faith is in question, it is easier to overcome and destroy persecution by consenting that our own blood should be shed, than by attempting to shed his. The martyr in his sepulchre is more terrible to the tyrant, than the armed rebel who faces him in the field. He who suffers is stronger than he who resists; he who receives a blow than him by whom it is inflicted; the Christian who succumbs, than the insurgent who conquers. The Christian children of Calvary were multiplied by being decimated; they received new vigour and fresh life, by dying; they triumphed, by being humiliated: “*Quo plures metimur, plures efficimur* (Tertul.): and while they won for themselves, in heaven, an immortal crown, they assured to their brethren and the Church an invincible strength, and infallible victory on this earth. Ancient Christian Rome, and modern Catholic Ireland, constitute the clearest proofs of the truth and the success of this doctrine.

In prescribing, however, a *passive resistance* to a power oppressive of conscience and of faith, the teaching of Catholicity intimates that there may be an *active obedience*; while it preaches the necessity of *resisting by suffering*, it permits also the practice of *obeying by acting*, for the purpose of escaping from injustice: the meaning of which is, that, in condemning rebellion, the Catholic doctrine does not proscribe action—in forbidding violent resistance, it does not prohibit the employment of such means as justice and the laws allow. In requiring the subject to respect the rights of power, it does not require that he should renounce his own.

The self-same St. Paul, who so strenuously inculcates obedience to legitimate powers, as in the order of things established by God himself, did nevertheless himself appeal to Cæsar from the unjust oppression of an inferior tribunal: *Ad Cæsarem appello* (Act). He did not renounce his rights nor forego his privileges as a Roman citizen, for he proclaimed, *Civis Romanus sum*. Thus the Catholic system, while it exacts resignation in the subjects of a tyrannical government, does not mean that they should renounce the personal attributes of humanity, and that, as soulless inanimate substances, they should abandon themselves to the sanguinary caprices of tyrants. Coincident with the rational obedience of subjects; it also recommends a rational loyalty from them as men: *rationabile obsequium*. (Rom.) While it assures obedience to power, it does not sanction every species of power as legitimate; but leaves free the course by which the wise, the prudent, and the just can protest against oppression; and thus it reconciles the dignity of man with social order.

22. Now, this sublime doctrine of Christianity—the only useful, the only wise, because the only true one—is that which our Daniel has professed in words, has translated into facts, has inspired into all

his proceedings, has inculcated, and deeply imprinted in the hearts of his people. In all his harangues to his countrymen, he never ceased to repeat the maxims which I am now about to cite, and which I (considering the circumstances in which we find ourselves at present placed) most earnestly recommend to your attention, O Romans. "The man," said O'Connell, "who resorts to physical force for redress, is undeserving of liberty;" "He who violates the law is a traitor to his country;" "The man who persuades you to open resistance, exposes you to destruction;" "He who preaches insurrection, is laying a snare to entrap you. Shun him—arrest him—give him up to the authorities, in order that he may be brought to justice;" "Irishmen! nothing would better please the enemies of your faith, than to see you violate the laws;" "Your oppressors desire nothing better than to see a large quantity of arms in your hands, to hear you utter the words of treason against the constituted authorities, in order that they may have a new excuse and plausible pretext for again trampling upon and oppressing you;" "Every hope of Ireland's liberty will perish on the day she resorts to physical force."

At other times he would cry out to them: "Irishmen! do you love your country?" The prompt and universal answer to such a question was, "We do." And then his observation was, "Well, then, let there be amongst you no more risings, no more riots; keep the peace, avoid secret societies, and enter into no plots against the established authority."

The demagogues of a neighbouring nation thought proper, on one occasion, to send a deputation to the Liberator, with offers of their assistance in the struggle for the independence of Ireland. O'Connell's answer to them was to this effect: "Pray do not trouble yourselves with our affairs, concoctors of revolution; there is nothing in common between you and us, for all that we wish is the establishment of order, and all that we hope for we seek in the paths of legality. The destroyers of thrones, ye cannot be the benefactors to the people. The enemies of religion, ye cannot be honest auxiliaries in the cause of freedom."

23. But while, with all the power of his eloquence and all the weight of his authority, he recommended and advised obedience to laws the most unjust, and respect for power that was in its action oppressive, he never ceased to stimulate the popular energies in protesting against the injustice of the laws, and the abuse of power. While urging obedience to the law, he nevertheless awoke and maintained in vigour, among a people degraded by three centuries of slavery, the sentiment of their native dignity and natural independence. "Submit," he exclaimed, "but petition: obey, but demand justice: be loyal subjects, but renounce not the rights of men: subordination always, but meanness or degradation never."

24. His own example lent force and effect to those lessons; and, oh wonder! during the forty years in which, by his activity and eloquence, he kept a people in movement; during a legal struggle so protracted in its length, never was he found trespassing beyond, or acting against, the laws—never engaged in any attempt, subversive

in the smallest degree of public order — never heard to utter towards his sovereign aught but words pregnant with wisdom, or expressive of respect.

To procure the condemnation, if but for once, of this new Naboth, it was found necessary that the Jezabel of Heresy should calumniate him whom she was unable to accuse: it was indispensable that by corruption she should suborn the testimony of the sons of Belial, and frame the jury-list in such a way as, instead of judges, it might furnish her with accomplices in her work of injustice and oppression. Those persons, however, in spite of their odious interests, notwithstanding their diabolical zeal to immolate him with some show of right, unable to point to one illegal word or act of our hero, were forced to found their iniquitous decision on a gratuitous supposition, (14) on a tendency, on an occult thought; so that even while pronouncing it, the president of this tribunal, affected either by shame or remorse, could not restrain his tears. An iniquitous decision, verily! and so manifestly unjust, that the House of Lords, although animated by the most hostile feelings towards O'Connell, whom it dreaded as its inappeasable and dangerous foe, by an act of justice which raised it high in the esteem of Europe, hesitated not to declare that an unjust and illegal sentence had been pronounced upon him. In the meantime, however, the latter, a prisoner like St. Paul, appealed to his countrymen, and conjured them that they would prove themselves worthy of being called his children and his friends, by preserving their accustomed patience, and exhibiting their wonted respect to that authority which had, with such flagrant injustice, deprived him of his liberty: *obsecro vos ego vincus in Domino, ut digne ambuletis in mansuetudine et patientia* (Eph. 4). The whole conduct, indeed, of this extraordinary man remains to us as the model, and, so to speak, the code of law to be observed in times of oppression by those who bend beneath its yoke, and feel its chains.

While, again, he opposed on the one hand the homicidal theories of the turbulent Chartists; on the other he caused an overbearing aristocracy to groan beneath the whole weight of a servile subjection. Whilst with one hand he withheld the people from the gulph of sedition, he pointed out to them with the other the ignominy of calmly bowing their necks to the yoke of an oppressive and tyrannical system. Thus did he mould his countrymen to a scrupulous observance of their duties, and to a noble jealousy of their rights as citizens. Thus retaining them within the bounds of subordination, did he unfold their noble character and greatness of heart. Thus, also, did he elevate to the sublime height of duty the most obscure and ignorant of those among whom he rendered common not only public probity but Christian heroism. Thus did he form of the Irish nation a model people; a people commanding the admiration and love of every other; a people who have sustained during forty years a legal and peaceful, though arduous, struggle, without violating any right or neglecting any duty, but who, advancing firmly and determinedly to the achievement of their civil and religious liberty, have equally abhorred the religious burden of

heresy, which alone can long maintain or strengthen that of a slavish policy; or incite to the sanguinary violence of anarchy, which too often, alas! instead of leading to liberty, throws back again into the arms of tyranny, more miserable, more degraded, and more disheartened than before, those who blindly rush into it. Thus, in *fine*, did he display and reduce to action the Catholic doctrine of *passive resistance* and *active obedience*, and on an eminent theatre, and in a magnificent cause, demonstrated the truth of its principle, the importance of its application, and the certainty of its success, rendering himself thereby worthy of every recompense that could be bestowed on him by his sovereign, or by his fellow-countrymen—by religion, or by the state—by the church, or society. (15)

25. The ultimate means by which it appears O'Connell triumphed over the injustice of heresy, are to be sought for in his profound knowledge of men and things; in his prodigious firmness, and in his untiring activity.

I say a profound knowledge of men and things; for never was he mistaken in his predictions; never did he miss the end he aimed at. Did he foretell that which would happen a dozen years since? The event infallibly arrived to test the truth of his vaticinations. He uttered nothing of which he did not establish the legality. Whatever he foresaw came to pass; whatever he counselled was sure to succeed; and nothing he undertook did he fail to accomplish: thus justly acquiring the praise of possessing the most unerring sagacity, delicate tact, and profound penetration, with the address of conducting, by unfailing expedients, the most difficult enterprise to a successful issue.

26. I have said, that his was a *prodigious firmness*; for as no man ever embraced a greater, a nobler, a more difficult undertaking; so no man was ever the object of more bitter attacks, or more obstinate persecution. Insults and calumnies—sarcasms and blasphemies—libels and persecutions—treachery and tergiversation—fines and imprisonment—all were directed for fifty years, with infamous perseverance, against that indomitable courage. But in vain. He, whom praise and admiration could not intoxicate, was not to be overcome by the terrors of opposition. As he had never become insolent with success, so defeat ever failed to damp his courage; and great as were his designs in their conception, in the same measure was his constancy in pursuing them.

Where is there to be found in history such an example? Show me, in the records of the human race, another instance of a single man who for fifty years, unwearied and unintimidated, sustained a contest with the most powerful state in the world, and above which he still rose superior, in vigour, in courage, and in constancy?

27. I also said *untiring activity*; for in action he seemed to find repose. Incessantly engaged in agitation, he had ever to encourage the fearful, and restrain the bold—to support the feeble and direct the strong—enrol the friendly—~~expose~~ the treacherous—confirm the wavering—and unmask the hypocritical. Multiplying himself, as it were, he was almost at the same time in England and in Ireland—now in his “national assembly,” and now in the House

of Commons; to-day in the reunions of the great, and to-morrow at a popular meeting; while the municipal council and the courts of law participated in his wisdom, and acknowledged his presence. Where he could not be present in person, there he was in action; where his voice could not be heard, his writings did not fail to reach. In every spot in Ireland his influence was felt—all classes of his countrymen joined in his agitation—all minds were united in his designs—and every heart willingly surrendered itself to his guidance. Like the giant in the fable, who uplifted the mountain, O'Connell, centering in himself the will of eight millions of men, agitated, moved, and raised at discretion that immense population, and launched it at the head of England, which recoiled in terror to avoid being crushed by its weight.

28. If what has been thus said, be true; and most true it is, the fact is not less so, that he who possessed such irresistible intellectual power, so much intelligence, so much firmness and decision, added thereto the charity inspired by religion, with which his heart was deeply imbued. Taking the Holy Evangelists as his model, with hypocrites alone he made no peace. These alone he never spared, whether they were lords or ministers, fellow-countrymen or foreigners, ecclesiastics or laymen; but, tearing away their mask, he exhibited them to public scorn in all their infamy and deformity. On these alone did he pour the gall of his invective—against them alone did he fulminate the thunders of his eloquence; and none else did he hold up to the mockery and execration of the whole world. And, truly, the Scribes and Pharisees have ever been the vilest race that stained the annals of mankind: having formerly crucified our Saviour, they now attempt the ruin of Christianity. Nothing, therefore, could surpass his zeal against the Methodists and the Orangemen, the most hypocritical, and consequently the most dangerous of the sectarians—worthy descendants of Cromwell, that greatest hypocrite of modern times, whose truculent successors are the fitting heirs of his furious and cruel hatred of the Catholic Church. “Oh, marvellous and excellent Christians!” was O'Connell's exclamation against them, “who, with the Bible in one hand, and in the other the sword or the torch, have left behind you only a heap of ruins, and a track of blood! You now invent and accumulate calumnies upon calumnies against us, whom you formerly consigned to massacre. Every word you utter, every action you perform, demonstrates that you want but the power, not the will, to revive the sanguinary days of Cromwell, of Ireton, and of Ludlow!”

29. Towards upright Protestantism, however, and those sincere and generous souls who are to be found in it, as well as towards his political opponents, he remained faithful to the truly Christian maxim of St. Augustine—*Dilige homines, interfice errores*; and whilst he combatted the errors of which they were the victims, he never ceased to respect and love them personally. Hence, although rigidly irreconcilable and hostile to them in the arena of political discussion, far from uttering a single word against them in private, he considered it his duty not only to excuse and defend them, but

to render them every good office of Christian charity. Thus he himself, with great truth, used to say—"As a public man, I am surrounded with enemies, for all those are mine who are enemies to the liberty and religion of Ireland; but in private life, and as a Christian, I know not, and I deem I have not, a single foe." His political adversaries themselves, have not unfrequently rendered, justice to the Christian generosity of his sentiments. "O'Connell," they would say, "possesses a magnanimous soul. He constrains our good wishes, because, although a bitter foe to our opinions, he is the best friend of our persons and our interests." (16) They, therefore, most willingly associated with him, and felt themselves honoured by his intimacy and confidence. A touching spectacle it was to see them in the evening, enjoying the friendly intercourse of that O'Connell, against whom in the morning, on the floor of the House of Commons, they had fought with so much fury, and who with equal ardour and success had maintained the combat. Oh! of all who intimately knew O'Connell, who was there who did not love him?

30. If such he was with his foes, it may be easily imagined how he stood towards those who showed they were friendly adherents to the cause of his beloved Ireland. The affection he felt for the poor and wretched of his countrymen, language must fail to express. It cannot be forgotten that in the beginning of the present century, when Orange hatred of the Catholics, stimulated by the insurrection of 1798, raged furiously and bitterly, the Protestant magistrates who presided in the tribunals, instead of discharging the sacred duties of ministers of justice—instead of protecting the innocent and avenging the injured, enacted there the part of the vilest satellites of tyranny. The very name of Catholic was a sufficient reason for proscription and condemnation. In those days of terror—days to the Catholic of execrable memory; O'Connell alone, inheriting the spirit, as well as the name of the Hebrew Daniel, bravely constituted himself the defender of oppressed innocence. He encountered in the street one day, a number of Catholics who were being dragged before the bar of *justice*, to be tried, as it was averred, for high treason—crimes against the state—but really there to be condemned on account of their religion: for the judges, all furious partizans, belonged to those who are styled in Scripture, "*wolves in sheep's clothing*," and might be justly compared to a pack of wild beasts ravening for blood—*Principes ejus leones rugientes; judices ejus lupi vespere*. O'Connell, carried away by the enthusiasm of his charity, presented himself before them for the purpose of defending the accused, and there, by his eloquence thundered forth with such force, vehemence and ardour, that he recalled those base judges to the sentiments of humanity, and a sense of their duty as magistrates, and in the midst of their blushes and their fears, successfully constrained them to absolve his innocent co-religionists. This was the first act of justice felt by the Irish Roman Catholics in the nineteenth century.

31. From that moment until the hour of his death O'Connell was a volunteer defender of the accused Catholic; (17) and who can number

those whom he saved from the horrors of imprisonment, exile, and even death? At the same time, and while thus engaged, he carried solace to the miserable, comfort to the unfortunate, and consolation to the afflicted. The oppressed appealed to him for their defence, the widow looked to him for aid, the orphan cried out to him for protection, and the poor prayed to him for relief. Nor did they seek in vain. In him they found whom they required, and for whom before they had searched fruitlessly—the counsellor who directed, the advocate who defended, the charitable heart which succoured them: no less than the tender and compassionate father who carressed and consoled them. Like St. Paul, he made himself all things to all men—*omnibus omnia*, feeling, by the sympathy of his love, in his own great soul, the grief under which others groaned, the pain which others felt, the infirmities of the infirm, and the devouring fire of scandal, which consumed those who were scandalized. *Quis infirmatur, et ego non infirmator? Quis scandalizatur, et ego non uror?* (ii. Cor. 11.)

How great soever were his generosity and his promptitude to succour the wretched in private, his active and industrious exertions to secure to them public and permanent relief, kept pace with them. Through the operation of the personal influence of this man alone; and, by the authority of his sole word, how many houses of refuge for the poor and the fatherless, how many hospitals for the sick, how many schools for youth, how many asylums for the protection of modesty, were erected throughout Ireland! Never yet felt a sovereign towards his people, or a general towards his army, or ruler for his subjects, or pastor for his flock; nay, or father for his children, more deeply solicitous, more tender, or more generous, than O'Connell for his beloved countrymen. He loved but them. For them only he lived; for them only he breathed. To sacrifice for them wealth, rank, high office, labour, and even life, was to him happiness. Who can imagine the depth of grief which lacerated and crushed his heart on beholding his beloved country laid waste by famine and disease, whilst in the midst of its sufferings it forgot not his lessons of patience, nor once swerved from the fidelity he had inculcated? The horrible torture to which his heart was a prey, might indeed be surmised from the paleness of that countenance on which sat an awful melancholy, when weeping, and in the attitude of supplication, he implored from the House of Commons bread for his perishing countrymen. This it was that at last overcame that vigour, force, and courage, worthy of the heroes of old. A sombre sorrow, a great depression, laid hold of him, and that robust constitution, on which the toils and fatigues of fifty years had no effect, gave way at last beneath the combined weight of grief and compassion. Thus it may with truth be said, that as for charity he had lived, so did he on the altar of charity lay down his life—the only altar that was worthy of so noble a victim!

32. But, if any affection could equal that borne towards Ireland by O'Connell, it was that reciprocated by his countrymen towards himself. Eight millions of men loved him as a father, while, as their leader and sovereign, they obeyed and venerated him.

What perfect confidence was there in his councils!—what docility and confidence in his guidance and with his wishes! Behold a mass of a hundred thousand men, angry and excited against the oppression and injustice of the constituted authorities—a single word of O'Connell's is sufficient to calm them, and send them peaceably back to their respective homes. Here are a million of starving men, whose only prompter is hunger. To what reason will these men listen? What rights should they respect?—what dangers would they not incur?—of what punishment should they be afraid? O'Connell cries, "violate not the law: it is religion that commands you!" and by his voice alone he enforces that which all the artillery of England had in vain attempted—namely, patience in the midst of famine, and resignation in the presence of death.(18)

Say, is there in the whole range of history presented to us, another example of a moral power at once so great and so implicitly obeyed, so colossal, and yet so affectionately respected? No; never was there a sovereign *de jure* more faithfully served, more respectfully venerated, or more cordially beloved than this monarch of a nation's heart.

33. His journeys were one continued triumph, any idea of which it would be difficult to form, had we not before our eyes its counterpart in that of Pius IX. Scarcely did it become known that the Liberator was approaching any particular place, than the entire population of the province was in motion, and the county and city authorities, with the municipal corporations, and the peasantry from distant as well as near localities, advanced under banners flying to meet him with enthusiasm, but in perfect order. The moment the hero appeared—the instant they caught the view of his athletic form, with his air of sublimity, his majestic brow, his look filled with charity, and his smile beaming with affection, they rent the air with joyful huzzas! iterated and reiterated with increasing energy. Whilst he, beneath triumphal arches, and his path strewn with flowers, traversed the immense crowd, impatient to hear the accents of his eloquence—he passed through them, but it was to betake himself, first to the temple of God, and there to offer up his adoration and his prayers.

At his appearance joy spread over every countenance—every bosom was filled with delight. In presence of O'Connell that brave population seemed to forget its miseries and the ages of agony it had endured; although almost incessantly before them, they felt they never could see him too often; and how familiar soever were the accents of his voice, never did they tire of listening to him. Behold him, then, surrounded by two, three, aye, sometimes even by seven hundred thousand persons. With what ecstasy do all hang on the eloquence of that tongue! with what an air of admiring affection do they regard him! with what avidity listen to—with what enthusiasm applaud him!—applause, which springing from every heart is syllabled by every tongue, and re-echoed by every voice! The interest felt by all in his health, in his life, and in his fame may be conceived. "He is a father to us," they would say; "our true friend, defender, and liberator; and, after God, our sole hope, our greatest glory, and our truest delight."

34. Who, then, can form an adequate idea of the consternation and grief of this brave people, when, for sake of them, they saw their benefactor consigned to the walls of a prison? As in the case of a public calamity, mourning spread itself over the country, sorrow was depicted in every face, and every heart was filled with bitterness. Every household offered up prayers, and every chapel was the depository of supplications for the liberation of O'Connell. From the most remote parts of Ireland, the illustrious prisoner—the prisoner for the sake of faith and liberty—was visited by crowds of his fellow-countrymen, headed by their beloved priests and bishops, who came to lay at his feet the homage of their love and of their grief. His prison had thus the appearance of his court, where, as something greater than a sovereign, he held every morning a solemn *levee*. Something greater than a sovereign, indeed; for never did monarch on his throne receive honour to be compared with those which were offered to this modern St. Paul within the walls of his dungeon. How great, then, was the joy of Ireland, when, precisely on the last day of the Novena of the Blessed Mother of God, which had been devoted to the purposes of obtaining, through her intercession, the enfranchisement of the Irish Liberator, the English House of Lords, more noble in this, by the nobility of its sentiments than by its elevated rank, pronounced that admirable decision which gave back to Ireland her champion, and to her people their benefactor. As O'Connell left his prison, he was received in a magnificent triumphal chariot, by an immense concourse of his countrymen, amidst such a storm of cheers, and such an intoxication of enthusiasm, that it is impossible for words to describe it. That day was truly a triumph for O'Connell—a triumph, compared to which those of the Roman Emperors must appear poor and pitiful, inasmuch as their's were the triumphs of force, whilst his was founded on love, law, and justice, alone.

35. Not a little singular, too, was the enthusiasm, the fidelity, and the affection, with which, by his disinterestedness, his charity, and his zeal on behalf of liberty and religion, he had succeeded in inspiring the women of Ireland. This feminine enthusiasm contributed not a little to that great moral force by which he controlled his countrymen. Let those learn this truth, who, devoid of foresight, mentally blind, and with hearts steeled to every softer feeling, consider themselves alone qualified to govern mankind, of whose nature they are ignorant; let them learn that when an idea, whether political or religious, conceived by the intellect of man, once finds its way into the heart of woman, and there becomes a sentiment, its power increases so prodigiously that no resistance to it will avail. The women of Ireland, then, were on the side of O'Connell, whom they looked on as the sole supporter and vindicator of their common country and religion. They it was who maintained in vigour that affection towards him which existed in the hearts of fathers, husbands, and sons, and which strengthened and encouraged them cheerfully to submit to every sacrifice for the sake of their common Liberator.

Behold him, who, alternately blushing and trembling, advances

with a hesitating step to the electoral booth. He is an unfortunate tenant, and the father of a family, who, being incarcerated for debt, has, with a most cruel compassion, been promised his liberty by his creditor, the landlord, on condition that he should vote against O'Connell; and now, affection for his desolate family overcoming his feeling of duty towards his country and its Liberator, he is ready to vote as he is required. But what feminine voice is that he hears? "*Unhappy man! what are you about doing? Remember your soul and liberty!*" Oh, woman! It was the voice of his wife! of that wife who preferred the victory of O'Connell to the liberation of her husband, or the comfort of her own children! Its accents recalled the unfortunate man to himself, and, forgetting that he was both husband and father, he remembered only that he was a citizen. He recorded his vote for the Liberator, and tranquilly returned to his prison. Rapidly was the sublime exclamation of his magnanimous wife repeated from one end to the other of the Island of Saints. It was engraven on bronze,(19) and inscribed on the banners of the then existing National Association. And well it deserved to be: for it compendiously relates the whole history of this heroic people, and expresses the feelings of the genuine Irish heart, which, during three centuries, has sacrificed all to God and to its country—to religion and liberty.

36. Imagine, therefore, if such a people could consent that their Liberator and the father of his country, who had sacrificed to Ireland all his private resources, his professional emoluments,(20) and his repose, should not be supported by his country. Although the most Catholic, the most moral, courageous, and noble people in existence, they are also the poorest and most destitute; and if, by the most laborious toil, they can succeed in procuring a bare sufficiency of potatoes for the support of life, they are more than satisfied—they are happy. Yet, nevertheless, oh, generous people! how willingly have you deprived yourselves of your last mouthful to add your mite to the Tribute for your Liberator! a Tribute thus swollen annually to the sum even of one hundred thousand crowns.

By reason of this voluntary national tribute, Protestant insolence had assigned to him the title of "king of the beggars." Poor, miserable, and most pitiful fatuity! which, while intending to mock, actually did him honour. For what sovereignty is more beautiful than that whose tribute is not wrung from unwilling fear, but that is a voluntary, love-inspired offering? What sovereignty is more glorious, than that whose sword is the pen, and whose single artillery the tongue; whose only courtiers are the poor, and its sole body-guard the affections of the people? What sovereignty more beneficent than that which, far from causing tears to flow, dries them; which, far from shedding blood, stanches it; which, far from immolating life, preserves it; which, far from pressing down upon the people, elevates them; which, far from forging chains, breaks them; and which always maintains order, harmony, and peace, without ever inflicting the slightest aggression on liberty? Where is the monarch who would not esteem himself happy in reigning thus? Of such a sovereignty we may with truth say that which

was said of Solomon's: that none can equal its grandeur, its glory, and its magnificence: *Rex pacificus magnificatus est super omnes reges terrae!* (iii. Reg. 10.)

37. I have, up to this point, related the means by which, through the instrumentality of religion, he created an extraordinary public feeling in Ireland, and in England; within the circle of the court, and in Parliament; in the sanctuary, and among the people; and disposed all in favour of his country's emancipation. Behold him, now, in presence of his fellow-citizens, claiming their suffrages; asking them to elect him as one of the representatives of Ireland in the British Parliament. In vain did the Government, for the purpose of defeating his pretensions—in a Roman Catholic, so novel and so unexpected—start, as his opponent, an individual, who, in every point of view, was illustrious and respectable,(21) a gentleman who was already a member of the ministry, and who might be considered as having done some service, in that which was esteemed the cause of Ireland. In vain, during the five days that memorable contest continued, was every resource and every device which a powerful executive could command, called into action, in order to exclude a man whose name had become a word of fear to the English government. This time, at least, virtue won a victory over riches, and patriotic zeal over the base instincts of political sycophancy, which is ever ready to bend the knee before power. The man of the people was preferred to the beloved of the ministry, the Catholic to the Protestant; and O'Connell was declared elected, amidst the loud shouts of the Liberal, and the furious rage of the Orange party.

The great difficulty for a Catholic, however, lay, not in his being elected, but in his being permitted to sit and vote as a member of parliament; privileges, which, for more than a century, had, by statute, been taken away from every person professing the Roman Catholic faith. It mattered not. The genius of O'Connell, with that certainty of foresight which never failed him, confident in the justice of his cause, and in the protection of the Blessed Virgin, deemed that the second triumph would be as certain as the first. As therefore, by the single and simple fact of that election, it was deemed by him that Ireland had already become free, he bade, amidst the jeers of some and the incredulity of others, his followers sing the hymn of freedom: "Men of Clare," he said, addressing the electors, "you are aware that religion is the sole foundation of all liberty. You have triumphed, because the accents of those lips which have just achieved the freedom of our country, had previously ascended in prayer to the throne of our God. Let us now chant the song of liberty throughout our fields; let its sounds revel through our vallies, and be heard in the murmurs of our streams, until our mountains catching the living voices of the plain, echo forth the cry of 'IRELAND IS FREE!'"

38. As he predicted so it came to pass. He presented himself at the door of the House of Commons, but he found it barred against him. "You are a Roman Catholic," it was said to him, "and for a Catholic there is no place in a Protestant assembly. Are

you willing to subscribe to an oath, which implies as true that which is declared in the Thirty-nine Articles?" "I will subscribe," replied, in effect, O'Connell, "to the oath of allegiance to my King, and I will swear obedience to every just enactment of the parliament, but I will not subscribe to that, which I am sure is heresy, and know to be blasphemy. I demand to be admitted to the House—that is, to the bar, if you will still refuse me my seat, in order that I may prove my right!" This demand, although so extraordinary, was granted: more, however, it may be supposed, from an instinct of curiosity, than from any principle of justice. The hero is introduced; and now, oh, guardian angel of his country, be at hand to sustain her generous advocate! For never was a greater cause left to the decision of a human tribunal; never did graver interests depend on the efforts of a single man.

The issue is the liberty, or the civil and religious bondage of a whole people—the stability, or the ruin of an empire. Let us not fear however. These circumstances have raised O'Connell above himself, and he feels the whole importance of the measure with which he is charged. The House assumes an attitude of profound attention: not a sound is heard—every eye is turned on him, while every heart is beating—these with hope, those with fear. O'Connell speaks, but in so majestic a tone, and with so firm an accent—his sentiments are so elevated, his logic so irresistible, his style and expression so magnificent and forcible, that he at once reached the hearts of his auditors, and succeeded in convincing the most determined, moving the most obstinate, and overpowering the most haughty among them. When he concluded, they remained as in an ecstasy of stupor, and, as they silently gazed at each other, seemed to exclaim, "Never before did any man speak thus! Who will have the courage to reply?" Prejudice, therefore, gave way, and religious hatred remained silent; inveterate hostility abandoned the field, heresy surrendered, and justice triumphed; for all felt, that O'Connell and Catholicism could not with propriety, with safety, nor with justice, be much longer denied admission to the British parliament, from which persons professing the ancient creed of the empire had been too long excluded.

39. But Catholic Emancipation? Do not fear. The breach is made, the assailant is within, and the citadel must fall. Another year did not elapse, until subjugated by the power of O'Connell's eloquence, his influence, and the force and sympathy of the popular opinion,(22) he had compelled to become the advocates of his cause, that very tory ministry, which had been constituted for the purpose of resisting all concession to Ireland. Even they felt themselves obliged to come forward and propose to parliament the bill, which secured to Ireland "Catholic Emancipation."

A distinguished party in the House of Commons opposed the measure, the aristocracy were openly hostile to it, church Anglicanism denounced it, and the King himself, George IV., in whom a dull and foul fanaticism obscured all the better qualities of an Englishman and a Christian, resisted it with fury. In a paroxysm of royal rage, at being forced to submit to an humble commoner,

he stamped, threw down the pen, and breaking forth into a vulgar and blasphemous oath against O'Connell, refused to affix the royal signature to the Catholic Relief Bill. The necessity of circumstances, however, constrained him to surrender. That great law, so honorable to the good sense and justice of the English people, was at last established; and the civil and religious liberty of Ireland, as by a treaty between the conqueror and conquered, guaranteed amidst the joy of all enlightened freemen, and the applause of the whole world!

Oh, victory! Since that period of time, at which the early Christians obtained their civil rights and religious freedom from the self-same Emperors, who had for three centuries treated them as slaves, Europe has witnessed none so noble, none so magnificent, nor so stupendous!

On one side were political interests and the rivalry of fortune; class privileges, and the prejudices of education; national antipathy, and religious hate; the opposition of the King, and the repugnance of the people; and, to crown all, a heresy, which, during three hundred years, had struck root deeply in the soil, and was in possession of the land, of the country's wealth, of its navy, its army, and its parliament. On one side, in short, were ranged all the passions, and errors, and the whole talent, wealth, and power of the empire; while on the other, stood a private gentleman, poor, as compared with the wealth opposed to him; helpless, as contrasted with the enormous power he set at defiance, and being long to a servile nation and a proscribed race; that private gentleman, designated by his foes as equally rash and foolhardy; accused alternately of ambition and of fanaticism, insulted, derided, despised, and threatened—that private gentleman, however, strong in a cause, supported and blessed by his religion, overcame those numerous and powerful opponents; and that colossal power, which by its mere will determines the destinies of humanity, which knows no resistance, and triumphs over all, was itself successfully resisted, vanquished and triumphed over by O'Connell. Oh, truly great! most singular and stupendous event, which has changed the appearance of Europe, and conferred honour on the present century! Although consummated beneath our eyes, posterity may well doubt the records of its history; for of it may be said, "*Opus factum est in diebus nostris, quod nemo credet cum narrabitur!*"—(Habac.)

40. The municipal authority in Ireland, nevertheless, was so entirely centred, by the penal laws, in the hands of the Orange faction, that the Catholics were unable to obtain the most humble office, or exercise the most trifling corporate right—these being at the sole disposal of the Protestants. Their political emancipation, therefore, although in theory it was everything, without their civil emancipation was of little avail. O'Connell achieved that victory also, and by it placed in the hands of the Catholics every municipal corporation in Ireland. Subsequently, his unceasing demand from parliament was, "*justice for Ireland!*" a demand that, from his lips was equally calculated to excite pity for the wronged,

and terror amid the wrong-doers; and against the force of which, sustained as it was by an eloquence that was ever powerful, and by millions of petitions, and by an agitation that was ever active, no resistance could effectually contend.

By this he obtained a reduction of nearly one-half of the bishops, and the exactions which heresy made for its rates, in every parish in Ireland, and by which enormous sums were levied for the building, repairs, and even religious services of the church by law established in that country; that being a church which may be deemed a parasitical plant, nourished by the sweat of Catholic Ireland! By this he obtained also the commutation of tithes—that odious impost for the maintenance of the Protestant worship, with which it was oppressed. By this he obtained for his country, formerly the servant and the slave of England, the position of her free and independent rival; and from an aggregation of poor, humiliated, and unhappy individuals, by means of this he was seeking to raise her into a nation which would be prosperous, united, great, glorious, and free.

41. And if death has prevented him from beholding the crowning triumph of Ireland in the repeal of that infamous Act of Union, which joined the two countries, he has, by his agitation, his dexterous management, the rule he has laid down, and his noble sacrifices, so thoroughly prepared its way, that it is impossible it should not be obtained. Has he not left behind him his sons, the inheritors of his spirit, his virtues, and his glory, no less than of his name? Has not one of them been already called on to occupy the same political position that his father did, by the honorable sympathy and free choice of the clergy and the people? And has he not announced that he will be guided by the same principles, adopt the same plans, and pursue the same path? Ah, yes! John will worthily complete the work that Daniel has begun.

This new Joshua will lead the chosen people to that land of promise—a perfect independence—which the modern Moses was only permitted to salute from afar. England herself will be constrained to let the holy tribes of Ireland go free. She begins to comprehend that two nations whose habits, customs and language, but above all, whose modes of faith so widely differ, cannot long remain united under the same legislative body; that Ireland, deprived of her native parliament, is not an assistance, but a weight and an embarrassment to England; and that the means of saving her from the destruction with which she is now threatened by famine and disease, can only be devised by a government of her own. Yes! Oh generous nation! from this, thy latest travail, thou shalt yet arise, more free, more glorious, and more mighty. England and Ireland shall no longer stand in an attitude of mutual hostility and mutual hatred; but, in accordance with the sublime and generous intentions of that great man whom all so highly honoured, they will become as two jewels in the same crown—two pillars of the same throne—two noble sisters of the same family, who, reciprocally loving and sustaining each other, will go on securely in the path of true liberty and true greatness, to the

attainment of which Providence has chosen them, for the diffusion of the Gospel, the emancipation of mankind, and the salvation of the world.

42. This, then, is a brief sketch of what O'Connell has been as a statesman. Oh! how much more sublime, and how much more brilliant is his glory than that of Napoleon! Ah! in comparing these two men—the most extraordinary of modern times—they who have occupied the first half of our century with the greatness of their names—O'Connell and Buonaparte—what will impartial history say of them? That the one has been the genius of peace, and the other of war. That the one has secured sons to their mothers, husbands to their wives, fathers to orphans. That the other has taken them away. That the one has saved millions of lives: that the other has sacrificed them. That the one has inculcated fealty to, the other rebellion against, all established governments. The name of the one brings to our minds an idea of great disinterestedness, great love of justice, of legality, and of order: the name of the other presents to our minds nought but great havoc, great injustice, great spoliation, and great usurpation. The one has made revive the principles of civil independence, deposited in the ancient constitutions of Christian monarchy: the other has destroyed them. The one has laboured for the true liberty of all nations: the other, under the name of “centralisation,” has created universal slavery. And why has this been? Because Napoleon was inspired by ambition, and O'Connell with charity. The former despised religion, and made captive its august head: the latter has honoured it, has loved it, and has sent to the visible head of that religion his heart, as the tender of his homage. The former, a citizen of the world, made use of an infidel philosophy to create slavery: the latter, a Christian citizen, availed himself of the practices which religion imposes, of the doctrines which religion teaches, of the charity which religion inspires, to aid in promoting the sovereignty of liberty; and hence, whilst the one has obtained solid conquest, the other was doomed, before his death, to behold all his conquests vanish away. The one has left behind him a trace of light, and the other the red track of blood. And whilst the memory of Napoleon excites an indescribable sense of mourning and of horror, and awakens only a sterile admiration, mixed with grief, the memory of O'Connell, on the contrary, makes the heart leap with joy; and O'Connell, ever blessed, shall be the love and the delight of the world.

43. The Liberator did not confine to Ireland alone the benefits of liberty. He extended them to all Europe, and to the entire world. God has not created great men for the advantage of one time solely, or for one people alone, but for the advantage of every age and of every nation. The man of genius is the property of all humanity.

In order that the idea which I wish to express may be the better understood, it is necessary for me here to indicate that which I regard as an important doctrine—that which can alone make intelligible the two principal epochs of modern history.

The history of our century is written in that of the sixteenth. Men of talent, all of them, but, at the same time, all of them men marked with infamy and stained with crime, having in their mouths the word *reform*, produced a convulsion in the Christian world; and men of a similar stamp in our day, with the word *liberty* on their lips, overturned the entire political world. How could such things come to pass? Is it, then, given to the genius of evil, personified in some particular man, to agitate, to overthrow, to convulse, as he pleases, the world, and to draw it into the abysses of rebellion or of heresy? No, no; it is far otherwise.

The heresiarchs of the sixteenth century loved as little real reform, as the revolutionists of our time love true liberty: as in the mouth of the former was the word *reform*, so was the word *liberty* on the lips of the latter nothing more than a pretext, a lie, and an imposture. With such magic words those wished to destroy the church—these, society. All this is true. All this is proved by experience. The one as well as the other, marked their progress by ruins; and, when they became masters of the field, the one showed themselves not as Christians, but as most impious and most impure sinners; and the others as the greatest despots, and the most cruel rulers of the state.

Why and wherefore has it happened that persons should be permitted to attain such great power, as to be able to drag the half of Europe into their designs of disorder and of error? I will tell you. Like to a stream that in certain portions of its course drifts together every species of filth, so does time, in certain epochs, gather together disorders and abuses. This phenomenon now is common to all human societies, even those that are the very best constituted; and the Church itself, in that portion of her which is human, is not exempt from it. Then some disorder, some affliction, some secret perturbation, masters the social body; a prompt and efficacious remedy is called for, and is sought for, and whosoever is bold enough to come forward and to boast of science and genius sufficient to effect a remedy, is certain of being listened to.

Hence it is that the scandals and abuses of ecclesiastics, accumulated from preceding centuries, in the sixteenth, made reform an universal necessity in the church. So did the injustices and the arbitrary acts of statesmen, descending from preceding centuries into our own, produce an universal necessity for liberty in each settled state.

It is not, then, because they taught false doctrines, that the Heresiarchs and Revolutionists obtained great and deadly triumphs; but because, having divined that there was a real and an universal want felt both in the Church and the State, that they offered themselves for the purpose of satisfying it, promising and preaching with their lips that which they surely had not in their hearts—that is: one of them, *liberty*; and the other, *reform*.

44. In this rapid glance upon the two epochs I have indicated, and upon the causes of the horrible disturbances which have sprung out of them, I have not only notified that which is the philosophy of their history, but also the nature of the fitting remedy for them.

How, then, came it to pass that heresy, in the sixteenth century, was arrested in its tremendous progress; a progress which threatened to overwhelm in its unclean waters the entire of Europe? By the Church having adopted the same word as heresy, and crying out "*reform*." Ah! scarcely had the Church prayed through the lips of the great Pontiff, Paul III., and, afterwards, in the mighty Council of Trent articulated the word *Reform*, than these promises, the hope of a real reform given by the Church, rendered vain that false reform proclaimed and uttered by heresy; it shivered the tremendous talisman of that magic word with which so many people had been deluded. And the Lutheran and Calvinist heresies which were on the point of invading France and Italy, remained as a *political doctrine* amongst those states which had based their constitutions and their dynasties upon them—whilst as a *theological doctrine*, they ceased from causing new disorders and making new conquests.

So, in the same manner, the revolution, which threatened to make the circle of the globe, could not be arrested in its march—a march destructive of thrones and of states—until the governing powers themselves adopted the same word, and cried also for liberty. This word is, doubtless, as much a lie in the mouth of a demagogue, as the word *reform* in the mouth of a heretic.

The governments, taking example from that which the church had done with regard to reform, adopted a grand, large, and generous policy with respect to liberty, made a truth of that word which in the mouth of the seditious is a falsehood, hastened to render that perfect which a revolution could only promise, and never could maintain; prepared in turn to satisfy that which is to-day a real want, sensible and evident to all Christian people, by liberating them from the seductions of the demagogue; made with their own good will, and within certain limits, that which they might, at a later period, be constrained to concede in an immoderate degree, when forced to do so by an inexorable necessity. They took away from the enemies of order the favour of the people, and, as a wise reform, enforced by the church, disarmed heresy: thus a wise liberty, conceded by rulers, will disarm revolution. And this is, and it ought to be, well understood, the only means—the sole secure means, and the indispensable as well as infallible means—of making the struggle terminate.

45. Now, this great doctrine, so simple, but at the same time so profound, understood by so few, and not professed by any one, at the beginning of this century, O'Connell was the first to proclaim, to inaugurate, and to put in practice with the greatest success.

When this singular man began to show himself in the political scene of the United Kingdom, that is, in the greatest theatre in the world, persons of the best and clearest understanding were, as far as regarded liberty, swayed by deadly prejudices, which were unfortunately but too well justified in the presence of so many thrones vacillating or fallen; of so many dynasties extinguished or proscribed; of so many spoliations; of so many massacres; of so many ruins caused and brought about in the name and under the

standard of liberty. This word, then, indicative of awful excesses, made men tremble with fear. This standard, heavy and clotted with so much blood, only excited feelings of horror. All ideas of order were inter-penetrated with ideas of insensate absolutism, and all ideas of liberty with those of cruel Jacobinism. Liberty was synonymous with rebellion, Liberalism with regicide. Every attempt at political reform was regarded as an attack against the stability of the throne, and the tranquillity of the state. An intelligent despotism was esteemed as the only refuge of order, and the sole safe-guard of society.

Thus modern "loyalty" could not understand "order" apart from "despotism," as ancient philosophy had no idea of a state of society without the existence of slavery.

46. But when a man like O'Connell, with respect to whom there could be no doubt, neither as to the greatness of his genius, nor the purity of his intentions, nor the loyalty of his principles, nor his love for the people, nor the sincerity of his religion—when at length there was remarked this great citizen and great Christian, invoking and preaching liberty, and frankly declaring and proclaiming himself a Liberal, the words began at first to sound less disagreeable to the delicate and wary ears of Catholicism and Irish loyalty. Subsequently they became familiar to that people; then they were naturalized, and, as they presented real ideas, so did they inspire sincere sentiments. In fine, Ireland, schooled and subjected to the inspirations of her O'Connell, became a nation, the most liberal of Europe, and the most enthusiastic for liberty. And of what liberty? Ah! the Irish nation, despite the Anglican heresy (haughty and cruel as the Jews, blasphemous and insulting after having crucified it,) is still a nation of heroes, formed according to the theories, the Catholic-like liberal theories, of O'Connell. It has adopted true liberty, which is the daughter of religion. It has secured itself against that false liberty, which is the monstrous offspring of rebellion, and has presented to the world the only spectacle of a nation, free in asking, docile in obeying, jealous of its independence, and hostile to rebellion; loving its own institutions, and faithful to its Sovereign; sufficiently proud not to debase itself, and sufficiently wise not to be haughty; sublime in its resignation, and moderate in its resistance; zealous in maintaining its own rights, and scrupulous in respecting those of another; assembling in multitudes, and undisgraced by tumult; complaining without indulging in invective, it cries out against injustice, and never passes the limits of legality.

Oh, glory! oh, triumph! to O'Connell, in having thus first reconciled liberty with order, independence with loyalty; and in having transformed into a principle of security and happiness, that which was a principle destructive to thrones—a principle of desolation, and the slavery of nations.

This great pacific revolution, both in ideas and in sentiments, began in Ireland, soon gained footing in England, and from England it penetrated into all parts of Europe. The example of a nation of eight millions of men, faithful to the advice of him who was

their master, and, I would almost say, their prophet—always agitated, and ever tranquil—always intent on discussing its rights, and ever exact in fulfilling its duties—always indignant against the injustice which it suffers, and still ever faithful;—this example, I say, opened the eyes of myriads of men, and scattered abroad a great light on the senses of governmental powers—prejudices disappeared—great minds then saw the possibility of an alliance between liberty and obedience—between an agitation the most active and a respect for the laws—between the rights of the subject and the security of the prince—between the independence of the people and the stability of empires.

The word *liberty* began to be pronounced without repugnance. Men began to comprehend that a person might love the people without being an enemy to the King, and could be a Liberal without being a Jacobite.

And what a mighty thing is this! How great is the change that has taken place! for who, think you, are those who are now to be found audacious proposers of exceptional laws—the most vile flatterers of power; the supporters of that doctrine among ancient pagan communities, that of the absolute supremacy of *the State*—a doctrine which abandons an entire Christian people to the caprice of a handful of men who call themselves *the State*, and are the procreators of an universal slavery? Where, think you, are now to be found those who refuse to fathers the liberty of educating their own children—to corporations of regulating their own municipal expenses—to provinces of providing the means for their own prosperity—to the Church of preaching and guiding the people in the ways of truth and of justice? Where, think you, are, to day, to be found those in whom the hatred of the people is equal to the insolent contempt with which they speak of them? Where, think you, in fine, are to be found the enemies of all liberty—the impudent favourers of every species of slavery? They are to be found amongst the most fanatical demagogues—amongst those who are the pupils of Jacobinism—whilst, on the contrary, liberty cannot find any friends more sincere, nor any followers more constant, nor any defenders more intrepid, nor any advocates more generous, than amongst the most devout partizans of monarchical order—than amongst those who are the heroes and martyrs of loyalty.

Now, a change so strange and so unexpected as this has had its beginning, its causation, in Ireland—it has been born under the auspices, and nurtured under the teaching, of O'Connell. He it is, with his country to point to as an example, who has not merely modified, but who has entirely changed, the political ideas of a great part of Europe. He it is who has brought false liberty into disrepute, and recommended the true. He it is who has unmasked the hypocrisy of demagogues, and discredited sedition for ever.

True it is that this doctrine is that of the ancient apostles, of the ancient christians, of the ancient martyrs, who both by their words and their writings, with their protestations at the tribunals, and in their apologies presented to emperors, vindicated their own

rights, and cried out against oppression, but never forsook their fealty. The fear, however, or evils worse than those already endured, had not merely obscured, but nearly extinguished, this noble doctrine amongst persons who were loyal Christians and Christian loyalists. A thought, a word of complaint, against an injustice, the reprobation of an abuse of power, would have appeared to them to be a crime. This conciliatory doctrine has been revived by O'Connell—he has restored—he has reanimated—he has taught it with all the power of his eloquence, and with all the force of facts, and with all the strength of his success—and he has rendered it universal and popular in Europe.

47. Ye, oh, Romans! who now listen to me, are yourselves a proof that the influence of the political apostleship of O'Connell has penetrated into this lovely portion of Europe.

Notwithstanding this, it is quite true, and I say it with grief, it is but too true that there still linger among you some dull pupils of the revolutionary philosophy of the past century, some insensate pedant, who pants to realise in christian Rome the republican theories of idolatrous Rome, and to apply his university ideas to an actual state of society. It is true there are still some persons in whose minds, like those of the sanguinary *Sansculottes* from whom they descend, the phrase, "liberty of the people," conceals the dire idea of destruction, and the horrible feeling of a hatred of monarchy. But these degenerate citizens (if citizens they can be called who meditate the ruin of their country,) are very few. The people, however, the true, real Roman people, by their spirit of order, of obedience, and of love for their prince, have become the admiration of Europe and the world; they regard such ideas and principles with horror, a horror which compels these occult fabricators of rebellion to cover, as with a mask, themselves and their doctrines of disorder and of blood.

The exquisite good sense of the Romans prevents them from being captivated by the snares, or deluded by the hypocrisy, of such persons. That good sense leads the Romans to identify liberty with order; and never to regard as separated and adverse propositions, that which is for their own good, and that which is consistent with their fealty and obedience to their sovereign. Thus it is that a people, so good and so intelligent as the Romans, have, if I may so speak, brought to a state of perfection that doctrine which the apostleship of O'Connell has accredited throughout Europe. Rome has conjoined with the most scrupulous legality the enthusiasm of love. It seeks through a loving agitation, as Ireland sought by legal agitation, the reform of abuses which time and passions (as they have ever done with all things,) have engrafted upon, and then altered the nature of the ancient constitution of the States of the Church—that being a constitution which rendered perfectly reconcilable with each other order and liberty. And since it is impossible that the language of a people who love their sovereign should not be understood by a sovereign who is all love for his people; since it is impossible that hearts moved by a mutual affection should not perfectly comprehend each

other, then we may believe that thou, oh! Rome, dost prepare for thyself the noblest boast that nation ever yet made; for if men do not plot against thee, are not able to stop thy progress, cannot deceive thee, and will not betray thee, then can'st thou add this bright page to thy history, that which posterity shall marvel at as they read it, namely, that thou hast been able to obtain, nay, to gain, as if it were a conquest, true "liberty;" and that the only means and only instruments in procuring so great a gain were the ways of love.

48. I say a "true liberty;" for as there is real gold and fictitious gold, so is there a "true liberty" and "false liberty." Oh! how very beautiful is that! and, oh! how very abominable is this! Oh! how majestic is that! and oh! how terrible is this! As that diffuses around it peace, and grace, and calm; so does this disseminate, wherever it is implanted, terror, dismay, and horror. The brows of one are illuminated with the splendid halo of order; and those of the other are covered with the red cap of anarchy. One holds in her hand the olive branch of peace; and other waves the torch of discord. One is arrayed in robes white as those of innocence; and the other is enveloped in the dark, blood-stained mantle of guilt. One is the prop of thrones; the other a yawning abyss beneath them. One is the glory and the happiness of nations; the other their disgrace and their punishment. The latter bursts out of hell, as if it were a poisonous blast issuing from the jaws of the devil himself; and the other descends sweetly and gently upon the earth, as if the spirit of God had sent it down to us a holy blessing from heaven: *ubi spiritus Domini ibi libertas*.

49. Hence, my dear brethren, we should perfectly comprehend and carry this conviction at all times in our hearts, that true liberty never springs from the clandestine orgies of rebellion, but ever issues forth from the sanctuary; that it germinates not out of the doctrines of philosophy, but of religion. Liberty is the pacific radiation of truth, as slavery is the funereal lamp of error. It never can be procured in its integrity and perfect purity but in the church, where alone is to be found, in all its sincerity and purity, the truth. As it is the church which has sustained the *metaphysical* liberty of the human mind against the philosophers and heretics who impugned it; as it is the church which has created *domestic* liberty, by elevating the wife to her proper rank, and consecrating her children; as it is the church which has introduced *civil* liberty, by abolishing amongst Christian nations the sale of human beings to slavery; so it is the church alone which can proclaim *political* liberty, fixing the true and just limits between obedience and command, the true and just rights, the true and just duties of people and of princes. Let our watch-words then be, loyalty, obedience, fidelity, love of the true religion; let us act in imitation of that great man whose loss we all deplore; for he not only availed himself of a true religion to obtain true liberty, and, as we have seen, *liberavit gentem suam a perditione*; but he also made use of liberty to aid in the triumph of religion: *corroboravit templum*.

THE FUNERAL ORATION

OR

O'CONNELL.

PART SECOND. ;

"Simon Magnus, qui liberavit gentem suam a perditione; et in diebus suis corroboravit templum." (*Eccles. 50.*)

50. As there is a true greatness, which is the offspring of virtue and of merit; so is there a false greatness born of the partiality or the caprice of him who assigns it to another; or of the prejudices and the delusion of him who believes in it; or, lastly, of the adulation, of the intrigues, and the vileness of the man who seeks to procure it for himself.

As the one greatness is different from the other in its origin, so also is it to be distinguished from that which contrasts with it in its duration. False greatness is neither competent to render acceptable, nor to bestow elevation upon the individual to whom it is attached, and to whom it is always found as little suited as an ill-fitting garment; it perishes with the person to whom it has been annexed, and very frequently disappears before him. True greatness, on the contrary, not merely ennobles one person, but an entire family: it shines out a pure light and illuminates with its radiancy a long train of descendants; most brilliant emblems transmit its glory to the remotest posterity.

Hence it is that in the magnificent stem of the family of O'Connell is to be found that noble motto—"The eye of O'Connell is the safety of Ireland"—*Salus Hiberniae oculus O'Connell.*

51. This splendid motto has been not merely as a testimony of the past glories of this illustrious family; but it is something more—it is to be regarded as a prophecy of its future glories, which found their fulfilment in Daniel O'Connell. It was the vigilant and penetrating eye of O'Connell which in our days saved Ireland; "*Salus Hiberniae oculus O'Connell*"; for he, a christian citizen availed himself of religion to win freedom for his country—that which we have already demonstrated—and then a citizen christian he employed the freedom thus gained as an instrument wherewith to secure the triumph of religion—that which we have this day to demonstrate—and hence it is that he has been great in that which is true greatness; and that we can with justice apply to him the eulogium of Scripture: "*Simon Magnus, qui liberavit gentem suam a perditione, et in diebus suis corroboravit templum.*"

I no longer ask you, my dear Roman brethren, to day for an attentive hearing—I no longer appeal to your kindness, for in the indulgence, which you have already, and in such a flattering manner conceded to me, I feel and know that you have granted me all that in this respect I could desire. What remains for me to do is to thank you—to take advantage of it, and to proceed with my discourse.

52. Like a legitimate sovereign, truth stands in need of nought else

than itself; it is only necessary that it should reveal itself as that which it is, to obtain adherents, to exact homage, and to reign in the universe of mind. On the other hand, error, like to an usurping tyrant, cannot impose upon the understandings of mankind, and cannot preserve any command over them if it be not aided by force, and upheld by deceit.

Hence it is, that Heresy always begins by attaching itself to the great ones of this world, in order that, favored by their passions, and sustained by the power under their command, it may dominate over the people. The Catholic Doctrine, on the contrary, always begins by announcing itself to the people alone, and if it afterwards deigns to admit the Great, the Rich, and the Mighty amongst its adherents, it is only on the condition that they must come to set themselves down at the same table with the people, to drink of the cup of Christian equality, and be invested with the devices of humility. Whilst Heresy is to be ever found kneeling on the lowermost steps that lead to the feet of thrones, and petitioning for a stripe of purple whereby it may be covered, and for a sword, wherewith it may be defended; the Catholic Doctrine piously proud of its divine origin, never presents itself before thrones but erect, fast standing, and preaching the most unpleasant truths, and warning to the performance of the most disagreeable duties. Whilst heretical and schismatical Churches are ever found begging protection from mortal men, the true Church prays alone to God for nought else than liberty: *Ut Ecclesia tua secuta tibi serviat libertate.*

Here then it may be observed, as I have elsewhere remarked, that *liberty of conscience*, which in its *absolute* sense is indifference, atheism, impiety; because it is the negation of all revelation, of every positive religion, of every rule of faith and action; yet, in its *relative* sense, that is, with respect to the Civil Power, which has not had from God the mission of preaching and teaching the gospels, it is a catholic principle, and one which the church has professed, has taught, and has defended; which it could not renounce, without abdicating its divine mission—without being suicidally destructive; as it is a necessary condition of its existence and of its continuous propagation.

53. However, when the Catholic Church, at the close of the last century, had seen that under the name of "liberty," and by the "apostles of liberty," its Pontiffs were imprisoned, its priests expatriated, its altars destroyed, its temples profaned, its holy virgins abused; its property alienated, its monasteries abolished; its doctrines denounced; its laws, its worship, and its institutions repudiated; when, in fine, at that deadly epoch, "Liberty," in its march, was always accompanied by blasphemy and sacrilege; then it was that it began to be regarded as the necessarily irreconcilable enemy of true religion; and that those who were true and faithful christians could not hear the word "liberty" without trembling; and that they could not believe it was possible to pronounce it, without sin.

At the same period also, when it was seen that the altar had fallen under the blows of the same axe that had shattered the throne, the idea began to gain strength, that it was only when united together they could possibly be restored to their former condition.

Hence "*the throne and the altar*" inspired the same interest, and were to be found identified in the minds, conjoined in the hearts, and united together in the language of all good men. When a sad experience had proved that the altar was indispensable to the sustentation of the throne, it began to be believed that the throne was indispensable to the altar; or in other words, the throne was considered as a necessary support not only of political order, but even of religious order.

These ideas had become general in Europe. True believers had fixed their eyes not only on Catholic thrones; but even on Protestant thrones. The Catholics themselves of Ireland did not expect but from the liberality of the Protestant crown of England the emancipation of their consciences and of their religion; and all their hopes were placed in a throne constitutionally hostile to their faith.

54. This was to do that, which made of our Divine Religion a human institution, as a thing, that could not do without the aid of man. But this in itself, was abandoning faith, morality, worship, the church, to the will of the Civil Power, which under the pretence of being its protector, has never lost the opportunity of making itself a Pontiff; for this is a well proved fact, that the church has had cause to complain more frequently of its protectors, than of its persecutors. This was, in truth, the same thing as to render dependent upon the good or evil disposition of a prince, the faith of the people; to consecrate as politically legitimate all systems of error, even atheism itself; and to consent to the most harsh, the most insupportable, and the most humiliating of all servitudes, the slavery of the conscience—it was to will the destruction even of the last vestige of human dignity.

How important, how necessary was it then to make the nations of the earth feel that when the Civil Power stretches its hand over religion, with the semblance of protecting it, that it dominates over religion—that dominating, it annihilates religion, or that it degrades religion; and that true religion cannot subsist, and cannot be propagated but when its only shield and its sole aid is liberty?

But, great God! to destroy a prejudice which a complication of horrible circumstances had deeply implanted in the minds of the wisest men, viz: that "Liberty must be the enemy of religion;" to calm the apprehensions, to allay the fears, to arrest the terrors, but too well founded, which the word "liberty" awakened in the hearts of the most religious and the most pious; to force a people as Catholic as that of Ireland, to seek in liberty the triumph of Catholicism, which, in all the rest of Europe, had been struck down, or defaced by the assaults of liberty. What a labour!—what an enterprise was this! an entire generation of apostolic men would not seem enough to secure its success. And yet, one man alone—a layman alone—O'Connell alone has done this. His genius was capable of conceive it—his courage to undertake it—his constancy and his power to complete it!

55. With what great prudence, with how much sound discretion did O'Connell, from the very first, apply himself both in his public harangues, and his private conversations to induce the people and the clergy to adopt his view whilst he avoided giving any alarm to pre-

judices that were but too reasonable, and to feelings that were naturally over-sensitive. This he had to do, whilst he, at the same time, had to lead them to believe that there was nothing to be hoped for in favour of the Catholic religion from the voluntary liberality of a Protestant Government; that religious emancipation never could be procured, but through the means of, and in association with political Emancipation; that the independence of the Catholic Church must be the result of a legal, peaceable victory won by the people, and never could originate in a gratuitous concession on the part of those who had the power to refuse it; and that liberty was the only instrument that remained to them whereby they might effect the triumph of religion! Often and often had he been heard to say, "that nothing was more difficult to him, than his being able to persuade the clergy, that religion ought not, and could not be perfectly successful but with the aid, the favour, and the sustainment of liberty."

There were not wanting at the commencement of his career persons, who were either weak devotees, or malignant hypocrites, and who, upon hearing such language as this in the mouth of the young O'Connell, either really felt, or openly expressed their distrust of it; and therefore denounced him at the bar of public opinion, as an intemperate politician, as one contaminated with the philosophy of the eighteenth century; or as a wretched emissary who had undertaken to inoculate Ireland with the anarchical doctrines of the French Revolution; or, in one word, as a heretic. But his horror of blood, his love of legality, the strength of his convictions, and above all his sincere zeal for religion soon dispersed these suspicions, and put an end to such calumnies. His pure and pious intentions became known, his doctrines understood, his designs approved of, applauded, and popular.

Such was the magic effect of his speeches, and of his constant course of action, that in the course of about five years, he had succeeded in transfusing his entire spirit into Ireland; and of transforming Ireland into himself; of imbuing with his own ideas not only the Catholics as one united body, but still more, a vast number of Protestants (29) not laymen alone, but even ecclesiastics; not men alone, but even women; not Ireland alone, but even England; and then, when he established that which was an association for *Religious Liberty*, there were to be found in it all men of good faith, all noble hearts, all generous characters of the united kingdom, of every form of faith, and of every mode of opinion, who cordially combined together, with the self same purpose, that of procuring by their united forces from the Civil Power, liberty of conscience, and of effecting the triumph of religion, by the aid of liberty.

56. The circumstance in which he made most peculiarly known the nobility of his soul, of that soul, which was Catholically liberal, and liberally Catholic, was in the great question of the *Veto*, or, in other words, the claim put forward on the part of the Protestant Government to participate in the nomination of the Catholic bishops of Ireland. Upon this question, he exhibited the learning of a Doctor, the zeal of an Apostle, the courage of a Hero, and in consequence of all he had to endure, and all he had to suffer, the patience of a Martyr.

The claim of the government was to be regarded either as full of subtlety, or as of no importance. Of the three candidates which the Clergy of Ireland should, as it had been the practice, present to the Holy See to make its selection of a Bishop, the English Government wished to have the power of excluding one of them. The benefits that were promised, in lieu of this concession were great, were flattering, were well calculated to dazzle the most cautious, and to seduce even the most pious; for they were—Emancipation—or the religious and political liberty of all the Catholics of the United Kingdom; and the endowment of the Episcopacy of Ireland. Already had the people begun to regard with favour a proposition which appeared to them as the final close to three centuries of horrible suffering, a part of the clergy under the impression that what they were doing was for the dignity of religion, did not seem disinclined to accept a permanent income, which should save them from the hard necessity of living upon what might be regarded “as another man’s money.” The Prelacy itself, which when united in synod, had unanimously rejected this gift tendered by a perfidious hand, when just offered to them, was afterwards split up and divided into parties; because some of the Bishops, deceived by the fallacious promises, and the pretended court paid to them, gave in their adhesion to the Bill of the Government—an adhesion of which they became ashamed; for which they grieved, and which they subsequently withdrew. As to the English Catholics—they did not see anything in this insidious Bill but an important concession—that which put an end to their political degradation—a degradation so great that they were citizens without a state—they could only see that it opened the doors of Parliament to them—and therefore they at once sided with the Government. Nay, they even entered, with such deplorable zeal, into the views of the Government, that they branded as “inconsiderate temerity” the opposition of the Irish Bishops; and they expelled from their Catholic Committee, and almost excommunicated the catholic bishop, Doctor Milner, the only member of the catholic clergy of England, who, in an eloquent Petition to Parliament had combated the government measure, with the zeal, the courage, and the learning of an Athanasius. Rome itself, in this great struggle, appeared to incline towards the enemies of the Church of Ireland; and, so much so, the poor Irish peasantry in their simplicity said, as they often did with tears—“that it appeared to be turning *Orange*.” Monseigneur Quarantotto, Vice-Prefect of the Propaganda, during the imprisonment of the immortal Pius VII. had in his Rescript, given his assent to the insidious propositions of the English Government, which might have been rendered destructive to the liberty of the Church. Orangeism, fortified with this presumed concession of Rome, became insolent in its triumph. Catholic Ireland, torn by intestine divisions, abandoned by its co-religionists in England, and by its guardians in Rome, could not hope to stand firm against the united ranks of Anglican heresy. The most courageous became tired of an unequal struggle, in which there was not to be seen a single probable chance of success. Despondency oppressed the minds of all; and the chill of despair was in every heart.

Oh! unhappy Church of Ireland! behold! in addition to all thy

great calamities there is to be annexed this—the greatest and the most humiliating of them all—the loss of that religious independence which thy generous children had purchased for thee with three centuries of their sufferings, and of their blood!—But no—be not thou afraid—there is O'Connell, whom Providence has, like unto a new Judas Maccabeus, evoked for the purpose of watching over the defence of this thy Church. O'Connell will make good on this occasion the truth of the motto which belongs to his race—"The eye of O'Connell is the safety of Ireland"—*Salus Hiberniae oculus O'Connell*.

57. Oh! great and mighty soul! so many difficulties combined together so far from abating his courage only tend to inflame it. In the midst of a wide-spread common despair, he alone does not despair; amid the universal apprehensions excited by the conduct of Rome he alone is full of confidence in the wisdom of Rome; and whilst destitute of all the means, appliances, and aids to combat against a powerful enemy, he alone dares to engage in the strife, as if he were certain of the victory.

Behold him, making proclamation to the nation of the snares that are preparing for its destruction; bringing together in large meetings priests and laymen, and there demonstrating with the profound learning of a theologian, and with the skill of a lawyer, how this concession required from the Church, when once made to an heretical Government, would be converted into an instrument of abuse, because similar concessions even when made to the Catholic Government had at times, been abused. He comments on the bill, and he unmasks its character. He examines its premises, and he demonstrates the inanity and the fallacy contained in them. He penetrates the views of the ministry, and reminding his hearers of the Treaty of Limerick, (30) he brands it with the bad faith and the infamy that ought to attach to it. He denounced the ministerial Catholics, and he humiliated them; he does not forget the courtier clergy, for he stigmatized them.

What more did he? Almost at the same moment he may be seen counselling the priesthood, and animating the people; awaking the zeal and the vigilance of the prelates, whilst he sustains their courage; sending ten delegates to London to implore the assistance of the "*friends of religious liberty*;" hastening two Bishops to Rome, to the Supreme Pontiff (then happily returned from his glorious exile) and confiding to these Bishops a learned and able Memorial, in which he, on the part, and in the name of his Catholic fellow-countrymen exposes, with an irresistible force of reasoning, the evils which the concession of the *Veto* would entail on the Church of Ireland. And then, at all times, and upon all occasions, in public, as well as in private, he never ceases to declare, and to repeat the declaration, that, "we do now, and for ever reject every concession, which we may be required to purchase with the sacrifice of our religion and of our liberty."

58. What then was he able to obtain by these exertions of his eloquence, of his activity, and of his zeal? He obtained the most complete and resplendent success. He obtained from the bishops, united

in council, a Declaration, "That the clergy of Ireland will, by all canonical and constitutional means for ever oppose themselves to every interference on the part of the temporal power in matters of religion." He obtained from the entire nation a rejection of the fraudulent offers of Anglicanism, and that all the public journals should be filled with resolutions, in which the people bound themselves, as with an oath, that "every attempt to weaken the church of Ireland, shall be vain; and that in despite of the Government, of Parliament, of the Orangemen, and of the Quarantottis, Ireland will ever preserve in its purity, the faith of its holy patron, St. Patrick." He obtained the expression of the self-same sentiments being made to the Government in an official form, and in the name of the clergy and people of Ireland, by the following declaration:—"The political and religious liberty of Ireland being the only object aimed at by us as a Catholic people, we conceive that we should degrade ourselves, if, for any advantages that might be offered to us, we consented to any condition that might increase the influence of ministers to the detriment of the discipline of our church." In fine, he obtained from the Supreme Pontiff himself, that which justified the confidence which O'Connell had placed in the wisdom of the Holy and Apostolic See, viz: the disapproval of the document of Quarantotto.

In vain did the many and the concealed partizans of the Government propositions—in vain did they, more dangerous than those who were his open foes, for the purpose of justifying their own base apostasy from the cause of the church, oppose themselves to its great champion, with the assertion, "that it was the very rashness of folly to hope to obtain unconditional Emancipation from Protestant England." To such persons O'Connell answered: "I am ready for peace sake to do every thing, but to sacrifice the religion of my country and my ancestors;" and so saying, the people responded to him:—"We love civil liberty much, but we love still more our religion. If to obtain our civil liberty, it be necessary to die, we are prepared to give up life for it, but we will not buy it with, nor barter for it, our faith. Better to be slaves and Catholics, than freemen and Protestants. Martyrdom is not a novelty to us. Three hundred years of suffering have already passed over our heads. Let the heavy chains that we now bear, be rendered more oppressive rather than we should consent to the smallest alteration in the discipline of our church."

When attempts were subsequently made to relax the constancy and weaken the resolution of the clergy, by holding out to them the expectation of their receiving so large an endowment from the State, that it should for ever save them, for the future, from the hard condition of being obliged to beg the very means of their subsistence, the noble priesthood of Ireland did not for a single moment hesitate as to what was the fitting answer for them to give. "The chains" they said, "that you offer to us may be of gold, but still they must be now and for evermore fetters. Better, far better liberty and poverty, than wealth and slavery. Poverty and honor are not incompatible associates; but infamy cannot be disunited from voluntary slavery. Poor Catholic priests may be, can, and are more respected than the rich

prebends of heresy. (31.) The church requires no extraneous aid to enable her to live well; but if permitted to do well, she stands in no need of riches, but she does of liberty."

Such sentiments as these, so generous, so natural, and so deeply rooted in the hearts of the priesthood, and the people of Ireland, can be traced to the powerful action of O'Connell—to the invincible superiority of his genius, to the authority with which his public speeches, and his private conversations were impressed—to the example of his courage, his constancy, his magnanimity and his disinterestedness. These are the qualities that excited, that invigorated, that gave impulse and validity to such sentiments, and that opened an arena in which they have been exhibited in all their mighty magnificence, and in all their dazzling splendour; and this to the glory of the Catholic faith which alone is capable of creating them. What spectacle has there ever yet been seen more ennobling than this?—in an age of selfishness, and egotism, and in the heart of a money-making, money-seeking people, to behold a nation whom O'Connell has penetrated with his spirit—a nation steeped in poverty, destitute of every comfort, in want even of the necessities of life; and yet, not merely choosing, but preferring to take the bread from its mouth, and allocate it to the maintenance of the altar, and of those who serve at the altar, rather than stretch out its hand to receive any assistance from the generosity of Heresy! What contest was ever yet more ennobling than *this*! the struggle between a superabundantly rich Government that offers, and a mendicant people who refuse; between England which promises to give every thing, and Ireland that is resolutely determined not to receive any thing, lest in doing so the gift might be accompanied with the slightest prejudice to her religion.

59. It was impossible that such great generosity, and such noble heroism as this should not triumph. As Ireland had determined that she would never sacrifice that which was spiritual for that which is temporal, so was she destined to obtain that which is temporal whilst she retained that which is spiritual. The Incarnate Truth himself has solemnly promised, that the people who seek before all things, and at the sacrifice of all things "the kingdom of God, and His justice," that is, the triumph of true religion, shall preserve their religion, and obtain in addition every temporal advantage; *Querite primum Regnum Dei et justitiam ejus, et hæc omnia adjicientur vobis.* (Matt.) Hence the Liberator never ceased to say to his people, "Fear nothing, yield nothing, with patience and perseverance you shall yet have the honour of winning your own liberty, and this too without sacrificing a particle of the religion of your fathers."

Never was human prophecy better nor more literally fulfilled than this. In presence of such disinterested determination, of such invincible resistance on the part of Catholic Ireland, dominant reigning Anglicanism renounced its hope of obtaining the much desired concession of the *Veto* which for six years it had worked for with threats, sought for with promises, toiled for with cunning, struggled for with violence, laboured for by every device and expedient, and yet laboured in vain. The church of Ireland then was left in its glorious poverty;

but in its still more glorious independence, free from any interference on the part of the Civil Power, with the nomination of its pastors. It remains rich—that is, rich in what is real wealth; for the true riches of a Catholic nation consist in its religious independence; as the most attractive ornament of a modest matron is her beauty. After ten more years of a new agitation, of labours, of struggles, of sufferings, and of agonies, Ireland, guided and directed by her Liberator succeeded in obtaining her emancipation, that is, her civil liberty, without any humiliating or destructive conditions, and, as O'Connell had predicted really and truly, *without having sacrificed a particle of her religion.*

Oh! ye, who influenced by a deadly prejudice—a prejudice originating in very great ignorance and very little faith, and which induces you to adhere to a mere worldly policy in the affairs of the Christian religion—ye, who require that the sentinels of Israel should be changed into “dumb dogs,” and never open their mouths and bark at the wolf—ye, who impose upon the noble champions of faith, a silence which is as unhappily fitted to promote the views of an usurping temporal polity, as it is injurious to the church; and which you therefore ought to abjure and condemn: ye, who brand as imprudent the demands, denounce as audacious presumption, the protestations, sneer down as fanatical, the zeal of the defenders of the church, when you ought to encourage, uphold and reward them—ye, who do all these things, which you ought not to do, for the purpose of obtaining for the church, some slight temporal advantage, some little human support, which the church could well dispense with—ye, who do these things, attend, I pray you, to the manner in which God himself has confounded such judaical calculations—attend to it, lest there should be said of you, that which has been declared of the Jews; that because they preferred things that were temporal to those that are spiritual, they lost both temporal and eternal things together; *Temporalia amittere timuerunt, et vitam aeternam non cogitaverunt, et sic utrumque amiserunt.* (S. August). Do ye, I say, learn from the noble and generous policy adopted by O'Connell, and by which he secured the triumph of religion in Ireland, that it is not by any sacrifice of ecclesiastical jurisdiction and independence, that the Civil Power may win for itself, that it is to be maintained within its just limits, but it is by resisting in a legal manner its unjust pretensions, by the exhibition of firmness, and, in such a contest, by the absence of all fear.

60. The victories that the genius of O'Connell, working with liberty as his instrument, procured for the True Church, have not been confined to Ireland, but have had an efficacious echo, and have produced wondrous results in every other part of the globe. In order that you may the more clearly comprehend this, I must endeavour to raise up your thoughts, even to the Sanctuary, of what seems to be the designs of God, as far as it is permitted to us weak and miserable mortals, to penetrate it.

The greatest, the most important, and the most marvellous event of this providentially-ordained history of the modern world, is not the separation of the two Americas from Europe, nor the French Revolution, nor the French Empire, but rather the economy of means the most opposite, and causes the most contradictory, which God, in

His absolute independence, has chosen for the propagation of the Gospel and the glory of His Church.

Now, the principal of these means, which God hath visibly ordained to objects so sublime and so holy, is the mercantile spirit of England. Ah! it seems to have extended the very confines of the earth itself, in order that it might pour out upon them its worldly manufactures. But God hath made use of the untiring activity, and of the devouring thirst for gain of that people, for the purpose of scattering over the world those celestial manufactures of His Mercy—Grace and Truth. England has occupied the principal points of the globe, in the desire to extend, and to establish everywhere the empire of the British lion. God, by this means has prepared for the ministers of the Gospel an easier access to all parts of the world, in order that they might establish the Empire of the Cross. Already, the poor children of Ireland, whom intolerance and heretical tyranny have forced to emigrate, have been scattered over all parts of the earth, have been dispersed amongst all the English colonies, and have found a refuge in the immense continents of Oceanica; bringing with them, wherever they went, the precious seeds and the glorious confession of the true faith; and by such unexpected and unlooked for means, the cruel bigotry of heresy has, without either wishing, or intending it, co-operated in the foundation of more new bishoprics in all parts of the globe, than it had previously destroyed in Europe.

As long, however, as the Irish Catholic was degraded and oppressed with grief, as long as he groaned beneath the heavy yoke of brutal laws, which tied him down to the condition of a slave, the truth and sanctity of his religion could be of little avail, because still enthralled by the dominant religion of his harsh task-masters. It was then necessary, in order that the Irish nation should accomplish the object for which it seems to have been destined by the Deity, that it should break the bonds of its political servitude, and that through such means it should acquire liberty and the religious independence of its faith.

61. This precisely was the point which was so closely comprehended and so distinctly seen by the penetrating genius of O'Connell. Ah! how different indeed is he from some men whom prejudice and adulation alone could have called great, and that afterwards appeared less great than they really were; for O'Connell is far more great than he appeared to be. His intentions and his objects are the most sublime, and the most stupendous of all the operations of his mind. From some of his fugitive expressions, from his unequalled zeal, and from a constancy that is unexampled in the history of true patriotism, and which he demonstrated in procuring the liberty of his country, we can alone rightly comprehend that he regarded the people of Ireland, as a people of predilection, as a people chosen by God for the salvation of many nations—as, in fact, a missionary people. Thus, too, are we able to comprehend how O'Connell, in struggling for the emancipation of Ireland did not believe that he was engaged in a common ordinary cause of human policy, but that he was co-operating in a great work of God, in the greatest of the designs of His mercy; and that so labouring, he did not look upon himself as a

mere Irishman, but as the servant, and the instrument of God in His Church.

In proportion therefore as the proofs of the noble destiny of Ireland, for the promotion of religion out of Ireland, increased in number, and became more clear to his view, so did O'Connell seem more deeply and firmly impressed with the religious character of the function he had received from God; that of enfranchising and elevating Ireland. His actions became more intrepid; his intentions more pious. He regarded "*the island of Saints*," as saintly, not alone because it was covered with the bones, and steeped with the blood of millions of martyrs; but still more, because it was occupied in spreading piety over all parts of the world. He honoured it with an ever increasing reverence; he loved it, caressed it, cherished it; he delighted to speak of it with a fondness and tenderness that day by day waxed stronger. Ah! be assured he did not alone designate it "First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea;" he did not merely hail it with the most affectionate salutations, nor embalm it with the sweetest expressions, because of the salubrity of its climate, the fertility of its soil, the loveliness of its picturesque landscapes, the manly strength of one sex, the beauty of another, and the generous hearts of its inhabitants; but rather because he saw in this noble nation, (which some have been pleased to describe as the most uncouth, and the most unquiet in the world,) a nation, which is the depository of the truth and grace of God, adorned with the majesty of the mission of God; and called to give proof of its fecundity, which like the primitive Church of Rome, it has acquired by three centuries of martyrdom and blood; and to generate many of God's children, in every portion of the Universe. And hence he taught and guided it with so much patience, defended it with such great courage, devoted himself to it, immolated himself for it with such alacrity, and wished by tremendous efforts, and mighty sacrifices to endow it with freedom. Thus it is that a mother educates with greater care, watches with greater jealousy, loves, fondles with a greater tenderness, which is ever mixed up with a species of reverence the young son, whom she knows is destined one day to reign as a sovereign.

God has blessed these noble designs, these holy transports which His Grace caused to grow up in the heart of his servant. O'Connell saw the civil liberty which he had first predicted, and then won for his country, converted into the means of extending the triumph of religion in various parts of the world.

62. In fact, it was by reason of, and through the heroic efforts of Ireland, that at the same time civil liberty, as well as religious liberty were conceded to all the Catholic subjects of the British crown. Behold then at this very moment, that self same Catholic religion which had formerly been regarded in England with a proud disdain, as the religion of slaves, and which under the designation of "*the Popish religion*" had been contemptuously consigned to the rabble, or immured in jails, proving its great importance, displaying its mighty force, and exhibiting its supreme dignity. Behold it, with a holy and becoming pride, issuing forth from palaces, penetrating the

walls of Parliament, entering into the court, seating itself amongst the Privy Counsellors of Royalty, and compelling that haughty policy which did not formerly deign to bestow upon it even a glance, to treat with it as an equal, and soon to look up to it as a superior. Behold this religion, reputed as alone suited for the ignorant, and the imbecile, for the mob, or for weak women, invading the famous Universities of Oxford, and of Cambridge, and recruiting there as its followers, the best of those upon whom Catholic traditions, which heresy was not able to destroy completely, have produced their due effect; behold it taking out of those most famous Universities, and counting as its humble disciples men of the best and purest dispositions; men the most erudite, and the most profound in the science of religion; the noblest minds, and the most generous characters.

In sooth, the time has now gone by, when persons can insult a religion, which not only has been unaided by human powers, but that in fact, despite of those powers, and strong alone in its freedom, and its charms, has attracted by the odour of its divine unguents great minds; has induced them to follow it through the most difficult paths, and to sacrifice the most lucrative situations and brilliant positions in society, for the purpose of embracing poverty, and gratifying that which has been their sole ambition—a possession of the truth.

63. This is a great and important fact! The Catholic religion which when deprived of its civil rights, appeared only as a slave, once it was freed by the genius of religion, bore the semblance of a queen. Liberty caused it to be more known, and its truth and beauty to be better appreciated. To turn Catholic, is now no longer in the estimation of English Protestants themselves to do that which is an act of degradation; but is to elevate one's self, and to be honored by the approval of public opinion. The new conquests which the Catholic is constantly and daily making in the most distinguished classes of society, is accompanied with a feeling of envy, and not of contempt for those who have made their escape from the snares of Protestantism. Those who remain cast upon themselves a look of shame which humiliates them, and they, at least, no longer indulge in reproaches, nor launch forth glances of rage upon those who have separated from them. There is not censure for him who becomes a Catholic, but there is pity for those who have not the courage to imitate his example. Vulgar reproaches, sarcasms, violent invectives, insulting language against the Catholics are no longer uttered, but by the lips of fanatical bigots, who are as low and vulgar in their sentiments, as they are in their condition of life. The high aristocracy of England, the men of real knowledge and science, persons of high honor, and fair fame; the philosopher who reflects, the politician who respects his own position—all these have not for the Catholic church and its august head any other expressions but those of esteem, of admiration, and of praise. The vaults of Westminster daily echo with generous accents, which render homage to true Catholicity, and that repudiate and condemn those rancid, vulgar, impudent, ignorant, and ever unendurable imputations which have been the favorite themes with the old Sectarians. Let matters but go on

in this manner, and who, I ask, can doubt in the truth of that prophecy, which a glorious Italian mind (The Count de Maistre) emitted at the commencement of the present century, viz: that "before this century ends, mass will be celebrated at St. Pauls in London:" and if mass be once celebrated at St. Pauls in London, what tongue can tell, in how many other churches of the vast dominions of England, mass will be celebrated on the self same day. It is a mighty, and an important fact! The British Crown presides over eight hundred millions of subjects in all parts of the world. Now, it is to such an enormous mass of men, of various languages and of different religions that O'Connell has opened the portals of the true church, and has, in vindicating the cause of Ireland, assured to them the liberty of becoming Catholics. Who can measure the extent or the importance of such a circumstance as this! Ah! if the zeal of O'Connell had obtained no greater success than this, this alone would be sufficient to secure to him a distinct position, and a glory altogether singular and remarkable in the annals of Catholic apostleship.

64. Observe then the precious fruits which the Catholic faith, emancipated in the mother country, produces in all the dependencies of that vast Empire. Wheresoever the standard of Great Britain is unfurled, there the faith of Ireland, shaded by liberty, displays a strength and a majesty, which nought can resist. The Irish soldier, the Irish priest, the Irish missionary, are objects of particular respect to those who command in these different places. (32). In all these various countries, Catholicity has as its only enemies the Methodists—a sect into which has filtered, and within which may be found concentrated all the vile sentiments and all the cruel instincts of heresy. All other sects feel the superiority of Catholic action in converting and in civilizing nations, and they render to it the homage that is its due; and the Church, now made free, fortifies itself, extends its influences, and daily gains new triumphs in those vast countries.

Now this revolution, the greatest next to that which early Christianity operated in this world—this revolution so precious by reason of its principles, through its means, and by its results, God has accomplished with the instrumentality of one man alone. Daniel O'Connell is he, to whom, after God, the glory of it belongs.

65. What shall I say of the effects which the Emancipation of Ireland has produced upon English Protestantism? It was declared, as if it were a prophecy by the most profound politicians of Great Britain when discussing the great question of Emancipation, that "whenever the Catholic Church was emancipated, the Protestant Church would be destroyed." This prediction it can now be said is progressing with a marvellous rapidity towards completion. Protestantism owes its perpetuation to exceptional laws—it was only safe, whilst it was sheltered by intolerance and tyranny. Deprived of these horrible auxiliaries, left to its innate weakness, and existing in all the deformity of its own errors, it can no longer hold itself erect.

Hence it is that expiring Orangeism in the insane convulsions of its last agony turns towards the throne its blood-shot eyes, and with a loud yell implores, "that the Catholic Relief Bill be repealed."

Hence it is, that Anglican bigotry trembles at the thought of granting to Ireland the full measure of her liberty. Hence it is, that the Protestant Universities, those citadels of error, and founded as they themselves say, for the purpose of preserving the principles of "free enquiry"—the great basis of Protestantism—punish with deprivations of rank and office, as well as with ostracism the noble courage of those, who availing themselves of a "free enquiry" have convinced themselves, have believed, and have openly confessed, that the Catholic, is the only true religion.

O'Connell then by having emancipated the Catholic Church in England has, by that one circumstance alone, given to English Protestantism a blow from which it can never again recover. That horrible scandal to the Sovereignty of Christianity—that monstrous offspring of the spirit of impurity combined with the spirit of covetousness and pride is on the point of expiring, and it is the powerful arm of O'Connell which has transfixed it with the sword of liberty.

But English Protestantism is united by secret ties to Swiss Protestantism, and to German Protestantism, and gives to them its weight, authority and support. England is at the head of Protestantism, as France is at the head of Catholicity, in every part of the world. When our apostle then wounded to death Protestantism in England, he prepared its downfall in every other place where it is to be found.

66. These however are not the only triumphs which O'Connell has, through the instrumentality of liberty, elicited for the Church. The principle of the Independence of Religion of the Civil Power has, in our days, been for the first time proclaimed by the irreligious philosophy of the past century, with the diabolical intention of injuring the true Church. Infidel philosophy started with the false idea that the Catholic Church was a purely human institution, that it is destitute of life, and without any force peculiar to itself, and that it is solely when supported by thrones that it could hold itself erect. If faith were placed in the teaching of such philosophy it might be believed that the doctrine of the independence of religion of the civil power, or the separation of Church and State being adopted, that then the Church being deprived of the support of the State, and a breach being broken into it by science, and all the human passions, it must infallibly fall. But oh! calculations as impious as they were insane! Oh! admirable economy of the Providence of God upon His Church! Eighteen hundred centuries have passed away since the Church declared to the Civil Power—"that it" (the Civil Power)"had no jurisdiction over conscience and faith." Eighteen hundred centuries have passed away since the Church struggled with Power for its independence and its liberty. Infidelity then, when it promulgated this self same doctrine, spoke the language of the Church: it argued in favour of the Church, when it fancied that it was declaring against the Church; it was divinely inspired, it served, without intending it, to the designs of God upon His Church. The ass of Balaam spoke the language of intelligence. The imposter full of the spirit of hell has spoken on behalf of the interests of heaven. Caiaphas hath prophesied! Judas has preached the gospel! An apostate angel has expressed himself as if he were an angel of God! The enemies

of the Church have themselves proclaimed the true want of the Church—the true principle to which is attached the success of its regenerating force, its propagation and its triumph, and whilst they believed they were combatting against, they were battling for the Church.

67. It is well known in what manner infidel philosophy, once it was invested with power, put in practice the doctrine of "*liberty of conscience*," which it had itself proclaimed. It is well known how, under its empire, every one was permitted to be a Jansenist, a Schismatic, a Heretic, an Atheist; but woe! to those who sincerely believing in this proclaimed "*liberty of conscience*" thought proper to declare that they were Catholics! The guillotine was permanently erected for them; and the headsman was always at his post to do execution upon them. Hence, the doctrine of "*liberty of conscience*" so taught, and so enforced became an object of horror, and a ground of suspicion to those who suffered by it, and could find no adherents, but amongst those who disbelieved in any religion, or were indifferent as to all religions. But, from the time that O'Connell became the master-teacher of this doctrine, and converted into a truth, that which had previously been nothing more than a horrible lie—from the time that he proclaimed it with all the power of his eloquence, and surrounded it with all the prestige of his authority, and enforced it with all his dauntless courage, he secured for it the most complete success, because he purged it of the stain, with which the lips of impiety, in pronouncing had profaned it—he baptised it, sanctified it, and rendered it accessory to the triumph of true religion in his own country. This doctrine which had until then remained concealed in some obscure corner of France and Germany was repeated in loud and sonorous echoes in every part of Europe; gained over to its alliance the Universities, entered into Cabinets, and penetrated to the Sanctuary; and thenceforward was destined to destroy heresy and error, whenever it appeared, and to prepare the most brilliant victories for truth.

In every country, in which the true religion is surrounded by false forms of faith, all the novel religious sects, which have been generated by pride and foul passions, as worms spring from corruption, have expired almost as soon as they appeared, wherever they have been fairly brought in contact with the doctrine of the independence of conscience of the civil power, and that of "*free discussion in matters of religion*." By giving effect to these doctrines infidelity and heresy daily find the ranks of their adherents thinned; whilst Catholic truth rises from its struggles more strong, and more vivacious than when they began, and hourly beholds the number of its followers doubled; for it alone can profit by the *liberty*, under the attacks of which it feared that it might succumb. With what much greater justice can be said of liberty, that which has been declared in chemical science, "that there is a dissolvent which can decompose all metals except gold," for, in sooth, liberty does dissolve and annihilate all religions, except that which is the true one. And if this were not certain, if it were not evident, if liberty, one of the greatest attributes of God, could not ever be compatible with the religion of

God, then assuredly you should never have heard me pronounce an eulogium upon it in this place, peculiarly sacred to all that is true, holy, and divine.

What more may be said? With this arm at hand German Rationalism boldly refuses to submit to the official worship of Prussia, and denying to Government any power or authority to impose symbols of faith, or affix an interpretation to them, it destroys the last remnants of the edifice of Luther, and labours for the entire liberty of the Catholics. With such a weapon as this, the democracy of Geneva combating the intolerant pretensions, and the doctrinal jurisdiction of the ministers of heresy, strikes down the impiety of Calvin in the Metropolis of his empire, and prepares the way for liberty to Catholicism. With this arm it is that European diplomacy batters in breach Mussalman intolerance in Constantinople; the dark, gloomy, and suspicious paganism of China, and forces open the doors to the free and unrestricted preaching of the Gospel. With this arm men now feel themselves strong, to it alone have they recourse, because they manage it with a confidence equal to the fear which it before inspired them. It is the weapon of the faithful, of the priesthood, and the bishops of the Catholic church in Spain, Portugal, France, (33) Belgium, Holland, and in many countries of Germany, for the purpose of obtaining an independence of which the church has need, and that a hypocritical liberalism pertinaciously refuses: by its means, they arrest the civil power, when that power endeavours to forge new chains for the church; and with it, they are able to compel the same power to break the old fetters imposed upon religion. Ever since the cause of true religion has been borne by the genius of O'Connell upon the broad plain of liberty, and that it has been agitated in the strong clear light of publicity, it can perish no more, its rights can no longer be disputed, and its legitimate progress, and its conquests can no further be impeded.

69. In vain, therefore, do certain governments delude themselves with the notion either that they can dominate over the church, or in the church. Since the great Apostleship of O'Connell has rendered the principle of *the independence of religion of the civil power*, an universal dogma, since all minds have been persuaded of its propriety, and it has been impressed on all hearts, and that it has been adopted and approved by the most zealous and the most pious pastors of the church, it has become a principle which can never again fall into forgetfulness. It will acquire strength even from the very resistance that may be made to it; it will overmaster all obstacles, and it will effect the triumph of religion.

And woe! woe! to the Governments which may still believe, that they can secure to themselves a religious despotism in the nineteenth century, and this too, after the great revolutions which have been effected in the ideas of mankind. The emperors, who in becoming christians did not desire to comprehend the spirit of Christianity, and attempted to continue the exercise of a Pagan despotism over the christian church, were abandoned by the church, * and eventually

* A portion of this sentence is omitted. As full justice cannot be done to it in a translation, we annex the original:—"Caddero in tutte le bassezze che fecero dare ai loro regni il titolo de *Storia del basso impero*."

disappeared from the political scene of the world without heirs, and without successors. The church which is not repulsive, but attractive, which does not despise mankind, but invites them; which sanctifies all that has strength and life, turned itself to the Barbarians whose hands had avenged the miseries caused, and the oppressions practised by the Roman Empire; that self same church besprinkled their heads with a few drops of water, anointed them on the forehead with a small particle of oil, and achieved the miracle of a christian monarchy. If then the successors of those Barbarians should permit themselves to become imbued with the Pagan element, essentially despotic, and should renounce the christian element which is essentially free, because it is full of charity; and if they will not learn and appreciate the doctrine of the religious liberty of the people, and of the independence of the church, which constituted the security and the glory of their ancestors; then, in that case, the church will know how to do without them; and it will, perchance, turn to democracy, baptize that wild and savage matron, christianize her, as it converted barbarians into christians, will recognize some one of her children, whom events shall have elevated to the throne; will impress upon his forehead the seal of divine consecration, and say to him "reign," and he shall reign, his plebeian origin notwithstanding.* Assuredly, those that govern can have neither support, nor refuge, nor defence, nor the probability of long enduring, but in yielding its liberty to the church, (34) and in treating and respecting the people, as the children of God!

How great and how pure must have been the joy that filled to overflowing the heart of O'Connell on seeing with his own eyes those signal advantages, and those splendid triumphs, the pledges of still mightier triumphs in time to come, which his intelligent zeal, his doctrines, and his generous sentiments had obtained for the true religion? But far, far greater was this religious joy when he saw the hand of God raise up, and place upon the throne of Saint Peter the adored Pius IX—a mighty intellect capable of understanding the instincts, and the religious wants of the age—a brave heart desirous of satisfying them! (35). Be well assured of this that the singular, the highly prized mind of Pius IX can well direct him how he should walk with a firm and secure foot upon that path which O'Connell has opened; that it will shew him how he should take to himself, and handle with equal judgment and dexterity that powerful weapon, which O'Connell disinterred; and that it will capacitate him to complete upon a greater plan, and with better success, because supported by divine authority, that which O'Connell had only commenced—the triumph of the catholic faith, and of the Catholic Church through the instrumentality of liberty.

Well then might O'Connell have repeated with the good Simeon: Now, O Lord dismiss thy servant that he may enjoy the peace of

* In order to avoid all equivocation, we wish to observe, that we are not to be understood in thus speaking, as saying, that the Church will dispose at its pleasure of crowns and kingdoms; but that recognizing the rights of those Governments, that are disposed to recognize its rights, it will bestow upon them new strength, by its sanction and support. *Note by Padre Ventura.*

the grave. I die now willingly. My eyes have seen that which my heart had long desired, and which I believed I was unworthy to behold ; they have looked upon the fulfilment of thy promise, that where great need was felt great aid would be given : they have seen the church confided to hands capable to guide it, and to the world, one, who has a great zeal for its salvation ; *Nunc dimittis servum tuum Domine, secundum verbum tuum, in pace, quia viderunt oculi mei salutare tuum.* Oh ! yes a great star has begun to shed its rays upon the Vatican ! It is a great light of God which will reveal itself and diffuse its splendour before the face of all people. Oh ! to what a height of glory begins this day to ascend thy people—the true Israel—the Church ! *Lumen ad revolationem gentium et gloriam plebis tue Israel.*

Eager to humble himself, and bend the knee before this Divine Star, and foreseeing his fast approaching dissolution, O'Connell wished to lay down his mortal spoils at the foot of this great Representative of God. Ah ! the soul of O'Connell did indeed appear well worthy of being transmitted by the hands of Pius IX to the gates of Heaven, and of being deposited in the bosom of the mercy of God ! O'Connell made a vow of pilgrimage to this holy city—the metropolis of the empire of Jesus Christ on earth—the fountain of consolations of the heart, the universal country, the place of terrestrial repose to all who have had the good fortune of being born again to God in the waters of baptism. But death took him by surprise at Genoa, upon his road to Rome. (36)

Ah ! no—death could not either there or elsewhere take him by surprise. I have myself seen—I have had myself, in my own hands, the precious copy of the work of St. Alphonsus Liguori, entitled "*Preparation for Death*," used by him, and marked by him, with his own hand :* an evident proof that in the midst of the great agitations of his life he always was preparing himself for death, and that he regulated his actions in time, by the pure light of the great maxims of eternity. Hence it was, that filled with a great courage, and of that holy security, with which a true Christian is inspired, whose life has been passed in the faithful practice of his religion, and whose soul has been fired with an ardent zeal for the glory of Christianity ; he saw without fear death approach him, and he bent without repugnance his neck to the blow ; *spiritu magno vidit ultima.* (Eccles. 48.) He asked for, and he received the last sacraments with the humility of a child, and with the fervour of a saint—frequently repeating the tender prayer of St. Bernard, *memorare O Püissima Virgo* ; continually reciting psalms ; renewing at every moment acts of contrition, of faith, and of the love of God ; and—it was in pronouncing the most sweet names of Jesus and of Mary, that was at last stilled and lost those powerful accents which

* The work of St. Alphonsus Liguori here referred to, was presented to O'Connell, by Mr. Duffy the publisher, a gentleman to whose zeal and spirit the Catholic world is indebted for translations in English of all the books written by the great Saint Liguori. All things connected with O'Connell are of interest, and hence we feel it necessary to apprise the public where copies of a book, identified with the last moments of O'Connell may be procured.
Note by the Translator.

had moved and shaken the universe; and then flew to Heaven that grand and glorious spirit which had excited the admiration of the world. It was not permitted to him personally to appear at Rome—he came here however in spirit—and by his affectionate attachment here too he died; for his last dispositions were:—"my body to Ireland; my heart to Rome; my soul to heaven."

What bequests! what legacies are these! What can be imagined at the same time more sublime, and more pious than such a Testament as this! Ireland is his country; Rome is the Church; heaven is God. God, the Church, and his country; or in other words, the glory of God, the liberty of the Church, the happiness of his country; such are the great ends of all his actions such the noble objects, the only objects of his charity! He loves his country, and therefore he leaves to it his body; he loves still more the Church, (37) and hence he bequeaths to it his heart; and still more than the Church he loves God, and therefore tenders to Him, confides to Him his soul. God he loves for himself; the Church in the ordinance of God, because it is divine; his country, in the ordinance of the Church, because it is Catholic. Such is the gradation of his affections: such is the essence of his being; such the character of his mind; and such too the history of his life: it is O'Connell faithfully pourtrayed by O'Connell himself! This then is the Last Testament of a truly great man, of a true philosopher, of a true citizen, of a true Christian! Blessed is he, who in dying, can thus dispose of himself, with great justice, with equal confidence, and with like truth!

Observe, moreover, that the country is liberty, the Church, is religion, God is the bond uniting together the country and the Church, religion and liberty. When then Daniel O'Connell bequeathed his body to his country, his heart to the Church, and his soul to God, he demonstrated, that in his mighty spirit were always conjoined together the love of country and of liberty, with the love of religion, through God, in God, and with God.

Let us profit then of this great lesson, sustained and illustrated as it is by such a magnificent example, and both afforded by a man so great, and who has done such good service to the Church, his country and humanity—a man, at the very mention of whose name there is not a heretic, but trembles; there is not a Catholic but rejoices; there is not a villian but groans in agony; there is not an unhappy person, but hopes; there is not an oppressed individual but is consoled; there is not an oppressor, but is terrified. And since he, a christian citizen has bestowed liberty upon his country, by availing himself of the aid of religion; and at the same time a citizen christian has effected a triumph for religion through the instrumentality of liberty; so let us imitate him, and never for one instant divide that which is *of God, and in God united*—true liberty from true religion.

Moreover, such is the state of opinions and of feeling amongst the nations of Europe, that neither can liberty now dispense with religion, nor religion without liberty; and because the enemies of religion are the real enemies of liberty, and the foes to liberty are the bitter foes of

religion. He who speaks of "religion without liberty," speaks of a human institution ; whilst he who talks of "liberty without religion," gives expression to a diabolical sentiment. Religion without liberty loses its dignity ; liberty without religion loses all its attractions. Religion without liberty falls into a state of abasement ; liberty without religion, becomes a state of anarchy. Liberty removes from religion all that might give to her a semblance of humiliation ; and religion despoils liberty of those attributes which pertain to barbarism. Liberty makes religion still more beautiful, as beauty itself renders virtue still more charming. Religion preserves liberty as salt is a conservative against corruption.

Such are the ideas, and such the sentiments that you my dear Romans, have and must retain in your hearts. The day before yesterday you heard me contend against every error, and proclaim aloud every truth of social science ; you listened to me advocating the cause of order, and condemning sedition ; speaking in favour of the throne, a language, which is to be regarded as so much the less liable to suspicion, because it was so much the more free from, and opposed to adulation, whilst it stigmatized anarchy ; you gave me your attention whilst I pronounced an eulogium upon liberty—upon that especial form of liberty which is founded on, and supported by religion. You have even for doing this bestowed on me your applause—as far as it was permissible to do so, with a due respect to this holy place. And doing this you have made a public confession ; you have demonstrated in a manner the most open, the most unreserved, and the most solemn, that you are not such as those who calumniate you would wish to make it appear that you are. No—no—you are not the enemies of the Pontifical throne, of Ecclesiastics and of Order. If you love an honest honorable liberty, you also love the sovereignty of the Head of the Church, and of Religion. And as the great Pontiff who rules over us is incapable of deceiving you ; so also are you incapable of forgetting the fealty you owe to him. Deceit and revolt are both alike vile and base, and therefore can never find a resting place in noble and generous hearts—in hearts such as those of Pius IX, and of the Roman people.

I shall now do no more than exhort you to remain stedfast in the disposition that at present actuates you ; and to say to you this—Let us all shew ourselves faithful disciples of true religion by our love of true liberty ; and let us render ourselves worthy of liberty by the sincere practice of true religion. Let us constitute liberty as the auxiliary of Religion ; and adopt Religion as the guardian of liberty. To the base let us leave a servile religion, and to anarchy, an infidel liberty. Be we christian citizens, and citizen christians—uniting to the love of the people the love of the church, and the love of liberty to the love of religion. Thus acting—thus walking in the broad safe path of that great christian, and greater citizen, for whose soul we pray, and whose memory we honor, we shall be associated to the eternal reward which he is destined to enjoy in heaven ; and we shall, whilst on this earth, be able with truth to boast, that we have deserved well of our country, and of our religion ; and that there may be said of us, as of him ; *Liberavit gentem suam a perditione, et in diebus suis corroboravit templum.* Amen.

NOTES BY FATHER VENTURA.

NOTE 1. PAGE 135.

At the time when Ireland was separated from, and completely independent of England, the race of O'Connells reigned as princes in the island. It is certain that the motto of the original branch of the family, *Salus Hiberniæ oculis O'Connell* indicates that the entire country had been saved by some one of the O'Connells. It is the greatest glory however of this illustrious race, that it has ever been Catholic, and from the remotest period the zealous supporter of the true faith.

NOTE 2. PAGE 137.

In consequence of England being engaged in a war with the United States of America, which had revolted against the mother country, and thus rendered it almost necessary for the latter to maintain Ireland in a state of tranquillity. Generally speaking Ireland has never failed to derive some advantage from England's being placed in situations of difficulty and danger.

NOTE 3. PAGE 137.

It is a well established fact, that the insurrection of 1798 was fomented by the most infamous means on the part of the Orange faction—those virulent Sectarrians whose ancestors so much signalized themselves in the revolution of 1688, when the Stuarts were driven from the throne to make way for the Prince of Orange, and who have ever shown themselves the most envenomed enemies of Catholicity, and the most strenuous supporters of the English Protestant Church, as the Janisaries were of Mahomedanism in Constantinople. That insurrection was conceived and promoted also by the government in its own interest, and for its own objects, for it desired such a sanguinary pretext to aggravate the political condition of Ireland to rob her of her parliament, and reduce her to the position of a miserable province, in all which it unhappily succeeded. Seven million of *scudi* were expended in the purchase of corrupt votes for the purpose of bestowing the mockery of legality upon this great political crime. It is true, that as a compensation for the loss of its parliament, Ireland was promised a species of religious emancipation, but the Protestant prejudices of George III. and of the English aristocracy prevented the fulfilment of that promise, and the then prime minister, the famous Pitt, resigned his office. On this occasion, therefore, as indeed was always the case, insurrection brought nothing but misery to Ireland. O'Connell saw this clearly, and his mind became deeply impressed with the conviction, that legal and peaceable agitation alone would enable his country to recover her liberty; hence his profound and unconquerable aversion to every kind of violence and revolution, and to the employment of physical force in the assertion of political rights.

NOTE 4. PAGE 141.

He was also much given to mental prayer. Of this, a copy of the work "*Preparation for Death*," (which is spoken of at page 186 of this oration) quite worn and covered at every page with notes by him in his own hand, is an unanswerable proof. We are assured by his confessor, the Revd. Dr. Miley, that he repeated the acts of Contrition, Faith, Hope, and Charity in a sort of rude of dialect, which is now only spoken by the very poorer classes of the Irish people. That is to say, that when he had grown up, and when he was an old man, he prayed in the accents of his infancy, and as one of the people, and with the people.

He was animated with a particular devotion for the Holy Sacrament of the Altar, which did not allow him to rest satisfied by honoring it in his own person, but carried him on victoriously to vindicate and defend it against the blasphemies and errors of the Protestants in an admirable tract which he wrote on

the "August Mystery," and in which he, a layman, maintains the doctrine and the tradition of the church on the dogma of our faith with the learning of a theologian and the unction of a saint.

Add to this that his heart was imbued with the true humility recommended by the Holy Evangelists. The moment he was convinced that he had fallen into error, he delayed not an instant in avowing it, and apologizing for it. Errors with him it is true were rare, and proceeded entirely from the open and guileless nature of his heart, which led him too easily to believe those his sincere friends who were but hypocritical and secret enemies of their country and religion. Whenever it happened that he gave pain to any one, it was exceeded by the pain he himself felt on becoming aware of the fact, and on such occasions he was prompt in soliciting pardon and offering reparation.

The following *trait* will serve to show of what materials the heart of Daniel O'Connell was formed. In one of his speeches in parliament, he had let fall some expressions adverse to the pretensions of Don Carlos to the Spanish throne. A Spanish priest, who was at the time an exile at Rome, complained of this to an Irish clergyman in these words, "even your O'Connell casts stones at us!" The latter having occasion to visit England the same year, found himself in company with O'Connell in London, when he took the liberty to mention the complaint of the worthy Spaniard, on which O'Connell with a profound sigh, while the tears started to his eyes, exclaimed, "ah! miserable man that I am, what have I done! I have embittered the sorrows of the poor Spanish exiles! But I see now and acknowledge that I was wrong." And ever after when he spoke of Don Carlos it was with that respect which is due to the illustrious unfortunate.

NOTE 5. PAGE 141.

It was on the day of the *Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary into heaven*, in the year 1843, when the chapel not being sufficiently large to receive the immense populace which for several days had come crowding from different and distant parts of Ireland to hear O'Connell, an altar was erected in a convenient place, and mass celebrated in the open air. These were the circumstances which gave rise to that famous discourse. Afterwards on the same day, other speakers addressed the assembly upon political affairs, but while these were haranguing the people, O'Connell was engaged in repeating the Rosary and other prayers to the Queen of Angels.

NOTE 6. PAGE 142.

He nourished the same sentiments, too, for the Catholic Clergy all over the globe. In 1837, when he learned that the Continental Newspapers accused him of having spoken with little respect of the Spanish Clergy, he at once denied the charge in a public speech; and to the friend who had informed him of the accusation, he wrote thus:—"No, I have never failed in my respect for the Spanish Clergy; of that crime I am not guilty.....How is it possible that it could be believed I had spoken so of the Ministers of God? The language attributed to me resembles rather that of the pretended liberals of France, who *are more the enemies of Religion than the friends of Liberty*. I believe there exist few men who are further than I am from the thought of abusing or calumniating the priests of the Most High. You have always known the secret sentiments of veneration with which a priest inspires me."

"You might laugh at me, perhaps, were I to tell you, that I carry almost to superstition, this respect for the sacred office; but the fact is, that on this subject I am not master of myself. I have never known a single person to prosper in this world who had treated the ministers of the altar in an unbecoming manner. On such, even in this world there hangs a curse." To this confidential, and therefore unquestionable proof of O'Connell's profound piety, and respect for the ministers of God, let us add, that having frequently had cause to be but little satisfied with the gratitude of a certain member of the Clergy, he never made any allusion to the matter, nor uttered the slightest complaint respecting it.

NOTE 7. PAGE 142.

The following are his words on this subject:—"These societies, moreover, are condemned by every person of education, of rank, or of character. They are especially condemned by your clergy—your beloved, your intelligent,

laborious and pious clergy. You cannot possibly disobey their voice, or neglect their councils. You ought to know well, that they have no other interest but yours—no other object in view than your temporal and eternal happiness." Thus spoke he, a layman! Would to God, that certain clergymen themselves would so speak of their own body!

NOTE 8. PAGE 142.

The Venerable Bede attests, that the youth of entire Europe flocked to the Irish Monasteries for the purpose of study. A distinguished writer, Ware, although an Englishman and a Protestant, says:—"Constat fuisse olim in Hiberniæ scholæ insigniores, ubi Galli, Saxones, etc. tanquam ad Bonarum Litterarum emporia, confluerunt." Others affirm, that vessels often arrived in the Irish harbours entirely filled with the youthful nobility of England, who repaired to those celebrated monasteries for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of letters, and of the sacred and proper sciences; "Quos omnes," writes the Venerable Bede, "Hiberni libentissime suscipientes, victum eis quotidianum sine pretio, libros quoque ad legendum et magisterium gratuitum præbere curabant." (Histor. Eccles. lib. III. cap. 23). Ireland, however, was not content thus generously to receive into its monasteries the studious youth of Europe, and maintain and instruct them gratuitously, but she was also solicitously engaged in sending forth her holy and learned monks in great numbers to spread abroad the light of the true Faith and of pure service. Camden, an Englishman and a protestant, bears testimony to the truth of this;—"Hiberni in universam Europam sanctissimorum virorum examina emiserunt."

NOTE 9. PAGE 142.

Cobbett, a protestant, in his celebrated letters against the Church of England, demonstrates that one of the causes of that extreme wretchedness which overwhelmed the lower classes in England itself, as well as in Ireland, was the suppression of the monasteries—an act perpetrated by Heresy, and prompted by hatred of the true religion. When the monasteries were in existence, there was to be seen an abbey in every small district of the country; such a thing as hunger was then unknown: for besides the hospitality which was indiscriminately accorded for three days to all travellers, every poor person who presented himself at the gate of any of these establishments for public charity, received as much food as he was able to carry home. At present the masses of the poor are entirely under the control of Government commissioners, and supported by a fund, collected out of rates, contributed to by individuals, who for that purpose are constrained to submit to enormous taxation—but with what imperfect success the necessities of the poor are supported, is well known.

NOTE 10. PAGE 143.

These acts provide for the establishment in Ireland of *Provincial Colleges* in which the youth of all sects are to be provided with instruction, but under professors and out of books directly or indirectly chosen by the protestant government which is constitutionally the enemy of the Catholic Faith. These institutions partake somewhat of the nature of the *University of France*, against which all true catholics and the entire body of Bishops of that great nation have been for many years battling with so much zeal and constancy. These *Provincial Colleges* will be the sure means of propagating indifferentism and infidelity not only among the catholics but even among the protestant themselves, and so destroy in that country every germ of Christianity. In this view of their consequences an impartial protestant has publicly denounced them as "*a gigantic scheme of godless education.*" For these reasons it was that the intrepid and unwearied champion of the true Faith rose against and attacked these disastrous acts with the whole weight of his eloquence and authority, until he at length excited against them the execration of the entire country. And although for the reasons mentioned in the text the government succeeded in passing the acts through parliament, yet such was the opposition they encountered, that it has hitherto been found impossible to put them in execution; and this state of things is likely to continue. If however, they should be forced into operation all true Irishmen will resort to that course which for three hundred years they

were constrained to adopt, namely, to provide themselves, to the best of their ability, for the education of their sons, and, should it be unavoidable, to prefer even allowing their children to remain altogether without instruction in human science, rather than expose them to the danger losing their holy faith.

NOTE 11. PAGE 144.

Not content with opposing the errors of heretics in his speeches, he also combated them with the pen. Besides the Tract on the Holy Eucharist mentioned in note 4, he published two others not less celebrated, in the form of letters against the methodists. In the first of these O'Connell vindicated the authenticity of the *Vulgate* of the Holy Scriptures, and that with an amount of sacred learning as copious as it is solid and profound; at the same time, by a chain of reasoning, intelligible even to the popular mind, he demonstrated the impossibility of a protestant making a single act of Divine Faith with the mere assistance of the scriptures, interpreted according to the principles of protestanism. Then, refuting the calumnies of the Methodists that the church of Rome was opposed to the diffusion of the Divine Volume, he proved that in the brief interval between the invention of printing and the so-called *reformation*, there were published by the Catholics no less than eight hundred different editions of the sacred writings, of which number two hundred were in the vulgar tongues of Europe. He also directed particular attention to this most important fact, that those last mentioned editions in the vulgar tongues were published in the countries which at the epoch of the *reformation* remained true to the Catholic Faith, while, on the contrary, there was not published one such edition in England, Scotland, Denmark, or Sweden, until a period subsequent to the adoption of Protestantism by those countries. From which he triumphantly concludes, that the countries which the protestants asserted had continued catholic, because there the knowledge of the sacred scripture was rare, were those very countries in which the Divine Volume was most widely circulated; and that, on the other hand, the nations which boasted of having embraced the reformed doctrine, in obedience to the dictates of the scriptures, were in truth those in which the sacred volume was the least known.

As to the protestant version of the scriptures which were used in England until 1611, O'Connell produced the testimony of hundreds of protestant ministers who declared them—"Stuffed with absurdities; and containing numerous passages which falsify and pervert the word of God"—"This, however, was the source," exclaims O'Connell "from which your early protestants drew their novel doctrines!!!"

The second tract of O'Connell was entirely dedicated to an *exposé* of the apostleship of John Wesley, the founder of the Methodists. In this O'Connell exhibited him, first, as a fervent minister of the English church, whose zeal carried him out to India, where however he did not succeed in making a single convert, but on the contrary he terminated that period of his apostleship, by excommunicating some damsel or other for refusing to marry him! He subsequently represented Wesley as successively imbued with indifferentism, then inclined to the papism of the sect of Moravian Brothers, an antimonian Calvinist, and at last having rejected all these systems as erroneous, inventing a new religion quite to his own taste which he called Methodism. These sketches are worthy of the pencil of a Bossuet. Wesley and his companions are there represented in a guise calculated to awaken horror at the vile hypocrisy and crimes of every kind of which they are personally convicted, whilst their doctrines are demonstrated to be a monstrous and ridiculous absurdity. O'Connell in all these treatises, proved that he was as much a profound theologian as he was a celebrated jurist, and that he could treat with equal facility and success the science of law and the polemics of religion. The learned P. Perrone, S. I. has considered these exquisite treatises worthy of being cited with praise in his celebrated course of Theology.

NOTE 12. PAGE 145.

The Standard, a London ultra Protestant journal, in a long article on O'Connell, calls him the Sir Thomas More of the nineteenth century. He declares that he was a thorough fanatical *Papist*, (that is, a fervent Catholic;) and maintains that in his whole conduct he principally had in view the triumph of the faith and of the church of Rome. That supposition it says can

alone furnish the key to O'Connell's life, and explain the wonderful steadfastness of his career. Other journals of the same stamp, both English and German adopt and avow the same opinions. The fact that he had bequeathed his heart to Rome, served to crown their conviction that O'Connell was a great Catholic, and nothing else but a Catholic. Thus have the Protestants judged him. What a shame and a reproach is this to certain Catholics who attributed to him ambitious and interested views, and who, whether living or dead, have persecuted him.

NOTE 13. PAGE 145.

The efforts made by the government therefore, to suppress the Association were incredible. They not only brought the existing laws to bear against it, but they applied to parliament for fresh enactments expressly to put it down. It was no sooner suppressed, however, under one name, than O'Connell recalled it to existence under another, and so contrived still to maintain it within the limits of the law. When at last the government represented by the Marquis of Anglesey, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, determined to put an end to this legal fencing, obtained from parliament full powers to suppress every political society, no matter what names they might assume, O'Connell conferred on the association a form and a name that no one would have thought of, and thus again eluded the anticipated consequences. He held repeal meetings, by inviting persons favourable to repeal, to associate with him at *Public Breakfasts*! The Government was finally worn out in the contest, for these associations, the offspring of O'Connell, when destroyed in one form, assumed another and more threatening appearance.

NOTE 14. PAGE 150.

The supposition was this: that O'Connell in the event of the government disobeying his wishes would have incited all Ireland to take up arms against the crown—a supposition the groundless nature of which is clearly demonstrated by the well known opinions he always expressed, and by his conduct during the period of forty years.

NOTE 15. PAGE 151.

If at the period when the English Chartists attempted a rising, the Irish had joined them, the government might have been overthrown. There are great numbers of Irishmen located in England; one city alone numbering not less than eighty-thousand of them; and hence the Chartists left no means untried to enlist them on their side, calculating principally, and unfortunately, with too much reason, upon the injustice of which Ireland had been the victim. But the doctrines and the warnings of O'Connell on the duty of obeying the laws and maintaining inviolate their fidelity to their sovereign, were never absent from the minds of his countrymen. Hence among the numbers of those misguided Chartists who were arrested and tried for high treason and other offences there was not one Irishman to be found. With these facts before him, the impartial historian will hereafter decide that if O'Connell deserved well of Ireland, he also was entitled to the gratitude of the entire British Empire, and of Europe.

Should it ever happen, and it is not improbable, that puritan dissenters, evangelical and orange fanatics should enter into a conspiracy against the throne of England, it is certain that Queen Victoria will no where find more faithful supporters, stronger arms to defend her, nor more generous hearts to love her, than among the poor Irish; whom the crown of England during three hundred years of persecution has striven in vain to degrade and destroy.

NOTE 16. PAGE 153.

The columns of the Protestant newspapers in England and Ireland are filled with declarations from the landed proprietors, and the wealthy of the two countries, and in which it is admitted, that it is to the influence and conduct of O'Connell they owe the preservation of their properties and their lives. Every intelligent man now sees that the death of O'Connell has left an immense void; that it has created a difficulty in the government of the country that will not be speedily overcome. That powerful arm is now missing, which was interposed between the oppressors and the oppressed, persuading the one to moderation and the other to patience, while it maintained at the same time civil and political order in a great nation.

NOTE 17. PAGE 153.

Every soldier in the English army, to whatever creed he might belong, was obliged on Sundays to attend the Protestant church. On one occasion an Irish soldier named Patrick Spence refused to go, alleging that as he was a Catholic he could not conscientiously be present at the exercise of an heretical worship. For this he was thrown into the black hole, and allowed only bread and water. After a week's imprisonment, however, he declared his willingness to accompany his fellow-soldiers to the Protestant church. But hardly had the minister commenced the service, than the faithful Catholic drawing his prayer book from his pocket, turned his back to the pulpit and began to read in it. For this he was dismissed from the regiment, and sentenced to transportation from his native country for life. O'Connell, however, when he became acquainted with these facts, adopted such measures, and was so incessant in his efforts against the cruel injustice and tyrannical intolerance of forcing the Catholic soldier to attend Protestant places of worship, that he not only succeeded in obtaining the return of Spence to his regiment, but also in compelling the government to grant to the Catholics in the army the privilege of attending mass in their own chapel every Sunday.

NOTE 18. PAGE 155.

Anglicanism is thoroughly cognizant, that as long as the catholic clergy of Ireland make common cause with the people, the latter will never violate public order nor the laws, and that, by the instrumentality of a peaceful and legal agitation it will at last be constrained to concede to them their demands, namely the restoration of their own parliament and their entire freedom, and as Ireland, free and independent would be a just source of alarm to the adherents of Herey, these now endeavour by every means in their power to divide the clergy from the people, in order that the latter, deprived of the direction of their natural guides, may foolishly and wickedly rush into insurrection, and thus afford the government an ostensible reason, not only to refuse the demands they now make, but even to rob them of the privileges they have already obtained. As, however, it has been seen that the brave catholic clergy of Ireland are inaccessible to the seductions of gold, Anglicanism has had recourse to hypocrisy, and profitting by the stupidity or the weakness of certain English Catholics has induced them in referring to Ireland to say that "it is scandalous for the catholic clergy of that island to be so oblivious of ecclesiastical functions as to take part in political agitation." By a thousand shameless artifices, Anglicanism has spread abroad this prejudice against, and calumny upon the most zealous body of clergy in the Catholic church. They have even succeeded in gaining credit for such accusations here in Rome, where we have heard certain imbeciles repeat the same complaint, they not perceiving that thereby they were giving occasion for joy to Herey, whose cause they were promoting, even whilst they fancied themselves zealous for the honour of the priesthood and of the Church. Happily, however, for Religion and for public order, the Catholic Clergy of Ireland pay no attention to these stupid or hypocritical homilies. I say *happily for Religion*; for should the clergy separate themselves from the people, and neither feel nor express any sympathy for their corporal, civil or political interests, they would no longer have either power or authority when speaking to them of their spiritual and sacred interests. The priest who does not begin with the practice of Charity will never succeed in inculcating the Truth. For this reason, our Saviour commenced by refreshing and nourishing the body with material bread, before administering to the soul the spiritual bread of His divine doctrine. The priest who takes no part in the civil and political condition of the people deprives himself in a great measure of his moral influence. I say too, *happily for public order*:—for if the Catholic clergy of Ireland had not mingled in the political agitation of the people that agitation would have become a terrible commotion; the meetings would have degenerated into riots, liberty into licentiousness and equality into anarchy. Blood would have flowed in torrents, and a social revolution must have been the inevitable result. The British Power would have been shaken to its base, and if England had succeeded in dividing the clergy from the people of Ireland, she herself would undoubtedly have been the first to regret it. The intervention of the clergy, on the contrary, in these political movements has impressed them with a character of order, decency, legality, and justice, and the name of Religion has rendered impossible every extravagance, and restrained every species of excess.

NOTE 19. PAGE 157.

The words were inscribed on the medal struck by order of the Association at the Corn Exchange. The compliment was publicly and solemnly decreed by the Association. The name of this heroine was Bridget Prunty. It is worthy of eternal memory, as she furnishes another proof that true patriotism accords best with true religion.

NOTE 20. PAGE 157.

His income derived from his practice at the bar amounted to 100,000 scudis a year; and as he gave up this in order to devote himself entirely to the great work of his country's emancipation, nothing could be more just or reasonable than that his country should indemnify him for the loss of his professional gains. And this was rendered yet more necessary, because O'Connell, besides supporting himself and his family, had vast, numerous, and indispensable expenses of various kinds to defray. No one who contributed to the rent ever accused him of avarice, cupidity, or self-interest. Everyone knew that what O'Connell received from Ireland he expended for Ireland, and far as it was possible, in Ireland. Besides, even in their poverty that noble and generous people desired that their representative should live in a style worthy of the position he held—their King, *de facto*—and that he should be enabled to appear with honour, and as became him, in the midst of the English aristocracy. Hence this new species of civil list was contributed to far more willingly than any civil list that ever before was paid. It was collected at the chapel door in every parish, and, as it is generally the case, the poor contributed to it more considerably than the rich.

NOTE 21. PAGE 158.

Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, afterwards Lord Fitzgerald and Vesey.

NOTE 22. PAGE 159.

Even from the United States of America Ireland received encouragement and promises of assistance of all kinds for the recovery of her liberty.

NOTE 23. PAGE 161.

The following is a short extract from one of the magnificent speeches which O'Connell delivered on the subject:—"I rise here, within these walls, to demand from you that justice which our ancestors demanded; no longer in the tones of humble supplication, but in the consciousness of our strength and with the conviction, that henceforth Ireland will be powerful enough to accomplish by herself that which you have refused to do for her. I enter into no compromise with you. I demand for my country the same rights that you possess—the same municipal system for Ireland as for England and Scotland. Should it be denied what will become of your union?—a parchment union alone, that parchment will be torn in pieces, and this Empire will suffer separation."

NOTE 24. PAGE 162.

We do not mean by this to affirm that Napoleon was an infidel. His celebrated conversation with General Bertrand, in which he demonstrates that Jesus Christ was God, precludes any such idea. His death, too, was that of a christian; and the state of humiliation to which the hand of the Lord reduced him, affords a hope in his eternal salvation; for when God humbleth the sinner, we may well believe, it is for the purpose of saving him. In the contrast which we have instituted between him and O'Connell, our sole object has been to show how the greatest genius sinks into nothingness—nay, worse than a nonentity—it becomes pestiferous, when it does not sincerely place its support in Religion.

NOTE 25. PAGE 163.

In a public speech delivered on the 10th of January, 1827, O'Connell spoke in these terms on the subject of the Lutheran and Calvinistic reformation:—

"The Reformation, in my opinion, was one of the most frightful calamities with which the human race was ever afflicted. I do not speak of it, as regards its fantastical doctrines; but merely as a political and moral event. Its most distinctive marks; its clearly immediate and peculiar consequences were a deluge of immorality and of vices, conjoined with crime and perfdy. A contempt for all laws, human and divine, characterized its birth, and proclaimed its growth. These are truths to which the most distinguished amongst the Reformers themselves voluntarily bear the most indisputable testimony.

Luther, Zuinglius, Melancthon, Beza, and Calvin, differing from one another on every other subject, all agree on this one point alone. They all, with one accord, deplore the progress of immorality amongst the disciples of the *Reformation*; affirming 'that as men improve in their faith, they deteriorate in their works.' The *Reformation* did not stop there. It despoiled the Church of its property, and transferred that property to laymen. It took from the people their rights; and from the poor their patrimony; it destroyed the means by which relief was given to the wretched, and to the sick, clothing to the indigent, subsistence to the widow, and the desolate orphan."

NOTE 26. PAGE 164.

See the "Bull of Convocation" of the Council of Trent, and the Council of Trent itself in the session *De Reformatione*.

NOTE 27. PAGE 166.

When the rebellion broke out in Canada, in 1837, the Irish Catholics who emigrated there, being thoroughly imbued with the maxim of O'Connell, refused to take any part in it, but remained firm in their sentiments of loyalty to the English Crown. The French demagogues who had excited the outbreak, were enraged at this, and conceived the design of demolishing the Catholic Cathedral, and the residence of the Bishop, who, in a pastoral letter, had exhorted the people to respect and obey the authorities. As soon as the brave Irish obtained information of this design, they armed themselves with whatever weapons came first to hand—with muskets, swords, iron bars, pickaxes, and other instruments of field labour, and some even with knotted clubs—they then planted themselves round the Church and the episcopal residence, and threatened with instant death any one, who should lay hands on the House of God or the residence of their pastor. This conduct of the noble Irish disconcerted the rebels, forced them to renounce their destructive designs, and rendered them as gentle as lambs. The account of these events we owe to Monsignor Bourgot, Bishop of Montreal, in Canada, who during the present year was in Rome, and preached in the venerable Church of Saint Andrea della Valle during the last "three days prayer" ordered by the Sovereign Pontiff in behalf of Ireland.

NOTE 28. PAGE 167.

Voltaire said of the modern Romans, that: conquerors they no longer were, but they were happy. The observation, I repeat, is Voltaire's.

NOTE 29. PAGE 172.

Among them were two of the Royal Family, besides numerous peers and members of the House of Commons.

NOTE 30. PAGE 174.

This celebrated treaty was entered into at Limerick in 1691, when Ireland had taken up arms in defence of James II, and against the usurper William, Prince of Orange. In that war the Irish army behaved so valiantly that, although they failed in their object of reseating James on the throne, they secured an honourable treaty in which the civil and religious rights of the Irish people were amply guaranteed. Before it was finally concluded a French fleet arrived as a reinforcement to the Irish. This circumstance afforded them the opportunity of obtaining a complete victory; but rather than violate its faith which had been pledged to the terms of the treaty referred to, Catholic Ireland declined the proffered assistance. Protestant England, however, acted far otherwise: for a few months had scarcely elapsed ere she violated the treaty by a flagrant act of treachery. Not only were the Catholics deprived of every privilege that had been guaranteed to them while they had arms in their hands, but new laws of the most cruel and impious nature were passed against them. This celebrated treaty furnished an inexhaustible argument to O'Connell to prove at once the innate perfidy of Anglican Heresy and Orange Fanaticism, as well as the fidelity and scrupulous honor of Catholic Ireland.

NOTE 31. PAGE 176.

The unbounded confidence in, and tender affection for, their clergy exhibited by the Irish people, proceeds from this cause, that the Irish priest is also a pure Irishman—that he is the man of the people—that he is one of themselves. Should he ever be salaried, or by any other way whatever made a dependent

(no matter what the species of tie) on the government, he would from that moment be the creature of the state, the servile instrument of the crown, and from that moment, too, he would cease to be one of the people whose confidence and love would both be withdrawn from him. A clergy which is pensioned by a government, hostile to its creed, is a degraded clergy! and a degraded clergy can no longer speak in the house of God to a people and hope to be attended to, and its directions followed. The people then, will soon be seen departing from the practices enjoined by the law of God and of religion, and will gradually and imperceptibly descend to immorality, and lose themselves in indifferentism. The less liable a clergyman is to the suspicion that he speaks in, and for the interests of human power, with the more effect and success can he inculcate the laws of God. The more he is independent, the more he is respected; the more he is free, the more is he powerful, the more he is disinterested, the more is he loved. The acute and zealous eye of O'Connell saw at once all these consequences in the insidious proposal of the Protestant government to pay the Catholic Clergy, and therefore he constantly opposed it with indescribable energy and indomitable perseverance.

NOTE 32. PAGE 181.

A few years ago the English Governor of Gibraltar thought proper to commence a formal persecution of the Catholic Church, and went even so far as to imprison the Right Rev. Dr. Hughes, Vicar Apostolic at that station. The pious Catholics there complained to Mr. O'Connell, and by his zeal, influence, and activity, which he made felt by the Court, the Ministry, and the Parliament, the Vicar Apostolic was restored to liberty, the Governor was recalled, and the Church there restored to the enjoyment of peace and freedom.

NOTE 33. PAGE 184.

This system of employing the legal means, which, more or less efficacious are to be found in every country, for the purpose of liberating the Church from the thralldom of the Civil Power, received not long since the sanction of the Sovereign Pontiff, in the following words, spoken by him in the Consistory of the 11th June, 1847, in commendation of the French Bishops, that noble body of pastors of the Church of Christ. "Nothing is dearer to us nor more ardently desired than closely to unite the Bishops of France to ourselves and to the Apostolical Chair; in order that they with an unrelaxed determination may continue to pursue their present course, namely, that of courageously defending, with a prudence, patience, and constancy worthy of their office, the rights and liberties of the Catholic Church, and of fighting this good fight like brave soldiers of Jesus Christ. As regards ourselves, highly solicitous as we are, and as becomes our supreme apostleship, for the safety of God's flock which he has confided to our care, and although we do not neglect to inculcate the duty of *rendering unto Caesar that which is Caesar's*, so shall we never cease to raise our voice with apostolic freedom, and proclaim that all should *render unto God that which is God's*." After so august and solemn an approval, on the part of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, of the zeal with which the French Bishops insist, by every constitutional means, on the freedom of instruction by the Church, there is no longer any excuse for true Catholics to accuse these courageous prelates of imprudence, ambition, or fanaticism.

NOTE 34. PAGE 185.

If governments knew their interests they would themselves be eagerly anxious to render the Catholic Clergy free and independent, because a Clergy which is dependent on the government can do little or nothing which can tend to the advantage of any government; a Clergy that is at the foot of the throne can never serve as a support to the throne, a Clergy which is under the hands of the Civil Power, will be deemed to be one and the same thing as the Civil Power, and to speak in its name, and under its dictation, when speaking in its favour.

The words of a priest can carry with them no efficacy when pronounced on behalf of a government, which dominates over, and makes use of him. Bishops in that case are nothing more than mitred agents—commissioners of police in soutanes: they always share the fate of the government they belong to, and, far from being able to appease a popular outbreak, they are generally its first victims.

NOTE 35. PAGE 185.

In a letter from the Bishop of Meath we find the following statement as to the opinion which O'Connell had formed of the illustrious Pius IX: "During my last visit to Mr. O'Connell, I made some observations on the difficulties in which we found ourselves, adding, that should anything unfortunately happen to him, the state of the Church in Ireland would be rendered almost desperate." "No," he answered me, "do not fear. God has given to us the glorious and immortal Pius IX: he is young and in the full vigour of health, and has been chosen by God for the exigencies of the present time. He will be the salvation of the Church in Ireland."

NOTE 36. PAGE 186.

The following is the affecting and sage address of the Repeal Association to the people of Ireland, on the occasion of O'Connell's death.

This address as originally written, will be found in page 101 of this work. It is annexed in an Italian translation here, as published in Father Ventura's pamphlet, because it is believed that many will read with interest the Italian version of the original document.

"Compatriotti!

"O'Connell non è più. Lo spirito animatore dell' Irlanda è estinto. Il lume delle nazioni è scoperso.

Lamentatevi e piangete pure, o figli dell' Irlanda; poichè la tazza della vostra afflizione è piena; e i vostri patimenti sono senza misura. Colui, che formava la gloria de' vostri cuori, è stato percosso, lo splendore di Erin (dell' Irlanda) si è spento. Il liberatore dell' patria è morto. In una stagione di afflizione è piaciuto all' Altissimo di colpirci fin all' estremo. La pestilenza e la fame opprimono il nostro popolo: mentre in un altro suolo, lungi dalla amata sua patria, giace il veterano Campione dell' Irlanda. Sì, piangiamolo pure, perchè tutto il genere umano piange la di lui perdita; ed il lutto che ci colma, per la sua morte si estende a tutto il mondo... Si per tutto il mondo un gran vuoto è sentito chi lo colmerà? Qual nazione, qual popolo non ha perduto in lui un benefattore? La nostra patria ha perduta la sua guida e il suo Capitano. Abbiamo però sempre le massime della sua sapienza; e son queste le norme che l' Irlanda deve seguire: per esser sempre sotto lo stendardo di O'Connell. I suoi insegnamenti sono sparsi fra di voi, come per tutto il mondo. Non vi è durata di tempo che potrà far cadere in oblio la sua dottrina. I suoi sentieri erano quelli della pace. Egli camminò per le vie della legge e dell' ordine. Rammentatevi di quel suo detto. "Colui che commette un delitto, dà forza al nemico."

"Ora per i suoi lunghi e fedeli servigii, per l' esempio sì nobile della sua vita, per la gloria del suo nome immortale vi preghiamo, vi scongiuriamo, o Compatriotti, di non abbandonare giammai i principii, e di non mai dimenticarvi degl' insegnamenti di O'Connell."

NOTE 37. PAGE 187.

Amongst the vast number of persons, who are truly christian and generous, and who are therefore the friends of true Religion and Liberty, there are to be found in the Legitimate Party, numerous others most vile and degenerate, and who, under the pretence of defending the principles of legitimacy, are prepared to bend the neck to every despotism and to flatter any tyrant. There exists no interest, however great, were it even that of Religion or of their country that they are not ready to sacrifice. To such, Daniel O'Connell must have been, and, in fact, was an object of deep hatred and malignant enmity. They heaped upon him every species of abuse, and their journals never ceased discharging against him every kind of accusation: until not only in France, but in Italy, and even here in Rome they succeeded in creating the most unworthy prejudices with regard to the orthodoxy of that illustrious man—an orthodoxy of which he had given so many unquestionable proofs. Hence it was that his request was refused, when he begged permission that his own confessor, who travelled with him, might be at liberty to receive his confession without being required to obtain the license of the Bishop in whose diocese they should happen to be stopping. The friend who was requested to obtain this permission had the delicacy to conceal from him the refusal of it: saying merely, that in con-

sequence of the falsehood and intrigues of party, there existed in Rome some uncertainty concerning his sentiments towards the Holy See. O'Connell on hearing that doubts were thrown on his feelings of filial attachment to the Holy Father wept with grief, and immediately wrote a letter which ended with the following admirable and touching words, worthy of an Augustine or a Jerome: "I venerate in every respect the authority of the Holy See. I trust indeed (for I know myself) that there is not in the Church a single individual who pays to the Apostolic chair more sincerely and cordially than I do that submission in the largest acceptation of the word, which the Catholic Church requires from her children. I have never uttered, and I hope never will utter, one word inconsistent with the most implicit obedience to it. My heart is attached to the centre of unity, with the most ardent desire of never departing from it in thought, word, or action: and should it happen that I err in the opinions I may express, I hope they may be interpreted according to my avowed sentiments, for MY SUBMISSION TO THE AUTHORITY OF THE CHURCH IS COMPLETE, ENTIRE, AND UNIVERSAL." This admirable Act of Faith—this noble profession of the sentiments of a true Catholic and genuine son of the Church having been brought under the notice of the Sovereign Pontiff affected him even to tears. The unjust prejudices disappeared, and the permission requested was instantly granted.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE SOLEMN SERVICE, CELEBRATED IN THE
CHURCH OF ST. ANDREA DELLA VALLE AT ROME, FOR THE
REPOSE OF THE SOUL OF DANIEL O'CONNELL.

(Appended to Father Ventura's Oration in the original Italian).

To that great Irishman, Daniel O'Connell, who died at Genoa on the 15th May, while on his way to Rome, the latter city owed a tear of sorrow—a prayer for eternal peace, a word of well-deserved praise. It was therefore piously determined by several of the principal ecclesiastics and other distinguished Romans that solemn obsequies should be celebrated for the repose of the soul of that illustrious christian who had deserved so well of religion, of his country and of the entire world. In this the Sovereign Pontiff, the immortal Pius IX. expressed his perfect concurrence, which to his good wishes, and that the funeral pomp might be worthy of Rome, he added a generous and munificent contribution: he granted, by special privilege, the gorgeous and sacred ornaments of the Pontifical Chapel, and for the greater benefit of the departed soul be declared, to be privileged all the altars of St. Andrea della Valle during the day on which the obsequies were to take place.

The wishes of the supreme Pontiff, and the anticipations of the Roman people were not disappointed. Nothing was wanting that care or diligence could attain, in order to render the sacred ceremony as decorous and magnificent as any of any similar kind that ever preceded it.

The armorial bearings, and the apposite inscription which were placed on the principal door of the Church, indicated to the public that the Roman people were rendering the last offices to Daniel O'Connell, and another inscription on the interior door enumerated his most distinguished actions.

The vast temple presented a melancholy and imposing appearance. The mourning with which it was hung brought the beauty of its architecture more strikingly before the eye, whilst the sombre sameness of its appearance was fittingly preserved. The masterly artistical disposition of the silk and velvet hangings with their fringes of gold, did not tend in the slightest degree to jar with the mournful feeling which the black draperies were calculated to inspire. On the lower basement of the bier which rose at once majestic and elegant, to a height of sixty palms beneath the grand cupola, appeared the inscriptions composed by the eminent Latinist, Canon De Francesco Mauro. A large medallion in *bas relief*, occupied the principal side of the second basement, representing O'Connell dying, to whom the statue of Religion, which surmounted the whole, seemed to say: "Ascend thou noble soul to heaven!" These were executed by the first rate sculptor, Sig. Rinaldi. On the other three sides of the same basement were represented in imitation relief, three of the most memorable facts in the life of the illustrious man who was the object of the pious ceremony, namely:—

on the first, he appeared as the champion of Catholic Emancipation, speaking for the first time in the English House of Commons in defence of the right which the Catholics demanded of taking their seats there. On the second his reception with the office-bearers of the Corporation, and in his robes as Lord Mayor of Dublin, (a dress which had not been worn by any Catholic for two hundred years before), by the Clergy at the door of the Metropolitan Church of that city; whilst the third represented his glorious liberation from prison, and showed him ascending the triumphal car, bidding the people to return thanks to the Blessed Virgin mother of God, to whose intercession was to be attributed this triumph of his innocence. Rich and well arranged lights decorated the tomb and the interior of the sacred edifice, upon the pilasters of which might be read scriptural mottoes allusive to his life, or illustrative of his actions.

From the earliest hour of the day the Church was crowded with persons who came to pray for the repose of the departed soul, and to participate in offering up the Holy Sacrifice, in the celebration of which numerous members of both orders of the Clergy assisted. The funeral mass was said by the most illustrious and most Rev. Mons. Girolamo d' Marchesi d'Andrea, Archbishop of Militene, formerly Nuncio in Switzerland, and at present Secretary to the Sacred Congregation of the Pontifical Council, assisted by three of the principal curates. The alumni of the Roman Seminary attended the altar, while the members of the Irish and Scotch Colleges were seated in a circle round the tomb. A numerous body of the pupils of the Philharmonic Academy cheerfully lent their effective services; and they cannot be too highly praised for their admirable execution of the music in which the skill of the composer succeeded in uniting the gravity suitable to the occasion, with the sublime sentiment of Religion. The *Maestro* Signor Andrea Salesi, who directed, also deserves honourable mention, as likewise Signor Luigi Eutizi, President of the Philharmonic Academy, for the handsome manner in which he responded to the invitation he received, and who left nothing undone in order that the music might be in accordance with the solemnity of the funeral pomp.

It is unnecessary to speak of the sacred orator, who, for fully an hour and three quarters kept his crowded audience, for whom that vast temple seemed too small, intent and eager listeners to every syllable he uttered. I may be permitted, however, to say that, if his subject was above all eulogy, his eulogium did not fall short of his subject. When the praise of an O'Connell was the theme it was fitting that a Ventura should pronounce it. After the oration, the most eminent and most Rev. Signor Cardinal Baluffi, Archbishop and Bishop of Imola, pronounced the solemn absolution at the tomb. His most Reverend Excellence Monsignor, the Governor of Rome, numerous Bishops and Prelates, many members of the diplomatic body, and of the chief nobility of Rome, and the principal officers of the civic guard, were present at the sacred ceremony, of which it may be affirmed, that as nothing could be more splendid, so could not anything be more edifying.

O'Connell, animated by the fervency of his zeal for Religion, was unwearied in his efforts to promote the cause, not only of the celebrated *Temperance Society*, but also that of the *Society for the Propagation of the Faith*. The venerable Brethren of the latter Association enrolled in Rome, wishing also to give a proof of their feeling and gratitude towards the illustrious man who had contributed so efficiently to their pious labours, determined that on the 30th the ceremony should be renewed at their expense; and the great orator who on the 28th had not been able to finish his sermon, appeared again and pronounced the second part of the eulogium on his hero. The Pontifical Mass for the dead was sung by the most illustrious and most Reverend Monsignor Cometti, Archbishop of Nicomedia, assisted by the alumni of the Irish College. The most Reverend Father General, and Procurator General of the Religious Orders, and the members of the Propaganda and of the German College, were seated around the monument. The most eminent and Reverend Signor Cardinal Castracane, of the Antelminelli, Bishop of Palestrina and Grand Penitentiary terminated the sacred ceremony by pronouncing absolution at the tomb. The congregation was as distinguished and as numerous as on the 28th; the fourth son (Daniel), and Dr. Miley, the confessor of the illustrious deceased being again present, and seated in a tribune.

FILIPPO CAIRO,

Italian Editor of Father Ventura's Oration.

A R R I V A L

OF THE

REMAINS OF O'CONNELL,

IN DUBLIN.

On Monday, August 2, the remains of the beloved of Ireland—of him who for forty years led this people from victory to victory, and from triumph to triumph—were borne to our shores. Silent and voiceless were they, but yet, even in the stillness of the dread mystery that had passed over them, they came to us seemingly powerful, as when the living O'Connell was wont to stimulate and to calm, to excite and to assuage, to rule and to guide, the people which he liberated and made his own. From an early hour of the day, thousands of our fellow-citizens of all classes and grades, stationed themselves along the quays, occupied the adjoining streets, and filled the windows, housetops, and every other locality whence even a glimpse of "the Liberator's coffin" might be caught, that they "might have it to say to their children and grand-children," as we heard many express themselves, "that we even saw it."

The hour named for the arrival of the Duchess of Kent in the bay was two o'clock, and for some hours previously, every barge in the harbour was laden with anxious admirers of the illustrious dead. Some moved their craft down the river, that they might be among the first to salute the floating chapel in which their pride lay low; others moved their's near the mid-channel, that they might be "nearer the ship." To all there seemed to be one common object—the doing honour to their dead chief. With all there was a common sentiment—a deep and heartfelt sense of the national loss we have sustained, in the inscrutable dispensation of an all-wise Providence.

At an early hour in the morning, Mr. John O'Connell, accompanied by his son Daniel, proceeded to sea from Kingstown in his yacht, the *Nimrod*, to meet the steamer which bore the remains of his honoured father, and to apprise the parties on board of the arrangements made for their reception. About half-past eleven the Duchess of Kent hove in sight in the offing, on which the yacht immediately bore down and boarded her. The steamer (as did also the yacht) carried colours half-mast high. She was, when hailed by the yacht, steering direct for Kingstown harbour, but on being boarded by Mr. John O'Connell, she changed her course and headed up the bay, taking the *Nimrod* in tow. As the flotilla neared and passed the harbour of Kingstown, all the vessels at anchor there hoisted their

colours, and instantly lowered them half-mast high. Signal guns were fired from the steamer, which were answered from the harbour. The *Nimrod*, on approaching the *Duchess of Kent*, in addition to lowering her flag, gave the usual naval mourning salute, firing minute guns to the number of seventy-one, corresponding with the years of the illustrious deceased. As the *Duchess of Kent* proceeded at half speed up the bay, she was met and boarded by Mr. Maurice O'Connell, Mr. Morgan O'Connell, the Right Rev. Dr. Whelan, the Very Rev. Dr. Yore, and several of the relatives and friends of the *Liberator* who were on board.

THE ARRAN CASTLE.

At one o'clock precisely, this vessel which had been placed at the disposal of the family and friends of the *Liberator* for this melancholy occasion, by our enterprising and patriotic fellow-citizen, Mr. James Fagan, started from her moorings at Sir John Rogerson's-quay, having on board Maurice O'Connell and Morgan O'Connell, Esqrs., the eldest and second son of the *Liberator*; the Right Rev. Doctor Whelan, the Very Rev. Doctor Yore, V.G.; James O'Connell, Esq., Lakeview, brother to the deceased; Christopher Fitzsimon, son-in-law; Charles O'Connell, R.M.; Maurice James O'Connell; Daniel James O'Connell, and Daniel Monaghan, Esqrs., nephews of the deceased; — Ryan, Esq.; James Fagan, Esq.; and Doctor Gray. Among those who accompanied the Messrs. O'Connell, when embarking, was P. V. Fitzpatrick, Esq., who, on seeing them on board, returned to town to await the arrival of the remains.

The steam being put fully on, the little bark made rapid way, and in less than twenty minutes the *Duchess of Kent* was in full view, having Mr. John O'Connell's yacht in tow, lying off Kingstown harbour, and heading up the bay between Kingstown and Howth. The *Duchess of Kent* was at once recognised by her bearing the usual mourning insignia. From the foretop mast floated the green burgee with the Irish harp. The Union Jack hung from the peak, and the red ensign at the main mast, all half-mast high. On the *Arran Castle* nearing the larger steamer, we could discern the temporary chapel erected on the quarter-deck, with the sad plumes waving over it, indicating that in that spot lay the mortal remains of him who liberated the land he found in serfdom, and gave to Ireland immortality and an abiding place in the annals of liberty's struggles. A few moments more—half-past one o'clock—and the *Arran Castle* was within speaking distance, but not a word was uttered on either deck. Even the captain, impressed with the solemn scene before him, gave his directions by signal. All on board the *Arran Castle* stood on deck uncovered, whilst she slowly passed round the stern of the *Duchess of Kent*, and was hauled to alongside.

Mr. Daniel O'Connell stood at the gangway to receive his brothers, and the relatives and friends who accompanied them. Mr. John O'Connell stood at his side, having, as we have already mentioned, boarded the steamer in the offing at an early hour in the morning: behind them stood the *Liberator's* servant, whom the Very Rev. Dr

Miley so well designated, "the faithful Duggan;" the little chapel filled the back ground, the other persons on board standing apart uncovered.

Mr. Maurice O'Connell was the first to enter the vessel—but we must not even attempt to describe the scene that followed the meeting of the brothers on this touching and solemn occasion. There are things too sacred to be held-up to public view, yet we cannot refrain from stating that the impression left on the minds of those who witnessed this affecting incident, was such as will never be effaced. Mr. Morgan O'Connell, and the other members of the family followed. The friends of the *Liberator* who accompanied them in the Arran Castle, remained for some few minutes after them, the Right Rev. Prelate, Dr. Yore, and the other friends having boarded the *Duchess of Kent*, proceeded to the entrance of

THE SEA CHAPEL.

Within this consecrated spot, and in the dread presence of the mortal part of him who, ever grateful for kindness, was wont to acknowledge the devoted friendship and assiduous attention of his kind and thoughtful chaplain and friend, it was, that the Very Rev. Dr. Miley resolved first to meet the sons of the *Liberator*, and hand over to their filial care the precious treasure, which, in company with the younger son, he tended while living, and watched in death. The Sea Chapel, most appropriately so designated by the Rev. Dr. Miley, was erected on the quarter-deck of the *Duchess of Kent*, under the direction of Mr. Mullen, of Liverpool, and was fitted up with much elegance, and exhibited (although a temporary structure) great firmness of make, evincing a desire on the part of the constructor to make it every way worthy of the remains enshrined within it. The details of its furnishing and ornament interiorly were marked by exquisite taste and chasteness of design. This temple in miniature occupied a space of about ten feet square; its height was nine feet, the roof tapering to the centre. Over a strong waterproof covering on the roof and sides was spread a cover of black cloth, gathered at the sides into regular festoons, looped with rich tassels. Within this was fastened the side drapery of fine black cashmere, which fell around in graceful folds, tastefully looped at various points with rosettes. Facing the stern was the entrance to this shrine, immediately opposite which, at the other end, was affixed a large cross in white satinette attached to the wall (so to speak) of the chapel, and forming a tasteful contrast with the deep sable of the rest of the interior. Except this cross, the interior of the structure bore no device or ornament of any kind. Each of the four exterior angles was surmounted by a rich sable plume, and over the entrance was placed a small square flag, permanently extended, on which was placed a red cross. The floor of the chapel was covered with a rich carpet of black and crimson. Within this chapel lay—

THE COFFIN.

Reposing on three tressels, covered with a rich under pall of fine cloth, in alternate breadths of green and purple, barred across with gold lace and richly fringed. From each of these tressels underneath projected a kneeling-stool, over each of which was folded the border of the under pall, so arranged that a *prie Dieu*, wrought in yellow silk in the border, rested on each kneeling-stool. The coffin is of regal magnificence. It is of rather a square and massive shape; it is covered with Genoa velvet of rich crimson, with a triple row of broad gilt nails round the edges. The mountings are of the most gorgeous description, double gilt and in the solid. The handles, three at each side, and one at either end, fall from centre plates, each bearing national devices. At the corners are affixed richly gilt plates, having for their device, each an open missal and other Christian emblems. The coffin lid is ornamented at each corner with gilt clasps, within which are fixed the screws, each hidden by a leaf and hinge. The inscription plate is of silver gilt, surrounded by an outer plate of brass. The following is the inscription:—

“DANIEL O’CONNELL,
HIBERNÆ LIBERATOR,
AD LIMINA APOSTOLORUM PERGENS.
DIE XV. MAII, ANNO MDCCCXLVII,
GENUÆ OBDORMIT IN DOMINO
VIXIT ANNOS LXXI, MENSES IX, DIES IX.
R. I. P.”

The following is the translation of the inscription:—

“DANIEL O’CONNELL,
IRELAND’S LIBERATOR,
WHILE ON HIS JOURNEY TO THE SEAT OF
THE APOSTLES,
Slept in the Lord at Genoa,
On the 15th of May, in the year 1847.
He lived seventy-one years, nine months, and nine days.
May he rest in peace.”

The lid of the coffin was decorated with various symbols, among them a beautifully executed design in gilt material, representing, in relief, an obelisk and a weeping female figure, with the legend “Resurgam” underneath.

Around the coffin were placed lofty candelabra, covered with crape, three at each side, bearing wax tapers kept constantly burning.

On reaching the entrance to the chapel, the Very Rev. Dr. Yore, and the relatives of the deceased, entered, and, kneeling round the coffin, joined the Rev. Dr. Miley and the sons of the deceased, in fervent devotion, which was continued for a considerable time.

On board the Duchess of Kent we found the Very Rev. Doctor Miley—whom we rejoiced to see apparently in excellent health, notwithstanding his long journey, the trying and painful duties which devolved on him during the last illness, and since the death of his

illustrious friend—Daniel O'Connell, the namesake and youngest born of the Liberator, and Captain Roche, an esteemed relative, who was commissioned by the family to accompany the remains from Liverpool. There were also on board two French gentlemen, Monsieur D. L'Étanneville, and the Abbe Miel. These gentlemen came from Paris, having determined to accompany the remains of Ireland's Liberator to their last resting place in his own loved land, in order to testify, by their presence, the reverence in which the name and services of O'Connell are held in Paris, and especially by the members of that society, now so illustrious—the society for the advancement of liberty and free education in France, of which we understand the Abbe Miel, and his friend Monsieur D. L'Étanneville, are prominent members. There were also on board the following gentlemen, who, as deputies from the Repealers of Liverpool, signified their anxiety, and that of their friends, to be permitted to accompany the remains of their great leader to Ireland. A large number of the Liverpool gentlemen were desirous of having the sad consolation granted to the gentlemen we allude to extended to them, but the arrangements made did not permit of a large deviation, and the sought for distinction could be conferred only on the six undernamed gentlemen—James Levingston, John F. Duffy, James Close, John Mullen, Michael Duffy, and James Keating, Esqrs. Many an Irishman will envy the respected gentlemen, whose names we have just recorded, the proud distinction conferred on them on Monday.

Before proceeding to describe the inward progress of the Duchess of Kent, from the point at which we boarded her, we will briefly record some incidents connected with the progress from Chester homewards. Our readers are aware that the remains lay for some days at Chester, awaiting the perfecting of the arrangements that were being made for their reception, the homeward journey having been performed with somewhat greater rapidity than had been anticipated. At Chester, the remains were deposited in the cathedral church, and here it was that the rich mounting of the coffin, which we have already described, with the exception, we believe, of the inscription plate, was affixed. The cloth, which previously covered the outer coffin, had to be removed, and such was the enthusiastic admiration which O'Connell was held even in England, that the shreds of the torn cloth, and the nails which secured them to the coffin of O'Connell, were sought for with the greatest anxiety, and sold and resold at successively large premiums. Two of the relatives of the illustrious dead, whose persons were not known, were, a day or two after the mounting had been removed, shown "a piece of cloth and one of the nails of O'Connell's coffin" as among the most prized articles in one of the minor museums in the vicinage.

On Saturday four masses were celebrated at the Catholic Church of Chester, prior to the removal of the remains—two by the Rev. Dr. Carbery, of Chester, who had the privilege of enjoying some intercourse with the great chieftain—one by the Very Rev. Dr. Miley, and one by the Abbe Miel. The church was hung in black, and at all these several masses nearly every person appeared in whole or partial mourning—a tribute unexpected, as it must be grateful, to the friends and countrymen of the illustrious dead. During the day the

Rev. Dr. Carbery preached a short but impressive sermon, in which he dwelt upon the many labours and virtues of O'Connell, and with great pathos told an anecdote, which all who knew the habits and feelings of our lost one will recognise as eminently characteristic. The Rev. Dr. was in Mr. O'Connell's society on a Sunday. Mr. O'Connell happened not to be at the time in very good health. The Rev. divine remarked that he was ill, and ought not venture out; O'Connell replied, "My dear friend, I am ill, but not ill enough to be absent from mass." One of the most affecting scenes at Chester was, however, that in which an Irish regiment were the prominent actors. After the mass, at which the military attended, the soldiers marched slowly round the coffin of him whom many of them never saw, but whom all of them, from their earliest childhood, were accustomed to hear of, according to their years, as the chief—the expected emancipator—the Liberator of Ireland. We have been informed, that, from the adult campaigner to the youngest recruit, not one passed without shedding a tributary tear. During the stay of the Very Rev. Dr. Miley and Mr. D. O'Connell at Chester, they experienced the utmost kindness, and the warmest expressions of sympathy, from the inhabitants of all creeds and classes; and it is believed that hardly a single individual in Chester, or its vicinage, omitted to pay a tributary visit to our chieftain.

At half-past one, P.M., on Sunday, the remains were removed from the church at Chester, and placed on a special train to be taken to Birkenhead. They reached the latter place in about an hour, and were at once conveyed on board the *Duchess of Kent*—the vessels of all nations in the river lowering their flags. Here, too, the population were most desirous to pay the tribute of their respect; and, in order to gratify the anxious wishes of an admiring people, the side hangings of the little "Sea Chapel," in which the remains were deposited on being taken on board, were elevated so as to expose the coffin to view, and the inhabitants, to the number of over ten thousand, were permitted the privilege of walking round the "chapel," and looking upon the case in which lay the lifeless body of him who was so long the life of these kingdoms. Some of the most influential inhabitants of Liverpool availed themselves of the privilege thus afforded to them, and the family—the family of Mr. Prim—not being able to go alongside during the afternoon, claimed permission at twelve o'clock at night, immediately previous to the time of sailing, to see where the Irish Liberator lay in peace.

A little after one the *Duchess of Kent* weighed anchor, and arrived, as we already described, after a calm and most favourable voyage, within sight of the Irish shore in about 11 hours. It was arranged that the coffin was not to be removed to the Metropolitan Church till four, P.M., and after the *Duchess of Kent* took the passengers by the Arran Castle on board she hove to, not far from the South Lighthouse, till such time would elapse as would admit of her reaching the Custom-house at the appointed hour. During the stay of the *Duchess* in the Pool several yachts bore close on her, all having their colours half-mast high. We observed that there was no deviation from this rule, no matter what the politics or religious opinions of the proprietors.

About two o'clock a large steamer, the *Birmingham*, bound for Liverpool, came out of the harbour, carrying her colours half-mast high. As she neared the *Duchess of Kent*, her passengers—who numbered some hundreds, and who were seemingly of the working class, and from the provinces—on perceiving by the black plumes which waved over the temporary chapel, that the remains of the *Liberator* were on board, simultaneously took off their hats, and, as if moved by an impulse of nature, rather than by intention, gave utterance to their deep sorrow by the loud wail, or keene, so well known as the lament for the dead of the Irish peasantry. Several other instances occurred during the stay, which are equally deserving of note. One we cannot omit to record—it was, perhaps, the most simple, yet deeply touching scene, we ever witnessed. A crew of hardy fishermen, in their trim craft, bore down upon the steamer on seeing her lie to at full tide. On coming near they saw the emblems of mourning, and one of the crew asked “is O’Connell on board?” The look-out answered “yes,” and hardly was the word uttered, when all fell upon their knees, with their faces towards “the Sea Chapel,” and continued in this attitude, with hands clasped, while they remained in sight, apparently heedless of their bark or her course, and all save him for whom the present devotions were being offered up!

At a quarter past three o'clock the *Duchess of Kent* was again put in motion, and proceeded at a slow rate of speed up the river. She was accompanied by the river steamers, which were crowded to the tops of the paddle boxes with silent but deeply anxious spectators. As the steamer neared the North Pier, the scene became solemnly and powerfully exciting—every ship at the quays, from deck to mast head, was filled with spectators. As she proceeded slowly up the river, the quays presented on each side a vast tide of human beings, rushing onwards to be present, if possible, at the debarkation of the coffin containing all that was left of them of their long-idolized *Liberator*. Every window, every housetop, in short every locality which could afford a chance of a passing glance at the temporary chapel and its contents, was occupied. The steamers lying alongside the quays, the dredges, and smacks were crowded to an alarming degree. In one steamer—“*The Royal Adelaide*”—there could not have been less than two thousand people on deck and rigging. As the *Duchess of Kent* neared the Custom-house, opposite to which it was arranged that the debarkation of the remains should take place, the quays presented from end to end one vast mass of human beings; yet save occasionally a low wail which broke from the multitude, not a sound issued from amongst them. It was all sad and respectful silence. On the *Duchess of Kent* being secured to her moorings at the quay, we observed that no arrangements had been omitted for the fitting reception of the remains. An open bier, without canopy, drawn by six black horses, was in attendance, with mutes and wand bearers, under the superintendence of the undertaker, Mr. Lawler, of Henry-street. The members of the associated trades were drawn up in procession order, each member bearing a wand tied with love ribbon. This body, associated with so many of the struggles and triumphs of the *Liberator*, presented truly a touching sight, the members coming

now in silence and sorrow to receive and attend the lifeless remains of him around whose chariot of triumph they so often crowded with shouts of joy.

Preparations were now made to disburthen the Duchess of Kent of her precious freight. The side curtains of the chapel were thrown up, exposing to public view the coffin within, surrounded by its lighted tapers. And then of that vast crowd not one remained standing where room was left to kneel, to offer a prayer up to Heaven for the eternal repose of Ireland's Liberator. The scene was solemn and impressive beyond all description; many on board the vessel, as well as on the quays, were moved to tears. And it was amidst the tears and the heartfelt grief of thousands of his countrymen that the honoured remains of Daniel O'Connell, the Liberator of his country's altars, and the vindicator of her liberties, reached his beloved Ireland, there to repose mingling his dust with hers.

After the removal of the body, the black cloth covering the temporary chapel was torn up in small fragments, and distributed amongst hundreds of persons, who eagerly sought after the smallest relic connected with the remains of the revered Liberator.

The highly intelligent and distinguished Frenchman to whom we have before made mention, M. D. L'Etanville, observed, as he witnessed this scene, that he was present at the reception by the French people of the remains of Napoleon, and yet even that nation of enthusiasts, and idolizing as they did their Emperor, displayed no scene like that of Monday. The chastened grief, yet strong devotion, evinced by the Irish people, on their Liberator's remains being again placed among them, was admitted by this gentleman as having far outshone all that the French nation could display on the occasion of the arrival of Napoleon's remains amongst them.

Previous to the removal of the coffin, a body of clergymen, comprising many of the dignitaries of the several parishes in the metropolis, besides others from several parts of the country, came on board the Duchess of Kent. We regret that from the crowd and bustle we were unable to gather the names of all the clergymen who were present at this solemn and never-to-be-forgotten occasion. Amongst the many who attended we noticed the Very Rev. Dean Coll, Limerick; Rev. Dr. Maher, Carlow; Rev. Mr. Browne, Rev. J. Hayes, O.S.F., Cork; the Rev. Dr. Callen, Rev. Mr. Burke, St. Vincent's; the Rev. J. Hamilton, Blackrock; Rev. Mr. Lynch, Bridge-street; Rev. Mr. Behan, Rev. Mr. Tierney (one of the Repeal martyrs); Rev. James Ryan, Rev. D. Burke, P.P.; Rev. T. Cary, Rev. Mr. Coyle, Rev. L. Corr, P.P.; Rev. T. Ronayne, Rev. John Murray, Rev. P. Reilly, Rev. Thomas O'Donnell, Rev. Dr. Ford, &c. On the removal of the coffin on the shore it was at once placed on the bier, and the procession having formed, the remains—preceded by the trades, headed by Thomas Reynolds, &c., the City Marshal, and followed by the Rev. Dr. Miley, as chaplain, first; by the sons, relatives, and friends, who proceeded by the Arran Castle to meet the Duchess of Kent, next; and by the clergy and other gentlemen, who joined at the Custom-house, next in order—moved through the dense crowd along the quay, and up Marlborough-street to the church. The scene here was also highly imposing. A vista having been

made through the dense mass of people, the great gate of the church opened, and displayed a partial view of the interior, with its numerous lights and dark drapery. The Rev. Mr. Cooper, robed in cope and surplice, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Maher, the Rev. Mr. Mullen, and the Rev. Mr. Smith, proceeded to the outer entrance and there met the coffin, then being borne into the church by the mutes, assisted by some of our citizens, who knew and loved the illustrious departed, and who felt proud to have it to say that they had put a shroud beneath the remains of Ireland's noblest patriot. The acolythes, bearing torches, here surrounded the coffin, and a sub-deacon, in a white surplice and soutan, held the lofty crucifix at the foot. The aspersion having been performed and the antiphon read, the procession, followed by the remains, proceeded up the nave towards the catafalque prepared for the reception of the coffin, which was then laid upon it. The *Libra me Domine* was then intoned by the full choir; after which were sung the *De Profundis* and the *Miserere*.

At the conclusion of the ceremonial the officiating clergy and the choir retired to the vestry, leaving the remains lying in state. The tapers round the catafalque were lit, and the anxious people were allowed to enter the church and view its splendid arrangements. Besides the clergy present, we noticed several of our leading citizens, long the true friends of our lamented O'Connell, P. V. Fitzpatrick, Esq., M. R. Leyne, Esq. (a near relative), William Nugent Skelly, Esq., Dr. Gaghan, Dr. R. R. Madden, John A. Curran, Joseph D. Mullen, J. Smyth, Dr. Nugent, J. Burke, J. Kelch, and many whose names we were unable at the time to record, but whom we would gladly name in connexion with this awfully imposing event. The sons and other members of the Liberator's family remained within the sanctuary during the celebration of the introductory ceremony. At its conclusion they withdrew, accompanied by the Rev. Dr. Miley, the Right Rev. Dr. Whelan, and their other friends.

The church closed at about eleven o'clock at night, yet long after that hour the gates and doors were besieged by anxious crowds.—*Freeman's Journal*.

OBSEQUIES

OF THE

LIBERATOR IN DUBLIN.

(From the Dublin Weekly Register of August 7.)

TUESDAY.—On Monday night, although the doors of the Church of the Conception were closed at an early hour, crowds continued to throng the vicinity, and it was only when it was no longer hoped that access could be obtained, that the multitude unwillingly dispersed.

All day yesterday the assemblage was immense, and a continuous stream of people passed through the church—going in at the eastern point, in Marlborough-street, and coming out at the south entrance, in Elephant-lane. The visitors consisted of numberless laity, and a vast concourse of clergy from all parts of Ireland, and many from England and Scotland. Even glorious Columbia was not unrepresented—several priests, whose cure lie in the great republic, being present. Distant India, too, was represented by the Right Rev. Dr. Whelan, than whom the Liberator had not a warmer friend and admirer.

The steamers which arrived yesterday brought in large accessions from London and the seats of industry in the north of England. Amongst them we recognised some of the hard-working, honest, and disinterested Repealers of Liverpool. In fact, men from all parts of Europe are in Dublin. Noble France—sunny Italy—and the old Fatherland, have sent forth their freedom-lovers to do honour to the remains of one who was the great apostle of true liberty—liberty sanctified by religion, and unstained by violence. As for the Irish clergy—the sacred sustainers of our departed Chief—some thirteen or fourteen hundred had arrived before evening.

As the day advanced the crowds became more and more dense. Marlborough-street presented a perfect sea of upturned faces, and the pressure for entrance became so great that the police could with difficulty procure access to this office for the gentlemen having business therein. In the evening a double row of barriers was quickly erected across the street; and, as the crowds became more and more augmented from the accession of bodies of artisans just “let loose” from work, the line of police was broken, and the church was surrounded in a moment by an eager throng. This movement caused the authorities to close the doors, which fact, although intimated to the people, did not prevent them from lingering to a late hour about the sacred edifice.

WEDNESDAY.—This day being appointed for the celebration of the Solemn Office and Pontifical High Mass for the repose of the soul of the illustrious dead, the anxiety to obtain admission to the church was extreme. The demand for tickets far exceeded the capability of the church to contain the applicants. Owing to the admirable arrangements, the edifice, although filled in all its parts, was not inconveniently crowded. The entrance was by the eastern gate, and passing round to the southern door, the visitor entered the aisle, and, if fortunate enough to be early, obtained a passage to the sanctuary.

The *coup d'œil* from the extremity of this position was imposing in the extreme. The chapel, as we have before described, was hung in mourning, and its sombre aspect was increased by the windows being draped inside with crape. At both sides and ends of the nave chandeliers were appended to the pillars, and numberless wax-lights burned around and above the high altar. But the *catafalque* and its precious burden were objects of peculiar note and attention. Numerous candelabra, attached to the pilasters around the sarcophagus, threw their soft light upon the crimson coffin, with its rich and tasteful ornaments. In front of the eastern gallery, which contained the family and relatives of the great defunct, were affixed the arms and quarterings of the O'Connell's, whilst above, in front of the organ loft, was placed an immense scroll, on which were painted the inscriptions, in latin, adopted at the ceremonies in the Roman Basilica.

Similar scrolls, in lozenge shape, were appended to the sides of the *dais* of the *catafalque*, and at each end appeared the arms of the ancient house of Darrynane. In attempting to describe the appearance of the church on this sad and engrossing occasion, it would be utter injustice not to mention, with all praise, the efforts of Mr. Crooke, to whom the entire management of the details and decorations of the church was entrusted. As a striking instance of the interest attaching to everything connected with the last sad rites, we are assured that no less than *sixteen hundred persons per hour* passed through the noble warehouse of Mr. Crooke during the four days on which he kindly permitted the public to view the *catafalque* manufactured on his premises.

To resume:—Stretched all along the nave at each side, from the high altar, were forms five deep, on which were seated the clergy who constituted the choir. Dressed in their white surplices, the clergy ranged in a compact body, breviary in hand, to the number, it was calculated, of between *eleven and twelve* hundred. In other parts of the church there were many others who did not take so prominent a part in the ceremonies.

There were present, as well as we could ascertain unaided, two archbishops and sixteen bishops:—The Most Rev. Dr. Murray, Primate of Ireland, and Most Rev. Dr. MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam. The other prelates present were—The Right Rev. Dr. Cantwell, Bishop of Meath; Right Rev. Dr. Browne, Bishop of Elphin; Right Rev. Dr. McGettigan, Bishop of Raphoe; Right Rev. Dr. McNally, Bishop of Clogher; Right Rev. Dr. O'Higgins, Bishop of Ardagh; Right Rev. Dr. Keating, Bishop of Ferns; Right Rev. Dr. Maginn, Bishop of Derry; Right Rev. Dr. Haly, Bishop of Kildare

and Leighlin ; Right Rev. Dr. Foran, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore ; Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, Bishop of Ossory ; Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, Bishop of Limerick ; Right Rev. Dr. French, Bishop of Kilmacduagh ; Right Rev. Dr. Egan, Bishop of Kerry ; Right Rev. Dr. M'Nicholas, Bishop of Achonry ; and the Right Rev. Dr. Whelan, Bishop of Madras.

The venerable Bishop of Dromore, Dr. Blake, was absent through indisposition.

The following clergymen of the second order, with many others whose names we could not make out, owing to the great numbers who were present, appeared in soutanne and surplice in the choir:—

Very Rev. John Spratt, D.D. ; Rev. Dr. Doyle, P.P., St. Michan's, North Anne-street ; Rev. Messrs. T. Kavanagh, P.P., Newbridge ; W. A. Doyle, O.S.F., E. Flynn, Navan ; L. Smyth, Skreen ; E. Kennedy, Clontarf ; P. Crumpe, High-street ; W. Brown, Philip Devlin, Derry ; James O'Brien, All Hallows ; Very Rev. J. Walsh, John-street Chapel ; Rev. Messrs. Anthony Kelly, Saint Nicholas Without ; N. O'Farrell, do. ; J. Hickey, do. ; Very Rev. Bernard Goodman, Prior of the Dominicans, Sligo ; Very Rev. Robert White, Prior of the Dominicans, Dublin ; Rev. Messrs. P. Kelly, O.S.D., Dublin ; Maher, Clarendon-street ; Conway, O.S.D., Denmark-street ; Sheridan, O.S.D., do. ; Edward Mulhall, C.C., Irish-town ; Edward Hyland, O.D.C., Clarendon-street ; D. Gargan, R.C.C., Maynooth ; John Kelly, C.C., Kells ; Michael Colgan, C.C., Ballinacargy ; Michael Wall, St. John's College, Waterford ; Michael Fogarty, C.C., Carrickbeg, Waterford ; Thomas Burke, C.C., Rathcormack, Waterford ; Joseph Dixon, Professor Maynooth College ; Thomas Byrne, C.C., SS. Michael and John's, Dublin ; James Roche, P.P., Ferns ; P. Smith, C.C., Irishtown ; James M'Caru, St. Vincent's ; Wm. V. Harold, D.D., Patrick Hassan, Derry ; Bernard Magill, Derry ; M. Kelly, Maynooth College ; T. Farrelly, do. ; D. F. M'Carthy, do. ; C. W. Russell, do. ; M. Conway, Cashel ; M. O'Kelly, Maynooth College ; John O'Flynn, do. ; William Hampton, Hyderabad ; J. Martin, St. Peter's, Phibsborough ; A. O'Grady, James Fitzgerald, St. Vincent's ; Mathew Kavanagh, do. ; Alexander Kindelan, P.P., Enniskeen, Eugene O'Rorke, P.P., Killucan ; P. O'Dogherty, Ashford ; Mathew Collier, Rathmines ; James Bowles, C.C., Nenagh ; Michael Malony, Dunboyne Establishment, Maynooth College ; William Laffan, P.P., Holycross, Cashel ; D. O'Brien, Clarendon-street ; M'Namara, O.S.F., Thurles ; Dr. O'Hanlon, Maynooth College ; Dean Hughes, Carlow College ; C. Boyle, P.P., Skerries ; John Fitzgerald, S.J., Kyran's College ; P. D'Arcy, P.P., Mungret, Limerick ; James O'Rorke, P.P., Patrick's Well, Limerick ; Thomas Pope, Marlborough-street ; R. G. Wood, Irishtown ; P. E. O'Farrelly, Chaplain South Union ; John Delany, Blessington ; Henry M'Gee, Carmelite Convent ; Michael E. Tobin, do. ; Edward Carey, Edward Seery, Edward Kelly, George Canavan, P.P. ; Gilligan, C.R. ; Nathaniel O'Donnell Cainen, P.P., Maynooth ; John Walsh, P.P., Rolestown ; William Morris, P.P., Borisoleigh ; Richard Farrell, P.P., Leagan ; Thomas Mullany, P.P., Drom and Inch ; John Coghlan, P.P., Rahan and Linally ; John Cantwell, James Dowling

P.P., Clonmellan; M. J. Devine, P.P., Boyle; Thomas Conway, O.S.F., Multifarnham; Thomas Molloy, C.C., Drangan, Cashel; Patrick Hickey, P.P., Arles; James M'Namara, O.S.F., Thurles; William Laffan, P.P., Holycross, Cashel; Thomas Roche, C.C., Enniscorthy; William Yore, V.G. and P.P., Saint Paul's; P. Barry, P.P., Clara; P. Carry, Bagnalstown; Turney, P.P., Cara; P. P. O'Donohoe, C.C.; J. Dunne, Carlow College; Very Rev. J. Madden, P.P., Roscommon; Very Rev. John Tighe, P.P., Castlereagh; Rev. Messrs. J. P. Laphen, Kelly, Belfast; John Lynch, S.J.; Joseph Quirk, P. Turner, Clane; Very Rev. R. J. O'Hanlon, Clarendon-street; Rev. Messrs. John Moore, Palmerstown; James Leahy, J. B. Finegan, J. F. Greene, Great Denmark-street; Edward M'Gowan, Denis Murphy, Meath-street, Dublin; Daniel M'Evoy, Henry J. Murphy, Chaplain St. Vincent's Hospital; David Ashe, Church-street Chapel; M. B. Kelly, P.P., St. Audeon's; Timothy O'Farrell, SS. Michael and John's; Michael Dempsey, C.C., Saint Paul's; Lawrence Gillie, Patrick James Gilligan, St. James's; A. Doran, St. James's; Charles Browne, Adam and Eve; P. M'Cabe, Carlow College; T. A. Bannan, Meath-street; John Mayner, Clonmel; John A. Bergin, O.S.F., Limerick; James Corr, High-street; William Withors, O.C.C., Whitefriar-street; Patrick Sheehan, Great Denmark-street; Patrick Kavanagh, All Hallows College, Drumcondra; John Brennan, R.C.C.; Thomas Grimley, C.C., Balbriggan; Doctor Flanagan, P.P.; Dr. Murtagh, Kilcullen; Very Rev. Dean Meyler; Doctor Taylor, Carlow College; Rev. Messrs. Peter Duffy, Blessington; M. Day, Aungier-street Convent; Dr. O'Donnell, John M'Cullagh, P.P., Ledmonymerry, Derry; Dr. Coghlan, Limerick; O'Connell, All Hallows; Eugene Canovan, P.P., Tallow; P. J. Coyle, M. C. Costigan, Lusk; William Doran, do.; H. R. Bridgeman, H. Daly, C.C.; John P. Hanby, Church-street Chapel; Michael Colgan, C.C., H. Hogan, Irish College, Paris; Mr. Rooney, Clontarf; F. M'Donnell, Howth; Thomas Brady, Archdeacon, Kilmore; Thomas Hardjiman, Tuam; Mr. Smyth, P.P., Sandyford; James Maher, P.P., Carlow; O'Connor, Mr. Lynch, Bahan, King's County; M. Evily, Tuam; Kavanagh, S. J. Bernard O'Neill, P.P., Newtownlimavady; Nicholas Cantwell, P.P., Tramore; Francis Joseph O'Brien, Hyderabad; Ambrose M'Garry, C.C., Dunlavin; John Kelly, R.C.C., Kells; C. Nogueras, J. M'Mahan, North Anne-street; John Cogan, North Anne-street; J. C. M'Cann, North Anne-street; T. Curtis, S.J.; J. M'Donnell, S.J.; E. M'Cabe, Clontarf; Doctor Gaffney, Maynooth College; Dr. O'Connell, Michael and John's; James B. Hayes, O.S.A., Cork; Patrick Pentony, O.S.A., John-street; Bernard O'Neill, O.S.A.; Edward O'Connell, St. Michan's; James Stephens, P.P., All Saints and Taughboyne; Edward O'Reilly, Maynooth College; Charles O'Connell, James Cavanagh, C.C., Kingstown; P. A. Wynne, C.C., Dundrum; P. Murphy, Chaplain North Union Workhouse; T. O'Dwyer, Cuttletown; J. Kelly, B. Sheridan, Kingstown; W. F. Molony, S.J.; R. V. Kickham, Saint Peter's, Phibsborough; Robert Healy, Clongowes-wood College; Dr. Ennis, Booterstown; — Byrne, do.; J. M'Namara, St. Peter's, Phibsborough; J. P. Farrell, Saint Andrew's, Westland-row; Richard Henry, North William-street Chapel; Edward Henry, P.P., Fearty; Very Rev. John Spain, P.P., Birr;

Rev. Messrs. James Spratt, John-street, Dublin; Edward Kearney, James's-street, Dublin; James Healy, Francis-street, Dublin; James Carey, Swords; P. Fleming, C.C., Swords; Nicholas Conaty, F. Germain, Kingstown; A. Fagan, Cabinteely; R. M. Burke, James Lynch, Saint Vincent's; Peter Duff, Very Rev. James M'Donnell, V.G., Cashel; Rev. John Ryan, R.C.C., Cashel; Rev. John Shephard, Saint Audeon's; Mr. Cooper, Rev. William Lillis, Glasgow; Very Rev. Edward O'Rourke, the Rev. Michael John, P.P., Caher; the Rev. Edward Larkin, P.P., Newcastle, Waterford; the Rev. P. O'Donnell, C.C., Ardmore; Rev. Mr. Corcoran, Tuam; Rev. M. J. Brady; Rev. James Richards, Newtownmountkennedy; Rev. Thomas O'Connor, P.P., Killian, county Galway; Rev. C. Gerard, Enfield; Rev. R. Kelly, Dunboyne; Rev. B. Masterson, Mullingar; Rev. M. Nachell, Rev. M. M'Alroy, Rev. Dr. Dawson, P.P., V.G., Carrick-on-Shannon; Rev. E. M'Gaver, P.P., Carrickedmond, Ardagh; Rev. L. G. Dease, P.P., Newtownforbes; Rev. P. Duffy, C.C., Longford; Alexander Kindelan, P.P., Enniskeen, Carrickmacross; Rev. G. York, C.C., Longford; Rev. Patrick M'Keon, P.P., Drumlish; Rev. John O'Reilly, P.P., Killoe, Ardagh; Rev. L. Ford, D.D.; Rev. Patrick Kelly, P.P., Kilsnier.

In the gallery at the east end, beneath the organ loft, were the members of the Liberator's family—his four sons, Maurice, Morgan, John, and Daniel, with the female relatives and some of the children. Mr. Steele, the "Fidus Achates" of the Liberator—the Bayard of Irish politics—also occupied a seat in the gallery.

Amongst the general auditory were some of the most distinguished men known to the public.

At five minutes past eleven, the prelates, dressed in purple, and wearing the episcopal mitre, having taken their places in seats covered with crimson damask, at the eastern end of the quadrangle, his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin commenced the solemn *Officium Defunctorum* at Matins and Lauds, the responses being delivered by the assembled clergy. As the voices ascended with the incense of supplication and praise, the wrapt attention of the vast congregation—their audible prayers, as with profound forgetfulness of all else they poured forth their hearts to Heaven, combined to impress the mind of the looker-on with an ineffaceable recollection.

After the office had been intoned, the solemn high mass for the dead commenced—the Most Rev. Dr. Whelan, Bishop of Madras, officiating as high priest; Dr. Cooper, as deacon; Rev. Mr. Murphy, sub-deacon; Rev. Mr. Keogh, master of the ceremonies; and Rev. Mr. Pope, officiating master.

THE ORATION.

At twelve minutes to two the Rev. Dr. Miley, whose name has become so famous throughout Christendom, and who may not inaptly be called the Irish Padre Ventura, ascended the pulpit, and pronounced the funeral oration—an oration at once worthy of his own great powers and its illustrious subject. During its delivery the

reverend gentleman shed tears, where he touched on the pilgrimage to Rome, and related the incidents of their voyage.

THE ABSOLUTION.

The solemn absolution which the Pontifical prescribes in offices for a pope, a bishop, or a prince, was given over the remains of O'Connell. This interesting ceremony, so seldom celebrated, and which raised O'Connell to the dignity of a prince, in the Catholic church of his native land, was thus performed. The five senior bishops, the Most Rev. Doctors Murray, MacHale, and Nicholson, and the Right Rev. Doctors Keating and Whelan, left the sacristy in black copes, followed the Master of the Ceremonies to the catafalque, and took their positions at the respective corners, the celebrant remaining at the head. Each in turn then gave the usual absolution prescribed in the Roman Pontifical. And thus ended the most solemn obsequies ever celebrated in Dublin.

THE
FUNERAL ORATION
ON
DANIEL O'CONNELL,
DELIVERED IN THE
METROPOLITAN CHURCH, MARLBOROUGH-STREET, DUBLIN,
ON THE 4TH AUGUST, 1847,
BY THE
REV. JOHN MILEY, D.D.

"And when this mortal hath put on immortality, then shall come to pass the saying which
is written—DEATH IS SWALLOWED UP IN VICTORY."—1 Cor. xv. 54.

DUBLIN.
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1847.



FUNERAL ORATION

UPON

O'CONNELL.

"And when this mortal hath put on immortality, then shall come to pass the saying which is written—DEATH IS SWALLOWED UP IN VICTORY."—1 Cor. xv. 54.

WOULD I deny that he is dead? Alas! alas! how could I? That dread mystery called death, did we not behold it gathering gradually but irresistibly over limb and feature, reducing them to stillness rigid as marble and silent as the grave, until at last it sat enthroned upon his kingly forehead, like a shadow of eternity? How could we gainsay that he is dead? Was it not this miserable right hand, alas, the day! that closed his eyes—his lips, on the accents of which millions used to hang enchanted? And if in the distraction of our bereavment we could be tempted to deny that he is dead, would we not be refuted and rebuked by the agony of our own bosoms, by the void never, alas! I fear, to be filled up, which the departure of his life from amongst us has left, not alone in his own broken-hearted country, but throughout all nations? No, no, alas! denied, doubted it cannot be, that he is dead. Too true it is, that the destroyer, terrible and ruthless, who entering close as its shadow on the steps of sin, hath never ceased, since the original transgression, to track his victims through every clime and age, hath lain in ambush for him also on his pilgrimage. In "Genoa the superb," the stroke which no skill can ward, no strength resist, which no entreaties can stay or turn aside, descended; falling upon him not by surprise, however, but serene and self-possessed as he ever was in life, and perfectly ready and prepared to meet it.

Yes, the stroke has fallen; but if religion has even more than staunched the wound, pouring in such heaven-descended virtue by her sacraments, as not alone to take from death his sting, but to prepare even for his body a state of being ineffably more glorious than that which it before enjoyed, and a state that is to know no misery, or death; if O'Connell's fame, the imperishable element of energy that was in his principles and his deeds, has turned round, not fearing to confront the "King of Terrors," and disarming him of his most dreaded weapons and insignia, has made of them so

many trophies. If all this be true (and that it is not we alone, but all the nations of the world, now echoing with his renown, bear witness), why then may we not, in the words of the apostle, say of him, that "this mortal hath put on immortality," and that the mystery to be crowned and consummated in the general resurrection, has already had its beginning. Immortal in the wonders he has achieved, still more so in the means, and in the impulses and principles by which he was enabled to effect those wonders; pervading the whole world by his renown; destined to be remembered with gratitude and admiration to the most remote posterity, and destined by virtue of his characteristic system, to be felt potently and beneficently, interfering in the amelioration of society to the remotest ages, not alone in his own native land, but in every other that is oppressed or needs reform, why may it not be said—and said correctly—as to all that is most formidable and portentous in this monster, that "Death," for O'Connell, "is swallowed up in victory."

The haughtiest Cæsars who ever wore the Roman purple, you know what treatment *they* met with at the hands of death—how ignominiously *they* succumbed beneath his power—their sceptre shivered, their diadem trampled in the dust—their bodies, idolised before, not only stripped of the imperial mantle, but torn and dragged through the mire with every species of atrocious insult, to be flung naked and disfigured as a feast for kites and dogs, or consigned to the great receptacle of the Seven Hilled City's filth as their only sepulchre. Even that king who, in later centuries, succeeded in identifying the idea of "conquest" with his very name—William of Normandy—you know he was abandoned the moment he was struck by death. Forsaken by all his proud barons and courtiers, putrifying and uncoffined, his body was forsaken, a spectacle of disgust and horror, until some religious men, through charity, consigned it to the earth.

Nor can it be asserted that these are but a few exceptions to the general rule of death. No; from hour to hour his shadow deepens over the victims whom he has vanquished—the wreath of glory is withered by the miasma he exhales. Oblivion is the device upon the seal of death.

But the knell by which death would announce his victory over him whose funeral we celebrate to-day—has it not re-echoed through the nations as the signal of resurrection for O'Connell's fame, for an appreciation of his greatness, of his worth, of the inestimable value of his principles, more vivid, more widely diffused, profound, and enthusiastic than ever was known to attach to them even in the palmiest days of life?

You know, the world knows how Rome received his heart! Her history spreads over more than five-and-twenty centuries, and it is emblazoned with pageants and triumphs without number, but you will search it paragraph by paragraph in vain to find another instance of such a triumph as this "mother of dead empires"—this capital of Christ's kingdom upon earth has solemnly voted and rendered to our Liberator's memory.

There is a sort of muffled rumour, I am told, that the expenses of that Roman triumph are to be paid by us. How could anything so stupidly absurd have been imagined, not to say believed? No, believe me, it is not thus that Rome acquits herself of her great triumphs. It is not thus, believe me, that Romans paid their tribute to O'Connell. His funeral was ordered by the supreme Pontiff of Rome: his Holiness ordered that it should be princely; but the Romans, in their enthusiasm for our Liberator's memory, not only fulfilled their duty in complying with this injunction—they surpassed it. They gathered round his cenotaph the arts in which they stand pre-eminent, such as music, sculpture, painting, and that majestic eloquence of which their Ventura is such a master. The work of preparation knew no pause. It was urged forward by night as well as by day, and in the treasures which it cost, there was not one half farthing of alien coin. This is what the Romans, the “*ordo populusque Romanus*,” not only did not seek but would not suffer. Pius IX. however would not be excluded: from his scanty treasures, and with his own consecrated hands, the Pontiff presented a large contribution. The cross which was borne before the cardinals, at the absolution was the Pope's; the Pope's vestments, sent by express order, were worn in the Requiem. It was his Eminence, Cardinal Baluffi, who succeeded to the see of Imola, the late diocese of Pius IX. that gave the absolution on the first day; on the second day of the obsequies it was given by Cardinal Castrecane, the Grand Penitentiary, whose office and exclusive privilege it is to give the last absolution to the Popes. The funeral oration was rehearsed beforehand in the hearing of the Pope; when it was intimated that there might be some difficulty as to its being published in Rome the Pontiff smiled. You know what the consequence has been—stamped with the *imprimatur* of the master of the sacred palace—the funeral oration of O'Connell, by the great and good Ventura, published at Rome (and published uncurtailed), is now read with admiration throughout all Christian countries. The Governor of Rome was present, so were the ambassadors of the various courts of Europe; cardinals, prelates of the Papal court, bishops, archbishops, and patriarchs from every region of the globe, the students of the Pope's own seminary assisted; the civic guards of Rome, with their colonel and officers at their head, were marshalled round our Liberator's cenotaph; the parish priests of Rome would have none but themselves to fill even the inferior offices of the sanctuary on this occasion. Never was there a tribute more exclusively and purely Roman—never was there a tribute paid with enthusiasm more ardent and disinterested. The very professors from the choirs of St. Peter, of the Sistine chapel, the Lateran, the Liberian Basilica, and the other basilicas would accept no payment, though the wonders of their execution were such as it was said on all hands had seldom, if ever before, been witnessed, even in Rome itself.

Thus fared it with O'Connell's heart. His body now there in state before you, invested and surrounded with so much pomp—so venerated and bewailed by millions, has the destroyer, Death, been able to strip it of all honour—to maltreat, insult, and mock it as

it is his want even with the remains of the mightiest of our kind, and those who were best beloved? That Carolingian emperor whose sway extended from the Elbe to the Atlantic, and spread far away beyond the Alps, on the side of that same thoroughfare by which O'Connell's body was brought along, was not *his* body obliged to be abandoned? But to receive O'Connell's remains, and pay them honour, the church militant of France was under arms, with the glorious successor of St. Ireneus at its head. That gallant people, which has ever been, and still deserves to be, arranged in the vanguard of Christendom, they deplored, they almost resented as an indignity, that they were not afforded the opportunity to manifest how great was their admiration and their affection for him who belonged not alone to Ireland, but to universal Christianity.

It may seem perhaps to have been a forlorn destiny that, for over two thousand miles, we, so few, and so obscure, who had been the companions of his pilgrimage, should alone have followed his body on its journey to the grave; but on a moment's thought it will be seen that this was the grandest and most solemnly affecting stage in all his funeral; for in the absence of human kind, the universe itself, and in its sublimest attitudes, came around to our assistance. The wailing of the deep, the moaning of the forest, the sobbing of the waterfall away among the mountains, the eagle's cry, and the incense which is inhaled from hill-side and meadow were mingled round his hearse. Recall whatever happened in, or belonging to this great tragedy from first to last, from the advent of the King of Terrors in the palace halls of the "superb city," to this solemn and almost triumphant hour, and say, are not its shadows—not to say relieved, but overpowered by the brilliant, the sublime, the exhilarating memories abounding in it—the sky of Italy, the waters that murmur and sparkle along the Ligurian Riviera (the fairest region of the globe), the gorges of the hills where Ligurian patriots so often and so long drove back the aggressive force of Rome, Marengo, and Turin, and "Alexandria of Victory," with an hundred other historic scenes; the sunny vineyards and teeming vallies of Piedmont, the pasturage, the orchards the joyful hamlets and homesteads of many a remote province on both sides of the Jura; the modern capital, the medieval ruin; the town alive with commerce, the smiling landscape, the lake, the thoroughfare, the majestic river, the harvest plain—we cannot recall his funeral's progress without remembering all these. The snow-crowned Alps beheld the sad *cortege* in voiceless woe, and seemed to shed down cataracts of tears. The nightingale was heard as we journeyed along under the pall of darkness to entone his dirge, the songsters which hail the coming day so joyously, seemed to cast in a note of sorrow as we passed onward, and the Alpine rivers, bounding up from their fountain cradles, rushed after us, bursting through every species of opposition over rocks, through dark and fathomless ravines, and down the headlong precipices, as if determined not to be left behind.

It was still seed time when death came upon him; since then,

we have seen the harvest home and housed in sunnier climes, and even now with ourselves it is whitening for the sickle ; but let this august solemnity in which the whole church and nation of the Irish people are represented—let the scenes of mingled woe and enthusiasm which we have witnessed during those days past, but which no language can describe ; let the emotion, the gushing sympathies, not of this vast assembly alone, but of the entire nation, declare whether the anathema of death has had effect—whether that mocker who makes a sport of friendship's covenants, and gives to the scoffing winds the most vehement vows and protestations of the passions, has been able to crush O'Connell's memory, or whether it be not manifest that death for him has, as to its bitterest part and most dreaded consequences at least, been “swallowed up in victory ?” I speak not now of the hushed tribulation of the countless myriads who watched us through their tears from all the surrounding shores as the sea-chapel was approaching, or of the thousands of a people once most hostile to him, who trod with such reverence on Sunday last, the deck where it was erected ; the British soldier stood beside his bier and wept prayerfully and in silence ; the sailor and the fisherman when they descried from afar the cross that floated above where the body of O'Connell rested, fell with bended knees upon the deck, and sobbed his *requiem*. Of these things I speak not, for they are known to every one ; but I ask has not every dialect in Europe been made familiar with his name, with his system, his achievements, with the minutest incidents connected with his history ? Has not his memory become more potent to secure adoption for his theories, and impart to them efficiency than even his own living presence ever was ? It is not in his own country alone that his memory is cherished with an enthusiasm which bids defiance to the dulling influence of death. As late as November next, the ailes of Notre Dame in Paris are to re-echo with his *requiem*, and his eulogy is to be pronounced by that cowed orator of France, who in the presence of assemblies pre-eminently scientific and addicted to scepticism, if not to infidelity, has the magic power to enkindle as much enthusiasm for the faith as St. Bernard used to do in the times of the crusaders.

In this the destiny of O'Connell, it will be said, is singular. Yes, you will find nothing to be compared to it in the annals of the human race. Never to the memory of emperor or potentate, of any order, hath been paid such honours. But is it not just and congruous that in death he should have no equal—I mean amongst the heroes who live in history, since for merits he had no equal in his life ? I know of no other hero for whom one cannot find a counterpart in history ; but I maintain that for O'Connell there is none. He stands alone in the annals of the world.

I am aware how this assertion will be derided, held up to scornful mockery ; but let us put it to the test. The proofs of it are familiar to yourselves, my brethren, as household words. And it is well they are so ; for how else could I, upon a notice which I

received but yesterday, have ventured to ascend the giddy eminence on which you see me now, in the hope to obtain for these proofs their legitimate result? Indeed nothing but the dread, the certainty that we would be disgraced through Christendom were he who made our altars free permitted to go down in ignominious silence to the grave could have emboldened me to an attempt, which, even with this to palliate it, could not still I believe have escaped being stigmatized as rashness, had not the funeral oration pronounced at Rome already lifted his name above the reach of slander and oblivion. I am emboldened by this. I know his renown is safe. Most reverend lords, very rev. and well beloved brethren, I am encouraged by your forbearance. I am aware of my own weakness perfectly, depend upon it. But though apparently so impossible for powers such as mine, the task is easy, and invoking most humbly and earnestly the aid of heaven, I approach it without dread of failure, because I know that to make good what I have advanced I have only to declare aloud what is perfectly well known and understood by every one who hears me.

It is known to all in what a prostrate state he found his country. Its religion was held to be anathema. To profess it was to be an outlaw. To obtain the franchises and honours of the state it was not enough to abjure its most sacred mysteries and dogmas, it was moreover, indispensable to curse them, stigmatizing them as "damnable" by solemn oath upon the holy evangelist of God. The highest law authorities in the realm proclaimed that this state of things could not be changed without overturning the British constitution. The British people were against the change, the navies, the armies, the parliaments, the press, were against it, as were the most darling interests and untameably exasperated passions. The potent and long triumphant "Protestant Ascendancy" of Ireland, entrenched as they were in every privilege, place, and office, which could give effect to their determination, were sworn to resist it to the death. The heir apparent bound himself by oath, that no such change should be permitted. Monarch after monarch was known to be bigoted against the measure of emancipation. To you, my most reverend lords, its guardians and rulers, I appeal as to what the condition is in which O'Connell left, and had long since placed the church. Before the efforts of his genius, have not all these opposing forces been scattered and reduced to naught? You will bear witness, most reverend fathers, that he made the church, thus doomed, the envy of universal Christendom, rending every fetter that had involved it for ages, and obtaining for it a liberty and independence the most perfect of any portion of the whole church of Christ.

This is a fact as certain as the existence of the Irish church itself.

Again, there was in each city and town of Ireland a fortress of civil and religious tyranny, erected to keep green and ever bleeding the wound of conquest, to outrage and oppress the vast majority

of the nation. By them the Catholics were excluded from every office, and even from the lowest crafts. The fountains of justice were poisoned by them, and perverted from a blessing into a new and bitter source of spoliation and oppression for the people. They were proclaimed to be grouted into the foundations of the state, that removed or stirred they could not be. But did not O'Connell, and that almost unaided, rase them to the ground, and plant so many fortresses of liberty upon their ruins?

Is not this fact as notorious as the other? Is it not as well known that the reform of the corporations was *his* work as well as the emancipation of the church? History will judge it, perhaps to be the greater and more difficult exploit of the two.

Finally, during eleven hundred years of struggles, incessantly renewed, the Celtic aborigines had been defeated and crushed by their Anglo-Norman conquerors, and the prostrate race was never lower or in case more desperate than when O'Connell determined to place the fallen on a perfect equality with the aggressor. You often heard him tell how difficult he found it, when he first began with the Catholic Association, to assemble even fifteen persons, the number necessary to constitute a meeting. When he set on foot the Catholic rent, you remember how he was laughed at. You know what was the issue. Did he not turn back the tide of victory upon the haughty oppressors of his country, not only liberating the long-despised and down-trodden race, but winning for them a full equality in the state, and, for a series of years, made them, so to speak, the arbiters of England's destiny.

That these are notorious facts cannot be questioned: it is equally notorious, or at least it ought to be, that the achievement of such things have won for O'Connell the palm from all the greatest names that shine in history. He is greater than they, because the things he effected are more wonderful; greater still, because he succeeded without the aid of the immense resources which they had in every instance at their command—nay, but with these resources arrayed against him; but, above all, he surpasses them, because the means by which he conquered were never even thought of for such purposes by any other statesman, patriot, or conqueror before he adopted them; and because they are infallible in their efficacy, enduring in their results, and beneficent instead of being the occasion of crime and misery in their operation.

I know how ludicrous it will sound to those who are dazzled by the pomp and circumstance of war—vainglorious war—and by the sophisms of history, so called, to hear the achievements of O'Connell put not only on a level with those of Napoleon, of Cæsar, or Constantine, of Hannibal, or of Charlemagne, but above them; but before we suffer ourselves to be blinded by such delusions, let us first listen dispassionately to the testimony of competent and candid witnesses, and next try the merits by the facts themselves. "On one side," says this authority, (the Padre Ventura, in speaking of O'Connell,) "were political interests, and the rivalry of fortune; class privileges, and the prejudices of education; national antipathy, and religious hate; the opposition of the king, and the repugnance

of the people ; and, to crown all, a heresy, which, during three hundred years, had struck root deeply in the soil, and was in possession of the land, of the country's wealth, of its navy, its army, and its parliament. On one side, in short, were ranged all the passions and errors, and the whole talent, wealth, and power of the empire ; while on the other stood a private gentleman—poor, as compared with the wealth opposed to him ; helpless, as contrasted with the enormous power he set at defiance, and belonging to a servile nation and a proscribed race ; that private gentleman, designated by his foes as equally rash and foolhardy ; accused alternately of ambition and of fanaticism, insulted, derided, despised, and threatened—that private gentleman, however, strong in a cause supported and blessed by his religion, overcame those numerous and powerful opponents ; and that colossal power, which, by its mere will, determines the destinies of humanity, which knows no resistance, and triumphs over all, was itself successfully resisted, vanquished, and triumphed over by O'Connell. Oh, truly great, most singular and stupendous event, which has changed the appearance of Europe, and conferred honour on the present century ! Although consummated beneath our eyes, posterity may well doubt the records of its history ; for of it may be said, '*Opus factum est in diebus nostris quod nemo credet cum narrabitur !*' " These are the words of one removed to such a distance from the excitements in which we are placed, as to be entitled to be regarded as one, if I may so speak, of a contemporaneous posterity ; and hear how he reiterates again the same position, and, if possible, with still greater emphasis:—"Where is there to be found in history such an example ? Show me, in the records of the human race, another instance of a single man, who, for fifty years, unwearied and unintimidated, sustained a contest with the most powerful state in the world, and above which he still rose superior in vigour, in courage, and in constancy ?"*

No. The religion of Rome—detested Rome—made free, pre-eminently free, within these realms and their immense dependencies ; the strongholds of bigotry, extortion, and injustice of every description, converted into the strongholds of civil and religious liberty ; the errors, and defeats, and misfortunes of eleven centuries, redeemed by the most brilliant and decisive triumph of the vanquished over the invading race : this, with the genius which rendered O'Connell, while a private citizen, a "great power" in the estimation of every cabinet in the world, a greater terror to the despot, and a surer hope for the enslaved in every land, than if he had the legions of an emperor at his back, has also left him without any counterpart in history.

Of Hannibal it may be said, for instance, that in stratagem, in effecting extraordinary things with means apparently most inadequate, but above all, in carrying on a war of unexampled victories in the heart of a hostile country, and with the enemy's resources, that he was like O'Connell. In felicity the great Scipio Africanus

* Funeral Oration, translated from the Italian original, by W. B. Mac Cabe.

was like him, if not in something else. In the grace with which he wielded the pen, and in his all but matchless eloquence, great Cæsar resembled him. As an orator, Cicero was like him in grace and copiousness, but not in the fire of Demosthenes, which Tully wanted. In latter times, we may say in the days in which we live, Napoleon may be likened to the Liberator in the magic influence of his very presence, and of his glance, and in that electric power of his word to move and wield the most fiery masses. In what shall I compare him with another chief, renowned in our times, who ignominiously disowned his country? Charlemagne, like him, evoked order from confusion, had the power of organization in a pre-eminent degree—like him, promoted knowledge and religion, imparted permanency to society, by depending more on moral than brute forces. In fine, he was a Catholic, and did battle as the champion of the See of Peter. Between Constantine the Great and O'Connell there is the striking and obvious parallel that both of them led forth the persecuted followers of Christ, and, as if by visible aid from him, from three centuries of bondage and martyrdom into perfect liberty and security. Thus, between him and all who are pre-eminently great in history we find traits of resemblance, but when we come to analyse the achievements they effected, and above all, the means they used, here ends the parallel, leaving in these respects our Liberator pre-eminently above them all. If we would find one most nearly his counterpart in greatness, perhaps it is the hero of the Ireland of the east—John Sobieski, King of Poland—we should select. They were like each other in their chivalrous fidelity in nuptial life, in the exuberance of their affections for their offspring, in the deathless war they carried on, and the brilliancy of the victories won by them over the church's enemies, and in this also, alas ! that they struggled for the redemption and the nationality of a distracted people. Sobieski was also like him in his deep spirit of devotion, in his charming amenity in the private circle, in his self-possession, and dignity in the most clamorous and disorderly debate, in the midst of perils—and, though last not least, in his sunny love of poetry. But inasmuch, as he also, like the others, had in his favour the resources which O'Connell had arrayed against him, and that he achieved his victories, not by moral, but by military means, the resemblance ends, except that I should add, perhaps, that they were also like in this, that each of them had the rare destiny to identify his country's history with his own. The very forces which conspired to forward, and influence, and aggrandize the greatness of all these, were uniformly arranged against our hero. He had opposed to him the armies, the fleets, the British people, the treasury, the law, the parliaments, the king himself, and more potent in this age perhaps than all, he had against him incessantly almost the whole artillery of the press. Do I exaggerate?

I know that in comparing O'Connell with, or setting him above those characters who were pre-eminently great in the history of past ages, or above the conquerors of modern times, I expose myself to mockery. But let us look at the facts; let us study the

meaning of things, and endeavour to ascertain their value, before we come to a conclusion. He began his career as a private, humble individual, without following of any sort whatever. He was not unaware of the mighty work that was before him, or of the obstacles that lay in his way; but, with the prescience that ever belongs to genius, he from the first moment never seems to have doubted that he would be completely successful in an enterprise, which the world looked upon as the most wild and impracticable. An empire, the most vast that ever ruled the earth, the Romans of modern times, possessing a dominion on which the sun never sets, were the implacable and haughty oppressors of his race, and the unrelenting enemies of everything that could emanate from it; the enemies, too, of his religion, on which they long had trampled, and on whose brow they had long placed the brand of disgrace and exclusion. There were banded against him as one man the people, the houses of parliament, the nobility, the royal stock, even crowned majesty itself; and the heir presumptive to the throne had registered a vow in Heaven that never, never should one professing the religion of O'Connell enter parliament, or be admitted within the precincts of the constitution; the people were, throughout the land, as if by a spontaneous inspiration, shouting "No Popery" with a force that appeared implacable. All those had he to contend against. His opponents treated with contempt the very idea of his being ever able to succeed. When we consider the interests and prejudices he had to overcome—the prejudices of more than three centuries—during which the race to which he belonged had not only been trampled on and oppressed, but exposed to all the horrors of fire, famine, and the cruel persecution of laws fitted for the meridian of perdition, and designed to effect the complete extirpation of his race—when we consider all this, we may be able to form some slight conception of the difficulties, almost insurmountable, which he had to overcome. The attempt of a naked captive standing on the arena of the Flavian amphitheatre to overthrow the empire he beheld represented in that its greatest temple, could hardly appear more desperate. Yet O'Connell did not despair. He never suffered his courage to be damped, but went on like a man who, entertaining no doubt of the justice of his cause, did not entertain a single doubt of his success. He had to revive the courage of the people—to convince them that by following his counsels, that by acting upon his principles, they would win their liberty—would win civil and religious liberty for themselves in the land which so long saw them enslaved, and that they would rid themselves of the serfdom and oppression of centuries.

But of this seeming paradox there is another proof, so palpable that no one can refuse to admit its force. M. Thiers, in his history of the Consulate and the Empire, has elaborately detailed the preparations made by Napoleon for his projected invasion and conquest of the British islands. At the bare recital of them the very imagination grows dizzy.* Success appeared inevitable; never

* See also Strada's account of the preparations made by Philip II. for invading England with his armada.—W. B. Mac Cabe.

before, and as the historian justly observes, never perhaps again shall there be displayed such an array of military power and genius. We know the issue; and do we not also know that by means of *his* machinery for effecting conquests O'Connell succeeded in the very enterprise in which Napoleon failed, establishing for years a species of dictatorship in the affairs of England. It is not I who say this for the first time, nor you, my brethren, who know it; the English themselves indignantly proclaimed it. It was on that cry the Melbourne administration was driven out.

But granting what certainly is not the fact, that Charlemagne, Cæsar, Hannibal, or Napoleon, may have effected greater conquests than O'Connell; yet, inasmuch as he had against him the resources by which they succeeded, and wrought by means which they would have scoffed at as chimerical, and which are yet most invincible in their efficacy, and beneficent in their action and their results, he is still to be placed above them. Between Cæsar and Napoleon, between Constantine and Charlemagne there may be room for some comparison; but between them and O'Connell there is none, and for this obvious reason, that they, every one of them, achieved their conquests with the resources, almost unlimited, of empires at their beck, with armies so numerous and brave that no valour could resist them—with treasures inexhaustible—with the sanction of law, and everything that could lend force to their exertions to bear down upon their foes, and thus spread wide their empire. His predecessors conquered by brutal force; by agencies that spread desolation far and wide—by the two-edged sword, and by the winged artillery that rains amongst the brave a wide wasting ruin which no breast-plate can resist, or valour turn aside. They had for resources those great powers, potent for a time, and which when wielded with genius are irresistible, but which are weak notwithstanding, since we have seen the hoar frost and the snow reduce to nothing—to utter ruin the greatest exhibition of such forces that was ever made. But O'Connell had for the means of achieving victories, the force of opinion—the great power of truth, of virtue and of eternal justice; and on these, more than the shield and spear, and the powers of artillery, had he confidence. Without the shedding of a drop of blood—the infliction of one single calamity, or causing one crime to be committed against the laws of God or man, he bore away every obstacle that impeded his progress, and rescued his country from slavery and degradation. This it is what renders him unique in the history of mankind, and places him high above the most illustrious men of ancient or modern times. In his campaigns it is true that he desolated harvests, but they were those that were planted by misrule. He rased fortresses, but then they were strongholds of bigotry and oppression. There were occasions upon which he showed no quarter; but he shed no human blood in his great conquests, for he only battled against the errors, and crimes, and prejudices of men. And while even in the most just wars—in the most philanthropically intended enterprises that the great ones of history undertook—oceans of human blood were shed, crimes committed the most enormous, and the permanent interests of

society and religion materially injured; yet by the prosecution of the means which O'Connell adopted, society was enabled to become more enlightened and more moral from day to day. Instead of anarchy order was established, feuds were terminated, and fraternization amongst men encouraged. Virtue was placed in the ascendant; and conspiracy and crime were trampled under foot. Instead of being devoted to riot, drunkenness, and every species of excess, the troops which carried on the warfare that O'Connell led, were practised in all the virtues that adorned the religious and social character. The humblest amongst them endeavoured to make himself, in some degree at least, acquainted with the great interests of the commonweal, and to inform himself of the bearing of distant nations on his own, in order to understand the great balance of power. By this means the masses were withdrawn from many a vicious, degrading, and semi-barbarous habit and pursuit; they were disciplined in practices of order and self-control; they made advances in enlightenment and the social virtues. O'Connell laboured perseveringly and successfully to spread charity and kindness amid his brethren, and to put an end to feuds and dissensions amongst them. Those were the means by which he triumphed—the arts by which he won his victories; he continually proclaimed that he who committed a crime gave strength to his opponent—that he looked for no conquest, longed for no victory, but that which could be obtained without crime or a violation of the laws of God or man—that could not be looked down upon with a smile from heaven. I myself have heard him declare, in the plenitude of his sincerity, that were the perfect liberty and nationality of his country offered him to-morrow, provided that it were to be won by any violent appeal to arms, with sovereign scorn and indignation he would have rejected it. Because, he said—and said it wisely—that such victories when won by bloodshed and by the triumph of one portion of a nation over another, always left behind them seeds of hatred and discontent, which more than counterbalanced any advantages which might be obtained from such an issue. The triumphs obtained by force of arms are effected by bloodshed and violence, and leave behind them traces of misery and woe; whereas, O'Connell's victories were achieved by peaceable means, and conduced to the happiness and prosperity of his country, even by the very operation of the process by which he won them. He assimilated the great changes he effected as it were, by anticipation, with society; and you could no more uproot them now, than you could destroy that society itself. They will not only live for us, but spread throughout all nations. Already we see his doctrine taken up, and proclaimed with an enthusiasm which we never knew, by people that are far, far distant from us. His great system of political revolution is fast spreading through every nation. It will be hailed by them with a purer, a more persevering, and consistent enthusiasm, than by ourselves. They never will discard his lessons; they will improve upon them, if that be possible, and make use of them to achieve liberty and independence for themselves. It was the course that O'Connell pursued—his adherence to peace, law, and

order—his advocacy of morality and religion—that made him the benefactor, not only of his own, but of every nation on the earth—that rendered his name terrible to every despot; and the beacon of hope to all who were bound down in slavery. Viewing O'Connell's great achievements, and the moral means by which they were effected, nothing but the most stupid infatuation could induce any man to deny that he towers immeasurably superior to the most illustrious men, whom the world has produced.

But it is not in these great achievements, or the means that he adopted to effect them, that we are to look for the mainspring, the fountain head of that great element of immortality which has enabled his fame as it were, to grapple with and conquer the tyrant death, so as to make him be swallowed up in victory. It is not in these victories we are to look for the spirit which prompted him, without the auxiliaries possessed by others, to march with the most unshaken confidence of succeeding to enterprises that seemed too great even for the resources of the mightiest empire, while having no greater resources at his command. At a period when men considered his achievements and glory were at an end—when the people turned in cold indifference from his invitations to join in a new struggle—you all know the confidence with which he proceeded on his course, and the triumphant success which crowned his efforts. You know under what auspices he came forward in '43. All men laughed in scorn when he commenced his undertaking; but ere the year closed, all the nations of the world stood mute, suspending, as it were, their most darling enterprises, in order to gaze in silent admiration upon such a spectacle as the history of the human race never before presented. That man, by his simple voice, levied multitudes in peaceful insurrection, and established an *imperium in imperio*, the most perfect that it ever entered into the mind of a Plato or an Aristotle to conceive—issuing orders that were obeyed as if they were behests from heaven, gathering multitudes around him on the plains, the hill sides, and in the cities, curbing them as he would a well-trained steed, checking them, as it were, in their headlong career, and making them carry into effect everything that he desired, without violating the laws of God or man. In this great phase of his existence he effected these things; and though they are laughed at and ridiculed now, they will be remembered with astonishment to the remotest posterity. In that year he laid the inevitable foundation of his nation's independence—traced out the constitution by which it is to flourish and be protected from alien interference, but still linked by the golden attachment of the crown to the great realm beside it, with which in commercial interest, and in the memory of conquests achieved in its darling blood, it must ever be consorted. In that year his heart throbbed in anticipation of the destinies of his beloved Erin—of those glories, that retribution of prosperity which seemed to delight him oftentimes when standing on the hill side, drinking in patriotism at every glance, and pouring it out to

listening and enraptured multitudes in matchless eloquence. In that year he achieved the wonder which enabled him to look forward with delight, in a sort of prophetic inspiration, to the realization of all these brilliant hopes.

But how did he achieve these wonders? By what force did he succeed? What power came to his aid, that enabled him to stand alone, and effect things which no other hero had ever dreamt of? I will tell you, and you know it already by long experience and intimate acquaintance with his life, O'Connell was great—greatest amongst all the heroes that flourish in history—without a parallel in the records of all time, for this simple reason—he was an enthusiastic believer in the providence of Jesus Christ; and because not alone in private life did he wish, with all the intensity of his great soul, to be his true and fervent disciple, but also in his public career, and in all the great enterprises in which he engaged. You know it. Slander cannot gainsay it. He ever made it the guiding star and principle of his policy, to be in harmony with the religion of his church. Often has he proclaimed in my hearing, that the monster difficulty—the great obstacle to be surmounted was, to persuade the hierarchy and priesthood of Ireland, that a man could be sincere in his attachment to the altar, and yet ardent in prosecuting civil liberty. Such was the disgrace that self-styled patriots had inflicted upon the sacred cause—that cause beneficent and heaven-descended—that it required from him more exertion, anxiety, and labour, to convince those who were ready to sacrifice every interest for the religion of their Redeemer—that they could seek for the reform of abuses in the state, without aiming at the foundations of society as the continental reformers did—without warring upon the altar at the same time that they sent forward petitions to the throne. Often he proclaimed that these were his great difficulties, and that these once surmounted, all the rest would be easy, and perfectly plain before him. You all remember that when the Republicans of Paris came to solicit him to advocate their cause, amongst the chief objections which he said prevented him, he stated this, and stated it most emphatically,—that he was thoroughly persuaded they never understood the true meaning of liberty, and never could be its champions because of the hostility they cherished to religion. He always kept this great principle before him. He commenced all his enterprises by the invocation of Heaven's aid, and placed all the great things upon which he ventured under the especial patronage of the Virgin Mother, whom he never failed to make his advocate. He never blushed to make profession of his faith, and was ever ready and eminently able to defend it. It was he who planted his giant heel upon the obscene and impious philosophy of Voltaire in Ireland, and crushed it to death. These were the great principles that actuated his life. Here is the great mystery of all his policy. Hence it was that he seemed omnipotent, so that no obstacle could resist him, and that he achieved things that have filled all nations with astonishment. He believed in the

providence of Jesus Christ as a reality. He did not, like Napoleon, at least like him in the days of his infatuated ambition—he did not, like others, lift himself up against Heaven—did not regard Christianity as a fable, but as a divinely established fact. Hence it was that he was borne onward by a power irresistible—hence it was that his works remain and must endure for ever, because, by these great principles of his policy, he placed himself in perfect harmony with the universe. This it was that made O'Connell great—even on occasions apparently the most obscure, and in circumstances the most trivial—in presiding, for instance, at some humble charity dinner or a parochial meeting. The want of this made even Napoleon little and contemptible, and infatuated in the very act by which he placed the crown of Charlemagne upon his own head. Had he the religion to receive it from the same authority—the hands of the Supreme Pontiff, who placed it on the brow of Charlemagne—how different might have been the issue. But his want of faith, his irreligion, made him do an act that cut him off from all antecedents, and made him a usurper by the fact. The consecration of religion would have established communion between the past and him: would have done more to consolidate his empire and perpetuate his dynasty, than an hundred victories. But our Liberator, in proposing his great reforms, ever based his arguments upon truth, intelligence, and immutable justice. These were the great emanations of the religion in which he believed—which he made the guiding star of every enterprise, and never failed to invoke in all difficulties—which proved to be the harbinger of every triumph—his consolation in every adversity, and which never forsook him in all his trials, even to the last, when “death was swallowed up in victory.” His devotion to religion was of the most earnest and fervent kind. He was, indeed, a Catholic; a faithful follower and disciple of the church of Christ—a man who would die to attest the sincerity and ardour of his faith, as willingly and as cheerfully as he lived and struggled to liberate and defend it; yet there was nothing national in the religion of O'Connell, because as connected with the church nothing of the sort in reality exists. It was his boast in life that he was “*plus Papiste que le Pape*.” It has been made a reproach on his memory by the *Standard* that he was a Papist and nothing more. That journal has said he was a Papist, that whatever there was inexplicable in the history of O'Connell would be explained by that fact. The *Court Gazette* of Berlin took up the word and re-echoed it in Germany. Well, he was in faith a Papist, and he gloried in the title. He loved and revered the Pope. How often during his pilgrimage did he wish that he were arrived at the Eternal City—to be able to humble himself at the feet of the representative of Jesus Christ on the earth—he fervently believed in those promises made to St. Peter, and was confident that they guaranteed the existence of the Papacy while the world lasts. He, indeed, believed that the church was established on the rock, the sure foundation, and that the gates of hell should not prevail against it. There was the mystery of his greatness. I will give a proof of this, supplied by one who does

not belong to that church. Some eight or nine years since, when the Right Honourable Mr. Macaulay was making an apology before his constituents, in the capital of Scotland, for not having taken a part in the persecution of the Irish people, he spoke somewhat to this effect:—"Not during one or twenty administrations, but during seven centuries, we have used the sword against the Irish—we have made experiment of famine—we resorted to every art of Draconian laws—we have tried ruthless extermination, not to trample down or vanquish a hated race, but to root out every vestige of them from the land that gave them birth. But what has happened? Have we succeeded? We have not been able to extirpate, or even to weaken them. They have actually increased, after all our persecution of them, from two to five—from five to seven—from seven to nine millions; and they are gathering round us like a deluge—they are invading our borders, apparently threatening to swamp our institutions, if not to overwhelm ourselves. Are we then to revert to the obsolete policy of the past, and by continuing the policy of seven centuries, make them stronger by persecution? I am not ignorant of history," continued the hon. gentleman, "I have studied history, but in this science I confess my incapacity to find for this fact a satisfactory explanation; but could I, when standing beneath the dome of St. Peter's church at Rome, peruse with the faith of a Roman Catholic, the inscription which is emblazoned round it: 'THOU ART PETER AND ON THIS ROCK WILL I BUILD MY CHURCH AND THE GATES OF HELL SHALL NOT PREVAIL AGAINST IT' then could I solve the enigma of Irish history."

Well, O'Connell read the inscription thus: and hence his power, his progress and unrivalled greatness. Hence his success. Hence the courage, constancy, and devotion with which he fought the battle of liberty and religion. In fact he believed the promises of Christ to Peter. He stood on the rock of ages—he was ever ready to sacrifice liberty, which he loved so well—home, country, life itself for the Catholic faith, for the successors of Peter. See what he has done. In dying he bequeathed his heart to Rome. He sent his heart there, as he could not go himself, to pay allegiance to the head of the church, and as the great Ventura has well observed, this was a consummation well worthy of such a career as his.

And lest in all this I should seem to exaggerate, or give room for these calumnies which never failed to track him during his existence—here is the record of the manner in which he sanctified each day. I quote from the little book which we were in the habit of using daily while I was with him. When far from his home, and the country he loved, he exhibited how well prepared he was to meet the King of Terrors—how well his faith and his life had prepared him for the last scene. He manifested the utmost disregard for everything by which men are allured in the pride of life. It was a pain and an annoyance to him to hear any subject spoken of but that which related to Heaven, and his immortal soul. He did not wish to hear those about him speak of anything but the mercies, love, and judgments of God. He was then, at least, no

hypocrite. Then, at least let even his enemies believe, he was in earnest. His first prayer in the morning was the doxology, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever more shall be, world without end." This was the salutation with which he hailed the dawn, and made oblation of his being to its author. His first prayer was this!—

"Receive, O Lord, my entire liberty, my memory, my understanding, and my whole will. Whatever I have, and all that I possess, thou hast bestowed upon me. To thee I return all, and I surrender all to be governed entirely by thy will. Grant me only thy grace, and thy love, and I am rich enough, nor do I desire anything more."

Then next he said:—

"Remember, O most compassionate Virgin Mary! that, from all ages, it is unheard of, that any one was forsaken, who, placing himself under thy maternal protection, implored thy assistance, and begged the favour of thy prayers. Animated with the confidence which this inspires, I fly to thee, O Virgin of virgins, and Mother of my God! and in the bitterness of my sorrow, I throw myself at thy feet. O Mother of the Eternal Word! despise not my humble supplication, but listen graciously, and mercifully grant the request which, from my heart, I make thee. Amen."

He was not satisfied with this, but added:—

"Remember, O Most Blessed Virgin Mary! that no one ever had recourse to your protection, implored your assistance, or sought your mediation, without obtaining relief.

"Confiding, therefore, in your goodness, behold me, a wretched sinner, sighing out my sins before you, beseeching you to adopt me for your child, and to take upon you the care of my eternal salvation.

"Despise not, O Mother of Jesus, the petition of your wretched client; but hear and grant my prayer. Amen."

And then concluded thus:—

"Oh my Lord Jesus Christ! the true Lamb of God that takes away the sins of the world! by thy mercy which is infinite, pardon my iniquities, and by thy sacred passion preserve me this day from all sin and evil.

"I carry about me this holy Agnus in thine honour, and as an incentive to the practice of that meekness, humility, and innocence which thou hast taught.

"I offer myself up to thee as an entire oblation, and in memory of that sacrifice of love which thou hast made for me upon the cross and in satisfaction for my sins.

"Accept, Oh my God! the oblation I make, and may it be acceptable to thee in the odour of sweetness. Amen."

He recited every day his decade of the Rosary; the day was closed with the Litany of our Blessed Lady. As to the adorable name, when alone or unobserved it was almost perpetually upon his lips. M. Lacour, the physician who accompanied us from Lyons, has assured me often, that nothing ever so impressed him

with religious awe and fervour as the sight of this great Christian when thus engaged in prayer.

These were amongst his aspirations. His thoughts were, without interruption, fixed upon eternity. Each day and night he consecrated his sufferings, and they were acute and cruel, as an expiation to his God; he invoked his aid in the name of our blessed Saviour; he listened to a spiritual lecture; and as we journeyed along the plains, over mountains, and by rushing streams, his conversation turned still upon eternity. He would express a wish to hear some portion of the Sermon on the Mount, or those parables which are set like jewels in the life of Christ. Never did any man hear him utter a word of complaint, of bitterness, or of retaliation against one human being that ever did him wrong; but if within his hearing any observations were made, reflecting upon the worst of his enemies, he was sure to come forward with some meek and unostentatious apology to make allowance in his magnanimity for their errors.

Day after day, when we had an opportunity of giving him such intelligence, he loved above all things to hear a word about his country—how it fared with the poor suffering people; and when the information was given he was silent. His heart was busy, and you might see it in his countenance, but he broke not into complaint. The distress of his countrymen, whom he dearly loved, preyed upon his mind. The last time his voice was raised in public, was in demanding and imploring the intervention of the parliament in their behalf. He loved his country to the last, and it was the griefs of a patriot that killed him. It happened that I was with him some few hours before he departed from the shores of Ireland for the last time, and he was downcast, almost prostrate on the earth. My poor words were uttered to bring him courage—to cheer him to the enterprise of mercy on which he sped, but he observed, “Alas, my dear friend, it is all over. I know the vastness of this calamity. I have been proclaiming it for months, for a year, and they would not believe me. They believe it now, but they have no idea of its vastness. I think I can form some conception of its extent, and it is this that is killing me. I know there is no remedy.” And when I alleged to him that now, at least, they would believe that he did not speak in mockery, but that truth almost prophetic was on his lips—that standing in the Commons House demanding and imploring aid for perishing millions, his voice would be listened to with respect and properly responded to, he replied, “Alas, I feel that I am gone. My physical power has departed from me. My voice is almost mute; I know what is to be effected, and it is by reason of my conviction of my own incapacity, to do it, that I am oppressed with grief.” He carried this mountain on his breast. It was ever with him; and while he hoped in Heaven that the day of triumph and consolation would arise, he loved too well his people not to have his noble heart oppressed by grief for their miseries. Yes, even his enemies admitted that he died a patriot; but it was left for a recreant Irishman—one who is a disgrace to the altar at

which he was baptised, as well as to the soil that gave him birth—to give utterance to a sentiment which must go down as infamous in history. They were speaking of O'Connell in a foreign city, and of how he died, when this person said—"Confound him, I could have forgiven O'Connell everything, but that he died a patriot!"

Yes, his love of country was grand and invincible because it was sanctified by his love of religion. He knew that without religion there is no true liberty, no genuine patriotism, and no genuine religion without fealty to Rome. With such convictions, endowed prominently as he was with genius no wonder he effected such wonders as none other ever did; less wonderful is it still that the means to effect them which he adopted were not those of brute force, but such as we have described. He had the example of primitive Christianity before him; and conducted by him upon his principles the history of his country in those days seems but a counterpart of those victories which, in the early and martyr ages of the church, were achieved over Pagan might, and over all the glories and princely magnificence of Imperial Rome.

Of his eloquence what should I say in the presence of those who have often heard it? My views of it are better expressed in the language of another than in my own:—

"The eloquence of O'Connell seemed, from the very first time he spoke, to be something almost marvellous. It united within itself every characteristic excellence which, separately, constituted the glory of the most famous orators of ancient Greece and Rome; the argumentativeness of *Æschines*, the vigour of *Demosthenes*, and the dignity of *Hortensius*, with the polished finish of *Cicero*, and *Phocion's* readiness at repartee. In parliament O'Connell was an orator of enlarged views, and ever prepared with expedient and practical suggestions. The elevation of his sentiments and the majesty of his language, enabled him, with unrivalled felicity, to explain and resolve the most difficult questions of statesmanship; so that, whilst his rivals were filled with jealous rage, they were also forced to bow down before his unapproachable superiority. And, as he never rose amongst the assembled Commons to speak, that he did not command the profound attention of the assembly, so when he ceased, he invariably left his auditors in an ecstasy of silent admiration. As a barrister he exhibited in his pleadings that accurate apprehension, that wonderful precision of language, and that extensive knowledge of English law, which enabled him to deduce from the chaos of the latter, arguments almost uniformly in favour of his client. In popular assemblies he was, as an orator, ever vivid, nervous, ardent, and bold—but never rash; frank without insolence—condescending, and, at the same time, august—he approached the people, descended down to their language, gathered to himself their sentiments, and then, lifting them up to his own height, he bound them to himself without resistance. Thus the master of all their affections, and having their feelings under his command, whilst he abounded in all the devices of oratory, and was rich in all the resources of language, he could give free scope to his

impulses, or bring to bear the object he had in view ; now moving his hearers by the pathos of elegy—now entrancing them by strains that fell as solemnly on the ears, as the holy chanting of a psalm, and now exciting them with the bitterness of his satire, and then charming them with a narration which had all the grace of a romance. His words were, by turns, a light to guide, and a thunderbolt to terrify ; he combined within himself the wisdom of a statesman, and the awe-inspiring dignity of a prophet. No man better than he could excite the passions of the people, nor restrain them ; no man ever endeared himself more to the people, nor was more successful in directing them ; and from his lips they could hear the bitterest truth, whilst they but loved him the more from the manner in which he told it. The whole history of eloquence, in short cannot furnish an example of a more perfect orator—of one more varied, more original, more inexhaustible, more vivid, more impetuous, or more powerful."

Now that we have thus seen, obscurely though it be, and but in brief, his titles, not alone to our gratitude, but to the admiration of the universe, will you forgive me if, throwing myself almost by abandonment on your kindness, I rid my heart and conscience of one thought as to the place where, in my opinion, you should make his grave. It is my opinion, and humbly I propound it, that his destiny, so far as depends on us, will not be complete unless you place his grave within the island abbey of Darrynane, which he loved so well—which has been associated with the memory of his boyhood, and in which, in his days of renown, I may say of his inspiration and genius, he wished that his body, until the resurrection, should repose. He said in 1845, and you all remember the echo of his words :—" No, men of Kerry, the man who animated the Repealers of other places is your brother Kerryman. Yes, for I was born amongst you ; the echoes of the mountain stream by which my infancy was nursed, are, I fancy, murmuring again in my ears. Yes, I am close to the scene of my earlier days, within view of my native mountains, and within the sound of the stream that spoke to me in earlier life in tones of mortality (hear, hear). Yes, we were ever loyal to our religion, our allegiance, and our country (cheers). I am proud of you, men of Kerry (increased cheering). I WAS BORN AMONGST YOUR MOUNTAINS, AND AMONGST THEM SHALL BE MY GRAVE, though my name will go down as having burst the fetters of my countrymen, and given them liberty and peace (renewed acclamation)."

I am not ignorant of dispositions that may appear contradictory to these, or of wishes that he may have since expressed ; but when I consider how appropriate that scene would be—not only as the source from which he derived the inspiration of his unrivalled eloquence, and where he meditated his plans for the achievement of his country's rights—but in the full conviction that if that place were made his grave, there would spring up around it an influence which would perpetuate his memory, with benediction for his country—an influence that would strengthen and

extend the great system he invented, and the efficiency of which to achieve and defend the liberties of his country he so triumphantly proved—an influence that would be felt, far and wide, defending the liberties of the church and the nation, succouring the distressed, instructing the ignorant, evoking the true glories of our country's astounding history, and knitting us more firmly with that holy place for ever where now his heart reposes.

But wherever his body may be placed, his heart, at least, is where it ought to be. His memory is far removed above the assaults of human power; his enemies may endeavour to detract from his merits, or darken the lustre of his fame; but it will be to little purpose. His fame and his glory are placed on an imperishable basis, and will be recognised and admired by the latest posterity. Alas! it is too true that his memory has been assailed, but I will not profane his rest by any reply to the calumnies of those who have traduced him, even in death, who have sought not only to trample on his lifeless body, but to soil and asperse his immortal spirit. No. Under the circumstances in which we stand—with his great works before us, sanctioned and praised as they have been at the highest source—we will not profane his grave, nor insult his glory by attempting to defend him. For what are the feelings which these attacks have excited in the breasts of all honourable and upright men? Not feelings even of fiery indignation—but shame, burning shame and humiliation the most sickening, to think of the odious and detestable excesses to which our sin-infected nature can be driven when abandoned, as if reprobate of Heaven, it is left to be the influence of its own propensities.

No; we will disperse from us every such irritating recollection. Beside his grave, his tomb, where "Death is swallowed up in victory," we will give room to nothing, but the thoughts of religious triumph and thanks to God, who has rendered this His servant such a glorious example of the power of His grace, Who, ever supporting and guiding him in his undertakings, will not fail to open for him the gates of eternal blessing. I need not conjure you, my most reverend lords and fathers—that he who liberated our altars, and conferred on the church such unexampled liberties, should never be forgotten by you when offering the spotless victim. Much less would it become me to commend to your pastoral vigilance, the liberties of the church which he has bequeathed to us. Need I supplicate of my own very reverend and reverend brethren, that those altars which he set free, shall never be ascended by them, without a memento for O'Connell's soul. Or those faithful people whom he liberated from bondage—who were introduced by his exertions into all the blessings of the constitution—who are no longer aliens in the land that gave them birth, but invested with the rights of citizenship—need I implore of them, as they feel gratitude for his great services—as they would not brand themselves for ever with the stain most disgraceful to humanity—to pledge themselves by vow, in the presence of his mortal remains now there before them, that through life they shall

be faithful to his principles—that nothing shall ever be able to beguile them again from that great theory established by him, which is the wonder of the world, and which has won for his country so many bloodless triumphs. We will pledge ourselves around his tomb to bury all our differences in oblivion, and work together for the interest of that country which he loved so well. We will pledge ourselves to maintain his principles inviolate—to violate no law of God or man—to rely not on the sabre or artillery, but on the universal principle of truth, morality, and justice, by which O'Connell achieved so many triumphs, by which his name was rendered terrible to the oppressor, and the hope of the oppressed—which caused him to be held in veneration by multitudes in every clime, who had paid honour to his lifeless body, and were almost ready to suffer death along with him on account of the great things that he effected.

Joined together in the communion of that holy Roman Catholic church of which he was a faithful servant, by the love of which he guided his people into liberty, and which enabled him to triumph over so many difficulties; united in one common supplication around God's altar, let us implore for his soul eternal rest, invoking St. Patrick, the Apostle of our country, and the great saints innumerable that have shed a lustre upon this land of benediction—the martyrs who have suffered for that church—and above all, that Mother of Mercy—that Star of the Sea—that Comfortress of the Afflicted, to whom, even in childlike devotion, he addressed his supplications for her intercession. To her let our prayers ascend, that her virgin, spotless hands may be lifted to her divine Son, to obtain for him a lot amongst the just for ever; that though his body may for a while be consigned to the grave, it may hear the note of triumph from the Archangel's trumpet calling upon it to be reunited to the spirit already in beatitude—to enjoy the crown that by his fidelity he hath secured—to receive the blessing of the Saviour, and abide for all eternity with the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, to whom be all honour, praise, and glory, now and for ever more. Amen.

FUNERAL OF THE LIBERATOR.

(Partly from the *Freeman's Journal* of the 6th of August; and partly from notes taken on the occasion.)

SAD, solemn and impressive—beyond all human power to describe, and almost beyond human conception—was the scene witnessed in our city yesterday—Ireland's last tribute of respect to her departed Liberator. Everything wore the appearance of mourning. It was impossible to pass through our streets without feeling that a great event was about to take place, and that event one of sorrow. In the countenance of every person there was depicted a heart-home grief. Not alone in the line of procession, but through the city generally, the shops were closed. The bells of the different churches tolled knells to the memory of the illustrious dead, and these were in fact the only sounds that broke on the solemn stillness; there was even in the most youthful and unthinking of the congregated masses, an appearance of solemnity well befitting the occasion; the joyous levity, which, in large assemblies generally prevails, had departed while its place was supplied with marked indications that nobler and more exalted sentiments than mere curiosity to see a pageant lurked round the hearts of the spectators, and actuated their motions. They evinced feelings alike honourable to themselves and to the illustrious dead. Every possible mark of outward respect and affectionate grief was demonstrated, and the demeanour of all proved that mourning was not put on as a mere holiday garb. Never before had so many persons assembled in public to behold a spectacle, or rather to pay a tribute of devotion and respect, among whom there was such unbroken silence.

There was a melancholy pleasure in witnessing the ardour and devotedness with which the crowds pressed forward. They gave proof that though the man has departed, the memory of his worth survives; that though the voice is stilled in death, the principles which he promulgated, and the truths which he uttered, remain pure and intact; they gave proof, also, that gratitude is still an abiding principle in the Irish heart. Those who triumphantly boasted that the announcement of O'Connell's death was received with apathy and indifference, had only to witness his funeral ceremonial. They would see that the hushed sorrow of the people hitherto was not because of indifference to the man or to the cause that he upheld in life—that it proceeded alone from that mysterious principle in the human mind which refuses to associate the thought of death with those whom they have been taught to love and honour. Men knew that he was dead, and yet it is only within the last few days that the fact has been realised to their minds. On the arrival of the body the melancholy truth burst for the first time upon the nation in its full intensity, and of the effects of knowledge our streets afforded ample proof yesterday. Each man felt the death of the Liberator as a family bereavement, and accorded a childlike devotion to the memory of him who loved Ireland, with more than a father's love. Rich and poor—old and young—men of every class and creed joined in the tribute. Never was a people's gratitude

and a people's sorrow more unequivocally expressed; never was such expression more undividedly deserved.

Many hours before the time appointed for the funeral every street leading to the Metropolitan Church, presented a stream of well-dressed persons, men, women and children thronging towards those points from which the sad ceremonial could be seen to the greatest advantage. Indeed, so great was the anxiety of the public to participate in this last act of the melancholy drama that immense numbers of persons anticipating a repetition of the inconveniencies attending the approach to the church within the last few days, had taken the precaution to bivouac in the immediate neighbourhood of Marlborough-street, and in all those situations from which a good view of the mournful cavalcade could be obtained. There was a pressing forward—though a respectful one—an eagerness to give honour to the procession which nothing in the funeral, considered merely as an object of sight, could at all account for.

From an early hour in the morning vehicles of every description continued to pour into the city; the several railway companies caused special trains to run on their respective lines, for the accommodation of parties wishing to take part in the funeral, and the various coaches from the provinces for several days came fully loaded with persons from the most remote districts, desirous to participate in the concluding honours to him whom they loved in life. The cities and towns in Ireland sent forth their municipal representatives. The prelates and clergy of the church, emancipated by O'Connell, attended from the most extreme points of the land; all that is trusted and honoured in Ireland attended to do honour to the memory of her greatest citizen; yet, notwithstanding the immense assemblage, no sound was to be heard—all was silent unutterable sorrow; the stillness of death seemed to pervade the living mass, and even the dark and lowering appearance of the forenoon added in no inconsiderable degree to the general appearance of desolation.

As the hour appointed (eleven o'clock) drew near, the anxiety of the multitude increased. In the vicinity of the church, the house tops and windows were filled with occupants, and the streets, save immediately opposite the church, where there were strong barriers erected, were wholly impassible. Sackville-street, North Earl-street, Abbey-street, and all passages leading thereto, were thronged in like manner. Large bodies of police were in attendance, but except in giving directions as to the disposition of the crowd, their interference was not demanded. The most complete order was preserved, and the demeanour of the people was most respectful and regular.

At eleven o'clock the hearse, drawn by six horses, arrived and was admitted within the barrier. The canopy was tastefully ornamented; large velvet banners drooped from the side of each horse; the centres consisting of escutheons of O'Connell. Its appearance was neat, elegant, and impressive—the ornaments most appropriate, and it passed along amidst the most silent and anxious attention. At this time the procession was being formed in the manner described in the programme. Soon after the arrival of the hearse, the mourning coaches, in which were Mr. John O'Connell, Mr. Morgan O'Connell, Mr. Maurice O'Connell, Mr. D. O'Connell, Mr. C. Fitzsimon, and other friends and relatives of the deceased Liberator, arrived, and were also admitted within the barrier. The members of the family then entered the church, and having spent a short time in devotion, the coffin was taken off the catafalque, and borne to the hearse amidst

the wailing of many hundred persons who had previously obtained admission. The coffin, in its progress to the hearse, was preceded by twelve acolytes bearing lighted torches ; after these came the Rev. Mr. Cooper, (celebrant), and the Rev. Messrs. Burke, Pope, Meagher, O'Brien, Murphy, and Keogh, who, moving slowly down the aisle in a most solemn and impressive manner, chanted the *Miserere*. On the appearance of the coffin without the building nothing can picture the awe with which every individual in the vast assemblage seemed impressed. All simultaneously uncovered their heads—many knelt down in the streets—and, while some offered up prayers for the departed Chief, many gave vent to their grief in loud wails and lamentations. The coffin was then placed on the hearse, and the procession moved on, the above named clergymen chanting the following antiphon, with cadences particularly impressive :—

“ In Paradisum deducant te angeli.

In tuo adventu suscipiant te martyres.

Chorus angelorum te suscipiat, ut cum Lazaro quondam pauperi, eternam habeas requiem.”

TRANSLATION.

“ May the angels conduct thee into Paradise.

May the martyrs meet thee at thy entrance.

May the choir of legends receive thee, that with Lazarus, poor of old, thou mayest have eternal rest.”

The mournful cortege moved on in the following order :—

THE CITY MARSHAL ON HORSEBACK.

Next followed the masters, wardens, and members of the following trades, each preceded by a black banneret, bearing the name of the respective body to which it belonged, and bearing on the obverse some design or legend indicative of the occasion.

The associated Trades, in the following order :—

- | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1 Paperstainers, | 26 Spanishleather-dressers, |
| 2 Flax-dressers, | 27 Carpenters, |
| 3 Silk-weavers, | 28 Letter-press-printers, |
| 4 Hosiers, | 29 Chandlers, |
| 5 Corkcutters, | 30 Carvers, |
| 6 Broguemakers, | 31 Cabinetmakers, |
| 7 Barbers, | 32 Cabinet-chair makers, |
| 8 Upholsterers, | 33 Stone-masons, |
| 9 Bakers, | 34 House-painters, |
| 10 Tinplate-workers, | 35 Stone-sawyers, |
| 11 Hatters, | 36 Tailors, |
| 12 Plumbers, | 37 Woolen-operatives, |
| 13 House-smiths, | 38 Coachmakers, |
| 14 Livery-lace-weavers, | 39 Ship-wrights, |
| 15 Curriers, | 40 Plaisterers, |
| 16 Bookbinders, | 41 Coopers, |
| 17 Tanners, | 42 Butchers, |
| 18 Cartwrights, | 43 Ropemakers, |
| 19 Marble-polishers, | 44 Brass-founders, |
| 20 Horseshoers, | 45 Slaters, |
| 21 Bricklayers, | 46 Basketmakers, |
| 22 Skinners, | 47 Papermakers, |
| 23 Wood-sawyers, | 48 Bootmakers, |
| 24 Dyers, | 49 Tobacconists, |
| 25 Turners, | 50 Nailers, |

After the Associated Trades came, covered in deep mourning, the

TRIUMPHAL CAR.

used on the occasion of the release from Richmond prison. This was a particular object of interest. Those who witnessed its last appearance in public could not avoid contrasting the scene of that day with the scene of yesterday. Then the O'Connell traversed the city in triumph—joyous acclamations rent the air. His victory over injustice was celebrated by the united voice of the nation, and a whole people hung upon his beck, ready to advance or restrain their ardour according to his dictation. Yesterday that same car was drawn in front of the funeral pageant—the same in everything but in mourning, and in the absence of the spirit that then breathed its aspirations from its centre. Crowds gathered round, and watched its progress with interest; but it was no longer the interest of enthusiastic joy. The presence of that car, associated with one of the proudest incidents in the great man's life, in his death rendered desolation even more desolate. The car, drawn by six horses, led by mutes and supported by the

VICE-PRESIDENTS AND COMMITTEE OF THE TRADES' POLITICAL UNION.

The Confraternities of the Christian Doctrine,
With Banner to file off on their arrival after the Trades.
Society of St. Vincent de Paul,
Of which O'Connell was a member.
The Pupils of the Christian Schools, North Richmond-street,
With Banner, and followed by
The Christian Brothers.
Clergy.
Physician.
Secretary. -
Chaplain.

SUPPORTERS.

THE COFFIN.

SUPPORTERS.

Next followed the members of O'Connell's family, in mourning coaches, drawn by four horses, each horse led by a mute. In the first carriage were John O'Connell, Morgan O'Connell, and Daniel O'Connell, and the Rev. Dr. Miley.

In the second carriage, Mr. James O'Connell, Lakeview; Mr. W. F. Finn, Mr. C. Fitzsimon, and Mr. Charles O'Connell.

Third carriage, Dr. Nicholson, Archbishop of Corfu; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Rev. C. O'Connell, and Vincent Eyre.

Fourth carriage, Maurice O'Connell, D. James O'Connell, of Lakeview; Daniel Moynahan, and Thomas Steele.

Fifth carriage, Captain Roche, Nicholas Markey, D. O'Connell French, and Maurice Leyne.

Next came—

The Members of the Cemetery Committee, with Sashes, and in Mourning Coaches.

O'CONNELL'S COACH—Blinds up.
The Lord Mayor, in his state coach.

The Archbishops, Bishops, and Clergy in carriages.
 The Nobility and Gentry, in carriages.
 The Judges and Members of the Bar.
 High Sheriff of the City of Dublin.
 The Under Secretary.
 The Solicitor General.
 Aldermen and Town Councillors of the City of Dublin.
 A Deputation from the Repealers of Liverpool, headed by
 James Livingston, Esq.
 The Mayor, Aldermen and Town Councillors of
 Limerick,
 Waterford,
 Kilkenny,
 Drogheda,
 Clonmel,
 Sligo,
 And other Corporations.
 Provincial Towns Commissioners' Deputations.
 The Deputations of the Total Abstinence Societies.
 The Citizens of Dublin,
 According to their Wards, in alphabetical order.
 A Black Banner
 With white letters descriptive of each Ward.
 St. Andrews
 St. Audoen's
 Castle Ward
 St. Catherine's Ward
 College Ward
 Custom House Ward
 Four Courts Ward
 St. George's Ward
 St. James's Ward
 Linen Hall Ward
 Merrion Ward
 St. Patrick's Ward
 St. Paul's Ward
 Post Office Ward
 St. Stephen's Ward

A large number of persons on horseback followed, four abreast.
 The procession in this order moved into North Earl-street, and
 thence to

SACKVILLE-STREET:

Here the scene was imposing in the extreme. The house-tops—
 Nelson's Pillar—the windows as far as the eye could reach—the roof
 of the General Post-Office—in fact every available spot from which a
 view of the procession could be had, possessed their occupants. The
 width of the streets, the complete clearance effected by the police to
 nearly the flagway's edge, enabled the whole line of procession to be
 completed. As far as the eye could reach in every direction a dense
 moving mass was seen either preceding or following the cortege. There
 was nothing exclusive in these demonstrations of respect. Every one
 without exception evinced a deep sympathy in the melancholy pro-
 ceedings. From Sackville-street, the procession passed over

CARLISLE-BRIDGE.

And from this place the scene was truly impressive. All the vessels in

the river had their flags lowered, and were manned to the very top-mast. The Quays, on either side of the Liffey, presented dense masses of human beings; whilst D'Olier-street, Westmorland-street, and the other streets within view, were equally crowded. At

COLLEGE-GREEN.

The melancholy *cortege* was also seen to much advantage. It increased in numbers at each succeeding moment; but never was the regularity or the order which characterized the earlier proceedings interrupted. We have seen many gay spectacles, and many gorgeous ones, but seldom, indeed, have we witnessed, whether on mirthful or mournful occasions, such universal and deep interest.

NASSAU-STREET.

Here vast crowds were assembled, expecting the arrival of the procession. The appearance of the associated trades, as they came up, with their elegant and splendidly-executed banners, was most impressing, and grand in the extreme. These men, the ardent disciples and admirers of the Liberator, exhibited by their numbers and their sorrowful demeanour how intensely they felt the loss their country had sustained. They were amongst the warmest and most devoted admirers of O'Connell, and the numbers in which they assembled yesterday, their anxiety to pay every mark of respect to the memory of the Liberator, and to show how deeply was their conviction that he was one of these men for whom a nation cannot mourn too long or too intensely, proved that they were consistent and abiding in their devotion and admiration to O'Connell and their country. The other associated bodies as they passed by, also presented a most impressive appearance, equally creditable to themselves, to their veneration for O'Connell, and their devotion to the cause he loved, and laboured to make successful.

The street on each side was lined by dense multitudes, through whom it would have been difficult, if not impossible, for the procession to pass on, were it not for the admirable order and regularity observed throughout. Not only were the streets densely crowded—thronged with the living and mourning mass—but the door-ways, windows, balconies, and even the house tops, were thronged. The College wall along this route was also crowded. From Leinster-street the procession moved on through Clare-street to

MERRION-SQUARE.

The Liberator's mansion here was the object of much interest. All eyes were turned to the house where he had been the presiding genius—where he held his court with more than a Sovereign's sway—where men came to him from all parts of Ireland—nay, we might say, from all parts of the world, to obtain his advice and assistance in defending and promoting the cause of liberty; that house from which was so often heard the eloquent and powerful voice that advocated and achieved the freedom of his country. The shutters in what had been the dwelling of the departed chief were closed—the blinds were down—and between the centre windows of the second floor was affixed a sable hatchment with the arms of the Liberator splendidly emblazoned. The whole exterior of the building afforded evidences, but too painful, that its master was numbered with the mighty dead. The procession thence wended its sad way through Merrion-street, Merrion-row, to

STEPHEN'S GREEN,

a point where countless thousands had assembled, yet where there was

not only no noise, confusion, or disorder, but where the silence and regularity of the immense multitude was most solemn and impressive. Nothing could be more affecting—the religious stillness which prevailed amongst that dense mass showed how deeply they felt that a sad change had passed over the interests of their country and their cause—that a mighty spirit was that day about to be consigned to the tomb. From Stephen's-green the procession passed on through Harcourt-street, the Circular Road, Camden-street, and Wexford-street—all of which, as well as the portions of which the mournful *cortege* had previously traversed, were thronged to excess, the people everywhere expressing in every possible manner, their profound respect and veneration for the memory of their mighty chief—their intense sorrow for his loss. The procession then arrived at

REDMOND'S HILL,

where the crowd became so dense as to block up the entire passage, rendering the further progress of the procession almost impossible until a way was cleared for it by the people themselves. Never have we seen such a concourse of human beings in the streets, or the windows and balconies of private houses so densely thronged. The whole thoroughfare, as far as the eye could reach, was a living mass of human beings, who had assembled to offer a tribute of respect to the memory of Him whom they most revered. There appeared to be some intense local interest attached to this passage, inasmuch as it had been the scene of a splendid triumphal arch, which was erected on the occasion of O'Connell's liberation from an unjust imprisonment. As the mournful cortege moved slowly along, the recollection rushed to the minds of the assembled multitude of that day, when they saw him issue from a prison to which he had been unjustly and illegally consigned by his enemies, and the enemies of the liberties of Ireland. The sad contrast between that triumph and the melancholy scene which now presented itself, seemed deeply and profoundly to affect the minds of the people. One instance of this we may mention. A large number of females had collected at this spot from the different outlets into the street, and as the hearse passed by, they set up that heartrending cry peculiar to the Irish, and so expressive of the profound grief which they felt at the loss of their dearest and most valued friend. Notwithstanding the great pressure that existed, we have much gratification in being able to state that not a single accident occurred. The conduct of the populace was respectful and becoming. They seemed to feel that the best manner of testifying respect for O'Connell's memory was to carry into effect those principles of order, peace, and tranquillity, which it was the chief duty of his life to inculcate. The procession then passed through Aungier-street and South Great George's-street into

DAME-STREET,

a locality where immense multitudes had congregated, and the avenues leading to which were also crowded by numbers of individuals who were unable to obtain an entrance into the main thoroughfare. The Royal Exchange, as well as the private buildings adjoining, presented a dense mass of persons who were anxious not only to witness the funeral pageant, but, by their presence, to mark their respect and veneration for the memory of the deceased. As the head of the procession entered Dame-street the rain began to descend heavily, and continued incessantly for more than an hour; notwithstanding which not a man left the ranks, or suffered the unfavourable state of the

weather to diminish his ardour or enthusiasm. The melancholy cavalcade passed slowly along through Cork-hill, Castle-street, Christ-church-place, thence by Corn-market, Thomas-street, and James's-gate, to Steeven's-lane. The numbers who had collected along this route were very great, and the most solemn silence prevailed, although, as in the localities through which the procession had previously passed, the streets and houses were filled to overflowing. The procession proceeded to

KING'S BRIDGE,

Crossing which it may be said to have commenced its direct route to the cemetery. Here the city, spread out before you, with its quays, studded with the living masses, presented a spectacle never to be forgotten. Having passed along the

NORTH QUAYS,

the sad *cortege* entered Capel-street, through the whole length of which it was accompanied by undiminished numbers of the people, who seemed to consider it a sacred duty to accompany the remains of the Liberator to their final resting place. Here the rain ceased, the heavens cleared up, and the sun again shone forth on that mourning train. It next entered

BOLTON STREET.

As the procession entered this street, it was met by the crowds coming towards it through North King-street. The rush of people here was immense, yet the line for the passage of the procession was preserved at each side of this crowded locality regular and unbroken. On looking backwards towards Capel-street, along the line of the procession, the sight presented was grand and imposing in the extreme. Banner after banner floated, borne along by one continuous mass of people. From the head of the procession in Bolton-street, extending along the vista of Capel-street, was seen pouring slowly and silently the living tide, bearing to its last haven the earthly casket which once contained the pride of Ireland. We allowed many a thousand to pass, waiting to behold in the distance the dark plumage and drapery of the hearse; and when, at last, it appeared, at the extreme end of Capel-street, there was presented a scene not to be forgotten by the many who, with proud yet saddened hearts, beheld HIM triumphing even in death, who, through his eventful life, taught the lesson to Irishmen of unity even in sorrow.

BLSSINGTON STREET.

This retired and private street was crowded at every window by groups of ladies. The doors, windows, steps and projections, at either side, were filled with dense masses of citizens of all classes. We observed the window sashes taken from the drawing-room windows, and tiers of temporary seats erected within each, affording as much space as possible to the crowds clustered at each window. The procession proceeded onwards by the

CIRCULAR ROAD TO THE CEMETERY.

Although it may be imagined that in the richer and more densely populated localities the interest appertaining to the funeral would be the greatest, yet the most deeply touching incidents, displaying the undying love and deep respect with which the Irish people look upon all that belongs to the name of their Liberator, were presented in the

suburban districts in the neighbourhood of the cemetery. Almost every humble dwelling bore some small yet affecting testimony of the sorrow that the poor felt the deepest at the loss of a benefactor. Some windows were decorated with ample folds of black drapery tied and looped with mourning ribbon. The proprietors of some smaller tenements, perhaps less wealthy but not less devoted, to the memory of the mighty dead, had some smaller and humbler evidence of the grief, the outward testimony of which ought not to be less acceptable, because in accordance with their limited means.

THE CEMETERY—GLASNEVIN.

This lovely spot, which may with true justice, but yet on a very small scale, be in some degree compared to the far famed *Père le Chaise*, had been selected as that portion of his beloved Ireland, upon which the remains of our Liberator were destined to repose. To O'Connell the citizens of Dublin owe the establishment of this secure and tranquil spot, wherein those who have gone before them, may rest under the shadow of the cross. There especially was it fittest that the bones of our departed chief should lie in the midst of them—many of whom lived to see his glorious triumph in the cause of religious liberty, and to whose children he taught the never to be forgotten lesson of self-dependence, and pointed out to them the path of freedom. Within a circular plot of ground, enclosed by a sunk fence, and ornamented with rare exotics and flowering shrubs, is

THE VAULT.

Beneath a mound covered with the greenest turf, there opens a flight of twelve steps leading to O'Connell's tomb. The vault is fourteen feet long by eight feet broad, and seven high. In the midst is placed a bed or slab of solid granite on which will rest the remains. At the extreme end fronting the entrance was erected a low stand bearing two gorgeously carved and gilt candelabra at each side, with large wax tapers burning in each. Between the candelabra, and affixed to the wall facing the door was a splendid crucifix. The door is of solid wrought iron, and bears on the outside a plate of brass inscribed simply, with the name, "O'CONNELL." Such was the name borne on the dwelling in our city, ennobled as the habitation amongst us of the "Benefactor of his kind," where the oppressed or the needy never applied in vain. Alas! for them, he is gone who was their hope and pride, but the lessons of peace he has taught the poorest of his countrymen will not be forgotten amongst them; sorrow for him will beget regard for his teaching, illustrated as it was by a noble life and a Christian death, and peace, concord, and good will must mark all who truly loved O'Connell. As the procession approached nearer the cemetery, and when the line broke out on the open road, hundreds, nay, thousands, might be seen approaching through the nearest fields, jumping hedges, and clearing obstructions before them, and (as the *cortege* moved along) lining the hedgerows, yet never once interfering with the "trades," who, by this time, had reached the gate where the illustrious remains were to enter, and had already begun to form at each side of the road, in due and proper order. File after file of the honest and patriotic trades of Dublin, came up and formed in their assigned places along the path, leading to the grave of their Liberator. Their gorgeous banners were left behind, and were supplied with mourning flags scarcely less costly. The rarest silks and tabinets, all of deep black, inscribed with mourning emblems, formed the banners of the trades. The religious societies preceded the hearse through the

line formed by the assembled trades. And first in order came, preceded by a splendid banner,

THE RELIGIOUS CONFRATERNITY OF ST. PAUL'S.

The banner was borne by two members, and the ample folds which depended from it were carried by train bearers. The richest and most costly materials were employed in its construction. It was of fine black cloth of Irish manufacture, pendent from a gothic frame, surmounted by a carved cross richly gilt. From the frame depended a *drape* of white tabinet wrought with raised flowers, gathered at the sides and looped into festoons by bandeaus of rich silk cordage of black and white; the edges were richly fringed and tasselled with lace of silver and silk intermixed. The front bore the inscription:—

THE CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE SOCIETY, AND RELIGIOUS BROTHERS' CONFRATERNITIES OF DUBLIN,

richly wrought in silver letters. On the obverse was the following appropriate inscription:—

"The righteous man shall be in everlasting remembrance."—Psalms, chap. cxi. verse 7.

The members of the society formed in line at either side of the gate awaiting the arrival of the remains.

Next approached the Confraternity of Mount Carmel, preceded by a splendid banner of rich dark silk surmounted by a gilt frame and cross. On the front was displayed the title of the society, and in the middle was emblazoned the Sacred Heart, surmounted by the cross over an orb most tastefully executed. On the obverse was represented the figure of Erin weeping over the Liberator's tomb, and a child pointing to the name of O'Connell inscribed on the monument. The group was painted in the most chaste and artistic manner. The members of this confraternity, wore (as did also the other brotherhood) a mourning emblem of Irish manufacture on the left arm.

SOCIETY OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

Next followed the Society of St. Vincent De Paul. This body which now reckons amongst its members many of the highest and most ennobled of European society was well represented on the occasion of the funeral of O'Connell, who himself was a distinguished and zealous member, and gave all his influence to carry out the noble conception of its founder, in ministering to the relief of suffering and distress. The members present were of the most respectable, some of the highest rank—men of the learned professions, and others well known and esteemed amongst our citizens.

THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS.

Next came the pupils (about 600 in number) of the Christian Schools, North Richmond Street, each bearing a white wand, trimmed with crape at the top, and having on the left shoulder a crape rosette with an "O'Connell button" in the centre. It was an interesting sight to witness these six hundred little ones, (all presenting a neat appearance, highly creditable to the institution in which they are receiving their education,) taking a part in the solemn ceremonies of the day, and to look forward a few years and contemplate them in their various walks in life, bearing testimony by their usefulness as citizens, to the value of the careful instruction given them in their early years.

In front of these children was borne a very beautiful banner, richly

trimmed, and in deep mourning: it was executed specially for this mournful occasion. On the front were richly emblazoned the arms of the Christian Brotherhood, with the motto, "Signum Fidei." At the top was the inscription, "Christian Schools, Richmond Street," and at the bottom the text, "Come, children, hearken to me; I will teach you the fear of the Lord."—Psalm xxxiii. 12. On the obverse was inscribed, in large and striking characters,

"FOUNDED BY O'CONNELL, AND THE CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION
OF IRELAND."

Under which, was that beautiful and appropriate inscription which the illustrious Pius IX. ordered to be placed over the heart of O'Connell in Rome:—

"In memoria aeterna erit justus."

The children walked four abreast, in the order of the classes in which they are placed in school, the smallest first. They were superintended by a number of respectable young men (we believe "ex-pupils" of the establishment,) who bore, as an insignia of office, each, a gilt globe and cross, on the top of a wand tastefully trimmed in mourning. No part of this imposing and solemn spectacle was calculated to impress the mind more forcibly and more pleasingly, than this gathering of little children. Our own mind was deeply affected by it, and we breathed a silent prayer that the benevolent intentions of the founder of the School, whose mortal remains they were accompanying to the silent grave, might be fully accomplished in their regard. His desire was, that they should become intelligent men, good Christians, and useful citizens. May that desire be fulfilled.

Immediately before the clergy, and after the children, came their excellent teachers, the *Christian Brothers*, in deep mourning, wearing rich scarfs and hat bands, among whom, we observed the respected superior of the society, who resides in Waterford, as well as other members of the Brotherhood from the provincial towns, and from England.

To attempt to describe the deep feeling of interest which the appearance of these little ones excited as they passed along, or to express what we ourselves felt as we looked upon them, and recollected that the Great Departed was the first to project the erection of the admirable institution in North Richmond Street, where they are so well, and so judiciously taught, and seeing moreover, their devoted teachers identifying themselves with their young charge, in the mournful procession, and teaching them by their own example, to mourn over the tomb of their benefactor, as well as to pray for his departed spirit, we freely confess our utter inability.

From the near relation which the establishment in North Richmond Street bore to O'Connell, (he laid the first stone of the building, June 9, 1828, in the presence of at least sixty thousand of his admiring countrymen, including the Committee of the Catholic Association, to which event he ever after referred with the utmost pleasure and delight,) as well as from the great respect which the Cemeteries' Committee entertain for the gentlemen who so worthily preside over it, it was arranged that the children, and their respected teachers, should have the distinguished privilege of entering with the Clergy and the family of the Liberator, the enclosed space which immediately encompasses the vault. However, from the immense crowds which pressed at the gate of the cemetery, the guardians of the children did not deem it safe to have them proceed further. The Christian Brothers here passed their pupils, and proceeded between the extensive lines formed

by the Trades and Confraternities who had filed off on both sides, and accompanied the beloved and venerated remains to their last resting place, where, as they were borne on men's shoulders down the steps which lead to the door of the vault, we observed Mr. Grace, the worthy superior of the Richmond Street house, with his hand reverentially placed under the coffin. He was deeply affected. Indeed we have heard Mr. Grace declare, that the death of O'Connell affected him more sensibly than the loss of his nearest and dearest relatives. That great man, whose outward form has passed away, but whose spirit still remains amongst us, to animate us to acts of usefulness to our fellow men, without respect to sect, or country, or complexion, had the power to attract towards himself, in an extraordinary degree, the affections of his friends. His death is deeply mourned by them, and is felt by millions at home and abroad, to be a loss, an almost irreparable loss, to humanity.

THE BURIAL.

On the arrival of the remains at the gate of the cemetery, a procession was formed, three clergymen, headed by the Rev. Mr. Pope, leading the various clergy and dignitaries whom we have named as aiding in the obsequies on the occasion of the solemn Office and High Mass :

The Most Rev. Dr. Murray, our venerated Archbishop,
 The Most Rev. Dr. Mac Hale, Archbishop of Tuam,
 The Most Rev. Dr. Polding, Archbishop of Australia,
 The Right Rev. Dr. Cantwell,
 The Right Rev. Dr. M'Nally,
 The Right Rev. Dr. O'Higgins,
 The Right Rev. Dr. Keating,
 The Right Rev. Dr. Murphy, and
 The Right Rev. Dr. Maginn, all in their pontifical robes, immediately preceded the coffin.

On entering the gateway, the solemn and deeply touching rite for the dead commenced with the antiphon "*Ego sum resurrectio et vita.*" The choir still advancing towards the vault, chanted the "*Miserere mei Deus.*"

After the coffin, came the Sons of the Liberator, followed by his immediate relations and friends, and that admirable Society, the *Christian Brothers*, of whose zealous and efficient labours in the cause of education the Liberator had been so great an admirer. Our illustrious Society of St. Vincent De Paul, of which the Liberator was a prominent member, had the high privilege accorded them of being admitted to follow his remains to the door of his tomb. Numbers of the clergy, loved friends of O'Connell, were there to witness the consignment to earth, of all that earth could claim of the Liberator of his own faith, and the aspirer for liberty everywhere. We noted hundreds whose names we would be but too happy to record as having enjoyed the honour of being present, but in justice to the thousands whose names we could not gather within the compass of a daily journal, who also participated in the last sad duties of Irishmen towards O'Connell's memory, we forbear to particularise.

On the arrival of the procession at the vault, the prelates, robed in pontificals, descended, and the coffin was conveyed within the vault. The sons of the deceased followed. The choir of dignitaries and priests assembled outside. Then from the vault was heard the opening chant of the "*Benedictus.*" followed by the response of the choir without. The scene here was solemn and affecting beyond all attempt at description. The weeping of many around was audible. The *De*

profundis was then sung—the responses being given by the body of priests outside. The silence which then followed, whilst the prelates repeated the final prayer of the ritual, was only broken by the sobs of many around, who felt that they had seen the last on earth of DANIEL O'CONNELL.

All was finished; and one by one the prelates ascended from the narrow dwelling of HIM who had been the life of Ireland. The Brothers had then to leave the corpse of their illustrious father, and not a dry eye looked on them as they ascended, plunged in the bitterest sorrow. And Thomas Steele, the devoted, the long attached friend of the dead, he, too, was there, and if ever aching heart was depicted on human face, that heart was his. Slowly now the vast assemblage departed, whilst hundreds of those who had not previously the opportunity, rushed downwards before the vault should close on all they loved as Irishmen, to look for the last time on his hallowed remains, and to offer their prayers for his eternal rest. One hour more, and all was silent.

We should notice among many evidences of respect evinced for the Liberator's memory, the erection in the cemetery of a splendid bell, by Mr. Sheridan, of Church-street, lately exhibited at the Dublin Society. Its solemn notes pealing through that city of tombs added not a little to the solemnity of the proceedings. We should also advert to the admirable arrangements made by the sub-inspectors of the constabulary, to preserve regularity and order, repressing with mild but effective means the enthusiasms of the masses of people outside, whose admission indiscriminately within the gates would have caused unavoidable desecration of many a cherished grave, and otherwise defaced the sacred abode of the dead. The constabulary mustered 260 strong, and were commanded by Mr. William Mathew, Chief in command; Messrs. Bannon, Mullen, (son of J. D. Mullen, Esq. whose exertions were beyond praise); Watkins, Wyse, and Burke, Sub-inspectors.

It is worthy of remark, and may, in some measure, give some faint idea of the love borne for the name of O'Connell amongst the faithful peasantry—that on yesterday, many poor fellows from the extreme of the county Cork, presented themselves at the gate of the cemetery, having undertaken a pilgrimage on foot of 150 miles to pray at the tomb of the Liberator.

R. I. P.



NATIONAL MEETING.

(From the Pilot of August 6th.)

MONUMENT TO O'CONNELL.

On Friday, the 6th of August, in accordance with requisitions to the Right Hon. Michael Staunton, Lord Mayor of Dublin, from the several Municipalities of Ireland, and from many influential districts, as, also, from the Town of Liverpool, the Great National Meeting for the purpose of founding a great and enduring Testimonial to O'Connell, the Liberator of his country, was held in the Royal Exchange.

On the motion of P. V. Fitzpatrick, Esq.; seconded by acclamation,
The Right Hon. the LORD MAYOR took the Chair.

The following Resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Proposed by J. P. Conran, Esq.; seconded by John Conlan, Esq.,
Solicitor:

Resolved—That John Flanedy, Esq., be requested to act as Secretary to this Meeting and its object.

Moved by Richard Smithwick, Esq., Kilkenny; seconded by Nicholas Markey, Esq.:

Resolved—That we, the people of Ireland in national meeting duly convened, solemnly record this day our deep and ineffaceable sorrow for the calamity with which it has pleased Almighty God to afflict us by taking from us, after much suffering of body and mind, our illustrious countryman, O'Connell, to whose mighty services of half a century in liberating our altars and hearths from the oppression of flagitious penal laws, in the ceaseless and successful conflicts against oppression, which he waged for the national good in his laborious efforts for the reconciliation of religious and political differences amongst Irishmen, and in the devotion of his matchless talents and vigorous advocacy to the enforcement of the rights of his native country, no words, however pregnant with gratitude and recognition, can render anything like adequate justice.

Moved by Dr. Gray; seconded by J. D. Mullen, Esq.:

Resolved—That as a testimonial to remote posterity—of the gratitude for his services—the justly unbounded confidence in his incorruptible integ-

city—the love of his person—and the reverence for his glorious memory which the Irish people now, and at all times will, cherish in their hearts—the Nation shall raise a Monument, designed to commemorate, in a suitable manner, the achievements of O'Connell; and that for that purpose, and in order to do all acts necessary to its consummation in the fullest sense, a Committee be formed to commence its operations forthwith, and adopt the requisite measures for obtaining funds from the country corresponding with the magnitude and imperative character of the proposed testimonial.

Moved by Alderman Cornelius Mac Loughlin; seconded by Counsellor Maley, Merrion-square:

Resolved—That it is respectfully suggested that the sum of Five Pounds should constitute the maximum amount to be subscribed to the O'Connell Monument by any one individual. Those desirous of increasing their donations can do so by contributing in the names of members of their families, or by repeating their subscriptions from time to time.

Proposed by Sir Percy Nugent, Bart.; seconded by Mr. John Lentaigne:

Resolved—That to enable the grateful people of Ireland, of all classes, to combine in this final act of national gratitude to him to whom they owe so much, a general Collection for the Monument to O'Connell will be made on an appropriate day after harvest, to which every parish of the Kingdom will, through the agency of the Committee, be invited to contribute according to the means of its patriotic population.

Proposed by J. Nugent, Esq.; seconded by Dr. M'Keon:

Resolved—That a public Meeting shall be convened by the Committee at the end of six months, at which an account of the receipts for the fund shall be rendered, and such other business transacted as may be requisite in furtherance of the object.

The following gentlemen were, on the motion of Thomas Arkins, Esq., seconded by James Delany, Esq., appointed a Committee, with power to add to their numbers, and to adopt of their body gentlemen appointed by their several localities:—

Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of Dublin, Michael Staunton.
 Sir Thomas Esmonde, Bart.
 Sir John Power, Bart.
 Sir Coleman O'Loughlin, Bart.
 Sir Percy Nugent, Bart.
 Rev. Doctor Miley.
 The Lord Mayor Elect, Jeremiah Dunne, Esq.
 Alderman Cornelius MacLoughlin.
 A. Carew O'Dwyer, Esq.
 Alexander M'Carthy, Esq.
 Christopher Fitzsimon, Esq.
 P. Vincent Fitzpatrick, Esq.
 Edward M'Donnell, Esq.
 Walter Sweetman, Esq.
 D. J. Corrigan, Esq., M.D.

with such members of their body as the gentlemen of the Cemetery

Chairman.

JOHN FLANNERY Secretary.

The Long Mayoe having been moved from the chair, and
Nugent, being called thereon, it was proposed by Thomas that
should be done for the Long Mayoe, and carried with
100.

Resolved that the theme of the Meeting be comments on
the report of the Right Hon. the Long Mayoe for the
year 1865, and of the consistent liberality of
the Long Mayoe.

PERRY NUGENT Secy

JOHN FLANNERY Secy

Friday August 6, 1865

OBSEQUIES OF O'CONNELL

IN

NEW YORK.

(*From the New York Tribune, September 22.*)

These ceremonies took place this morning, according to the programme which for some days past has been published in the columns of the *Tribune*. The day could not have been more beautiful and auspicious, and the number of persons who participated in the service was immense.

We cannot attempt to specify the several societies and companies which joined in the almost endless procession. The number of our Irish fellow-citizens was especially large, though others were by no means wanting. They began to collect at about nine o'clock, but it was past eleven before they got fairly in motion.

The line of march was from Second-avenue, where the procession was formed, through Eighth-street to the Bowery, around Union-square, down Broadway to Grand-street, along Grand-street to the Bowery, through Chatham-street and Broadway to Fulton street, through Fulton to Greenwich, to the Battery.

When the right reached the battery, the portion of the line in front of the car halted and formed on the west side of Greenwich-street. The car then past in front of the line, followed by the officers, orator, guests, &c., to the Garden, and the line then fell in and followed in order.

The several marshals and aids appeared mounted in chapeaus and black scarfs, black saddle-cloths and bridles trimmed with crape.

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

Mounted Escort,
The Grand Marshal, Thomas O'Connor, Esq.
The Deputy Grand Marshal,
Aids,
The Independent Sons of Erin,
Terence Keon and Hugh Sloan, Marshals,
The Labourers' Union Benevolent Society,
James Naughton, William Foley, James Kilbride, and P. Kehoe,
Marshals,
The Hibernian Universal Benevolent Society,
John Heany and Thos. Flynn, Marshals,
The Paterson Repealers and United Sons of Erin,
Henry J. Coddington, Marshal,

T

The Erina Fraternal Beneficial Society of Brooklyn,
 Joseph McMurray, Marshal,
 The Mayors and Common Councils of New York, Brooklyn,
 and Jersey City,
 The Orator of the Day,
 Invited Guests,
 Foreign Consuls,
 Officers of Foreign Vessels of War,
 Officers of the Army and Navy,
 Military generally,
 Mutes,

PALL
BEARERS.

FUNERAL CAR.

PALL
BEARERS.

Mutes.
 Mourners.
 The United Irish Repeal Association of New York,
 William Denman, Marshal,
 The Hibernian Benevolent Burial Society,
 Dr. William O'Donnell, Marshal,
 The Benevolent Society of Operative Masons,
 Wm. Furlong, Marshal,
 The Emmet Mutual Benevolent Society,
 Wm. Green, Marshal,
 The Young Friends of Ireland,
 John P. Curran, Marshal,
 The R. C. Total Abstinence Benevolent Society,
 John McGrath, Marshal,
 The Shamrock Benevolent Society of New York,
 Hugh Finn, Marshal,
 The United Practical Stone Cutters of New York, Brooklyn, and
 Jersey City,
 Wm. Young, Marshal,
 The Friendly Sons of St. Patrick,
 The Irish Emigrant Society of New York,
 The Newark Hibernian Provident Society,
 The Newark Repeal Association,
 The Hibernian Provident Society of New-Haven,
 The Shamrock Benevolent Societies of New-York and Brooklyn, united.
 Citizens generally.

The procession having entered Castle Garden and the preliminary exercises being performed, the vast audience listened in deep attention to the following

ORATION ON THE DEATH OF DANIEL O'CONNELL,

Delivered at Castle Garden, September 22, 1847.

BY WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

There is sad news from Genoa. An aged and weary pilgrim, who can travel no farther, passes beneath the gate of one of her ancient palaces, saying with pious resignation as he enters its silent chambers, "Well! it is God's will that I shall never see Rome. I am disappointed. But I am ready to die. It is all right."

"The superb," though fading Queen of the Mediterranean, holds anxious watch, through ten long days, over that majestic stranger's wasting frame. And now Death is there—the Liberator of Ireland has sunk to rest in the cradle of Columbus.

Coincidence beautiful and most sublime! It was the very day set apart by the elder daughter of the church for prayer and sacrifice throughout the world for the children of the sacred island, perishing by famine and pestilence in their homes and in their native fields, and on their crowded paths of exile, on the sea and in the heavens, and on the lakes, and along the rivers of this far distant land. The chimes rung out by pity for his countrymen were O'Connell's fitting knell; his soul went forth on clouds of incense that rose from altars of christian charity; and the mournful anthems which recited the faith, and the virtue, and the endurance of Ireland were his becoming requiem.

It is a holy sight to see the obsequies of a soldier, not only of civil liberty, but the liberty of conscience—of a soldier, not only of freedom, but of the cross of Christ—of a benefactor, not merely of a race or people, but of mankind. The vaults lighted by suspended worlds is the temple within which the great solemnities are celebrated. The nations of the earth are mourners, and the spirits of the just made perfect, descending from their golden throne on high, break forth into songs like this:—

"Tears are not now thy due. From the world's toil,
Come to assume in Heaven the brighter birth :
A winged angel, from thy mortal coil
Escaped! Thy glory lingers yet round earth.
Christ's hallowed warrior, living, thou went'st forth;
Christ's champion didst thou die. And now, blest shade!
The crown and palm of righteousness and worth
Thou wear'st, with joys unspeakable repaid."

The priesthood of Genoa, grateful for the honour of dismissing the lofty spirit from its mortal conflict, cover the departing bier with sad funeral weeds.

Rome, ever avaricious of relics, though she has gathered into her urn the ashes of the great and good of near thirty centuries, reverentially claims and embalms and shrines with her soul-subduing litanies, the heart of yet another—

"Who through the foes has borne her banished gods."

Behold now a nation which needeth not to speak its melancholy precedence. The lament of Ireland comes forth from palaces, and from shrines restored; from Boyne's dark water, witness of her desolation, and from Tara's lofty hill, ever echoing her renown. But louder and deeper yet that wailing comes from the lonely huts on mountain and on moor where the people of the greenest island of all the seas are expiring in the midst of insufficient though world-wide charities.—Well, indeed, may they deplore O'Connell, for they were his children;

And he bore them

"A love so vehement, so strong, so pure,
That neither age could change nor art could cure."

Again and again, as if they feared to disturb him with excess of sorrow, they plead:

"If yet we keep
Vigils of grief, and echo groan for groan,
'Tis not for thee; but for ourselves we weep,
Whose noblest pillar lies in thee o'erthrown."

The pageant pauses. Next to the chief mourner, space is opened for America, eldest of the newborn nations. Why shall not America accept that distinguished privilege? O'Connell was a champion of universal constitutional freedom. That is her own cause—all her own. She arms and instructs and sends forth all its chieftains; and when one of them falls in the ever-continuing conflict, be his faith, his tongue or his lineage what it may; whether he die on the snowy plains of Poland, among the classic Islands of Greece, under the bright skies of Italy, among the vine clad hills of France, or in the green valleys of Ireland; be he Kosciusko, or Bozzaris, or La Fayette, or O'Connell, America hastens to bear witness that he was her soldier, citizen and representative.

Panegyric commonly begins its picture by calling up reverend ancestral shadows from long-forgotten graves, to fill the background, and then surrounds its hero with contemporaneous forms of kindred greatness. But there are figures so majestic as to exclude from the canvas all living companionship, while they derive no grandeur from being grouped with even the awful forms of the illustrious dead. Such is every one who, by permission of Providence, the devotion of his own soul, and the consent given by his fellow-men or extorted from them, losing his own individuality, becomes for a period the representative of a race, a people, a nation, or it may be, of many races, peoples, or nations. You recognize Napoleon in the brilliant scene of his coronation in Notre Dame, or when taking leave of his veterans at Fontainebleau—but you are transported with awe or pity when you contemplate him among the solitudes of the frozen Alps or looking off on the imprisoning sea from the inaccessible cliffs of St. Helena. You perceive the serene dignity of Washington in the picture that commemorates his acceptancy of his dangerous commission in the halls of the Continental Congress; and you weep when he is seen dismissing his unrewarded though triumphant army on the heights of the Hudson. But your soul is overpowered with his greatness when you come to the uncanopied place, where Greenough's accurate taste, banishing even the drapery of the living age, presents to you the father of his country in colossal marble, alone.

From the beginning there have been two conditions of man, and these in perpetual opposition—force and resistance; two agencies working out his destiny, power and freedom, and these in unceasing conflict; two elements of government, aristocracy and democracy, and these in everlasting war. Nations inspire us with awe, or hate, or reverence, or sympathy, as they sustain one or the other of these conditions, exert one or the other of these agencies, manifest one or the other of these elements. The man who for a time becomes substituted for a nation is clothed in our regard with the national attributes. The people of Ireland, during near 700 years, have maintained a conflict for our com-

mon race, of resistance against force, freedom against power, right against usurpation. Through more than twenty years of that conflict, Daniel O'Connell was the impersonation of that people.

"A nation in a man comprised."

In this consists the secret of the interest he excited while living, and of all his fame now that he lives no more. It is his country, therefore, and only his country—as she was, as she is, and as she is to be—that must be regarded, if we would fully comprehend and truly know the character of O'Connell.

Ireland was long ago an independent nation, governed by a king and council or parliament, and was divided into inferior kingdoms and subordinate septs or clans. It had population and revenues equal to what were generally possessed by other states in the same age. One of its inhabitants thus described the kingdom a thousand years ago :

"Far westward lies an isle of ancient fame,
By Nature blessed—Hibernia is her name.
Enrolled in books—exhaustless is her store
Of veiny silver and of golden ore.
Her fruitful soil for ever teems with wealth.
With gems her waters, and her air with health ;
Her verdant fields with milk and honey flow,
Her woolly fleeces vie with virgin snow ;
Her waving furrows float with bended corn,
And arms and arts her envied sons adorn.
No poison there infects, nor scaly snake
Creeps through the grass or settles in the lake ;
A nation worthy of its pious race—
In war triumphant, and unmatched in peace."

Ireland had then a court in which learning was honoured next to royalty ; a church that sent forth missionaries who converted a large portion of Western Europe ; laws that divided estates of the dead with equal justice ; that gave the trial by jury—the Anglo Saxon's boast ; that ordained inns for the entertainment of travellers at the public expense and that knew only one capital or unpardonable crime. And it was treason and sacrilege to change those laws. There were trained bands which were sworn to resist even a sevenfold foe, knights who won renown for valour and courtesy on the plains of Palestine, and dames who were honoured by admiring bards and minstrels in strains like these :

"The daughter of Moran seized the harp !
And her voice of music praised the strangers ;
Their souls melted at the song
Like a wreath of snow before the eye of the sun."

I speak no interested, no partial, no imaginative eulogy. It is the testimony of general history, as accredited by modern learning.

Alas ! How unlike is this picture to Ireland now, in an age tenfold more enlightened and humane ! What has wrought this change ? Has Ireland degenerated, or has she been degraded and debased by foreign power ? Did Ireland struggle, or did she resign herself to ruin ? Listen, and you shall hear.

Separated by only an ocean channel, and colonized originally by the same Celtic race, the islands of Britain and Ireland have been distinguished by fortunes as wide as the Poles. Britain, conquered by the Romans, the Danes, the Saxons, and the Normans, derived from that severe experience the consolidation, discipline, ambition, and energy which have enabled it to grasp the empire of the world. Ireland, devoted to piety and learning, remaining long unconquered and unconquerable, and unmoved by cupidity or ambition, was early distracted by factions and finally betrayed by them to a conqueror.

In the twelfth century, Henry II., a Norman king of England, who held the refinements of life in much contempt, "cast in his mind" to conquer the adjoining island, "because it was commodious for him, and its people seemed to him savage and rude." Invited by a native prince who had been dethroned, he appeared in England with a real or forged grant under the seal of Breakspeare, an Englishman who occupied the Papal See at Rome under the name of Adrian IV. Early converted to Christianity without the blood of martyrs, the Irish had nevertheless been the last to acknowledge the supremacy of Rome. Having received that article of faith, they have held it fast at the cost of ages of want, of millions of lives, and even of national existence. Ireland denied the pretensions of the Pope to temporal power, and resisted the invader. Henry did not reinstate the Irish King, but he established on the coast a martial colony, and by virtue of this acquisition, which was henceforth called the Pale, he claimed to be conqueror of the whole island. A royal deputy governed the Pale, with a council of nobles and clergy, which afterwards became a parliament, and the little domain was parcelled out by the king in great estates to court favourites and military adventurers. The aristocracy of England was thus by fraud and force planted in the Island of Saints, as it was then reverently called. Thenceforth its veins of silver and its dust of gold, the rubies of its lakes, the grain in its waving furrows, and the flocks on its thousand hills, were to pass away from its harmless people, to pamper despotic and insatiable lords. That august court, those ancient seminaries, those valiant bands, those chivalrous knights, that cynosure of beauty, and the bards who so worthily celebrated it, faded, declined, and were lost for ever.

The establishment of the Pale enfeebled Ireland, although the colony was utterly incompetent to subjugate the kingdom. The colonists claimed to be masters of the island. The Irish, with the British power in the heart of the country, asserted their sovereignty and independence. Hence resulted a division which, perpetuated until now, has involved both in a common ruin. The distinction between the natives and the invaders was graven broad and deep by these conflicting titles, perpetual wars, inveterate policy, and clashing codes. The government of England acknowledged only the English inhabitants of the Pale as lawful subjects, and denounced the natives as "aliens," "wild Irish," and "enemies." Magna Charta and the Common Law were introduced within the Pale, but their protection was denied to the natives, while they were subjected to the power of the English courts. The Irish language and costume were inhibited—intermarriages forbidden, and naturalization under English laws denied. It was made law-

ful to kill an Irishman on suspicion, without trial or process, and unlawful to entertain an Irish minstrel, to keep an Irish servant, or to feed an Irish horse. The native princes, nobles, and knights within the colony were trodden down, and the wretched people, expelled on the one hand as aliens and rebels from their rightful possessions, and on the other by the native septs into whose hands they were driven, were thus rendered houseless and desperate. Outlaws by statute and by proclamation, they formed themselves from necessity into predatory bands, and descending from the mountains, made reprisals on the Pale, and carried the war of fierce retaliation to the very gates of its cities.

The lust of power soon discovered and opened that fountain whose bitter floods no art can stay nor purify. Ambitious Dublin robbed Armagh, the Arch-Episcopal see, of its treasures and sacred relics. The King of England rewarded the sacrilege with ecclesiastical authority over the island—proscribed from the ministry the natives who denounced the usurpation, and the English Church within the Pale set the stamp of its approbation on the policy of the government, by the atrocious dogma that it was not a sin to kill an Irishman.

But it remained for the Tudors, the Commonwealth, and the Guelphs, to sound the depths of fanaticism. Although the parliament of England vacillated long with the policy and caprice of the court, the conversion of the people of that country to the tenets of the Reformation, resulted from a conviction that the religion of Luther was true. The Catholic church there was subverted. But England was in some sort connected with Ireland, and she must be converted, in order that a superstitious prophecy might be fulfilled, which thought that the chair of St. Peter would fall when Ireland should cease to sustain it, and to the end also that Rome should not regain her ascendancy in England through the agency of Catholic Ireland, England sent to convert Ireland, not missionaries, but the sword. Rejecting the Catholic ritual, because it was expressed in an unknown tongue, she sent the English prayer-book to a people ignorant of that language, and employed a ferocious soldiery to illustrate its real simplicity and beauty. The parliament of the Pale, like the sun-flower, turned its revolving face to catch the royal smile, and received from Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, successively, a different religion, with the same cheerful loyalty that it greeted "the new subscription and image of each on the coin of the kingdom." The Irish preferred their own long-cherished religion to that so rudely and inconsistently recommended to them by their enemies. Thenceforth ensued a war of confiscation and massacre reaching far downward toward our own time, and in which, although the parties remained unchanged, the hostility of races was lost in the terrible conflict of religious sects. England, exasperated by the firmness of Ireland, determined to extirpate her heresy by exterminating her people, and to supply their place with more orthodox colonies from Scotland, as well as from the regions south of the Tweed. The genius of the versatile Bacon was taxed to make the new plantations grow, and the funds to carry on the exterminating war were obtained by mortgaging the lands to be conquered. No mercy was shown even to women or children in this war of faith. The Irish people fled before the destructive armies and took refuge in caverns. Subsisting there on the fruits of the pasture-

age and on the spoils taken from their invaders, they multiplied like the blades of grass, while their obnoxious faith became as firm as their mountain homes. Then came new armies, driving the natives down upon the plains; and when it was found that famine and pestilence involved both parties in common destruction, the merciful concession was made, that the entire Catholic population of Ireland should be allowed a refuge in a single province, there to remain on pain of death if found beyond its borders.

At length, in the year of the Gospel of Peace and Good Will towards men, one thousand six hundred and ninety-one, just five hundred and twenty years after the invasion by Henry, the wars which he began at first for conquest, and which afterwards became a medley of rapine and fanaticism, came to an end by the treaty of Limerick, after the battle of the Boyne.

“Wearied with tedious war they cease,
And both the kings and kingdoms plight the peace.”

What were the results of those long and furious wars? Ireland was conquered at last, and was despoiled. The aristocracy of England were owners and masters in Ireland, and its native possessors were tenants, servants, and slaves. The country contained eleven millions of acres of tillable land. One million was possessed by Englishmen, who, having come to convert Ireland to Luther, had relapsed to Rome. Ten millions of acres were the property of English Protestant lords, and not one acre was left to the native Celtic Irishman. But the people of Ireland had not been exterminated. They constituted three-fourths of the population, and were more numerous than ever. What then? Had Ireland saved nothing? Had England gained everything? No! The aristocracy of England had gained a country they could not fill—Ireland had saved her faith, and England had gained nothing, not even the security she had deemed essential. The Catholic religion remained unshaken in Ireland. Liberty of conscience was a condition of the capitulation at Limerick, and was solemnly guaranteed by William of Orange and Mary, the daughter of James.

Policy as well as public faith now required that the conquered kingdom should be left in peace, that its wasted strength should be repaired, that the rankling wounds opened during centuries of persecution should be healed, and that Ireland should be admitted to free enjoyment of the civil rights guaranteed by the British constitution. But fear and fanaticism know no policy suggested by humanity, and keep no covenants, though they be written in blood. England still feared the return of her Catholic princes, and therefore willed that the people of Ireland, although inflexible in their faith and always loyal when not driven to rebellion, and although they were reposing on the treaty of Limerick, should nevertheless be converted to the Reformation. The object of England remained the same, only the means were now changed, and perfidy was added to persecution. The army gave place to the sterner despotism of the law, and the sword to the scaffold—a more certain engine of destruction.

Ireland was already subjected under a constitution admirably adapted to the introduction of a penal religious code. Her only legislature was

the parliament of the Pale—and this semblance of a legislature had been deprived of life by the Poyning's law, which forbade it to assemble without the previous consent of the king, or to pass any law not first approved by him. Petitions from Ireland were inhibited unless first sanctioned by the royal deputy residing there, and Irishmen forbidden to leave their country, lest by their complaints they might annoy the majesty of the king, or disturb the equanimity of the Commons of England. The penal code banished the thebishop, priest, and the schoolmaster from Ireland; forbade attendance on Catholic worship on pain of death for perseverance; made the converting of a Protestant to the Catholic faith a felony; annulled existing marriages between Catholics and Protestants, and interdicted them in future; transferred Catholic children of living parents to guardians in Chancery; closed against Catholics every office of trust or profit in the state, in the army, and in the navy, and in every corporation, mercantile or municipal—deprived them of the right to be freeholders, the right to vote, to maintain actions at law, to be jurors, to keep arms for self-defence, to travel even within the kingdom, to be executors or guardians, and even of the right to keep a horse worth more than five pounds; robbed the Catholic child of its estate if even unwillingly or unconsciously instructed by a Catholic at home or abroad; transferred a Catholic parent's estate to his abjuring son; gave a separate maintenance to a renouncing wife; and emancipated from parental control all Catholic children who would forsake the family altar; subjected Catholic property to seizure for public purposes without compensation, and finally provided for the execution of these dreadful laws by a judiciary responsible to the king, by bishops with prisons in some cases, by magistrates in others, with the rack instead of the jury, and in others with juries authorised to render verdicts at the solicitation of corrupt informers and on the testimony of convicted felons. Thus did the religion whose text is the mutual love of its disciples become under human policy—

“A plea for sating the unnatural thirst
For murder, rapine, violence, and crime.”

No language less copious, elaborate, and accurate than that of Edmund Burke, can express the character of this extraordinary code.

“It is (said he) a system full of coherence and consistency; well digested and well-disposed in all its parts; a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, well fitted for the impoverishment and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself.”

This system continued in its utmost possible efficiency until the year 1778, and, although then somewhat modified, remained in oppressive operation until the year 1829, a period of one hundred and thirty-nine years.

And what were the effects of the penal code and of the system which preceded it? Ireland groaned under the burdens of a foreign government and of foreign landlords. Commerce had grown to be a mighty power in England, and commerce struck hands with fanaticism. Ireland was forbidden all foreign trade, while its manufactories were undermined to favour English monopoly. Notwithstanding the resources and fertility of the country, its wealth was exhausted in paying rents

to English landlords, tithes to English priests, profits to English artisans, and taxes to the English government.

“ For foreign lords her people sow their native land.”

Poverty stalked through the isle. Half the increase of population was given up to America to fell the forests and plant cities there, and the remainder was reduced to subsist on an esculent root, the cheapest yielded by nature to the cultivating hand of man. Were not the natives *then* exculpated? Did they not now renounce that odious faith?

Yes! Ireland had increased its numbers three-fold. We do not know that one parent had relinquished his creed—one wife had forsaken her husband—or one child had abjured the altar of its forefathers. Protestantism, though nourished on plunder, had declined, and the religion of Rome, watered by tears and fanned by the blasts of persecution, flourished in unwonted and vigorous luxuriance.

This was the condition of Ireland in 1775; and now our inquiries are answered. The people of Ireland have not degenerated. They have been degraded from their high estate, not by their own act, but by the aristocracy of England. They have resisted this degradation with heroic energy, and have resisted to the last. The aristocracy of England has usurped the government of Ireland, and set upon it

“ The mark of selfishness,
The signet of its all-enslaving power.”

This was the condition of that unhappy country in the year 1775, six hundred and five years after the descent of Henry the Anglo-Norman king on its coast, when two events happened, widely different and distant—the one in an obscure corner of the island—the other in a remote part of the British empire; events destined to affect for ever the condition not only of Ireland but of all mankind. British troops fired on the militia of Massachusetts in Lexington on the 19th of April, 1775, and Daniel O’Connell was born at Carhen in Ireland on the 6th of August in the same year.

The American Revolution exhibited a triumphant resistance to the unconstitutional legislation of the Imperial Parliament, by a portion of the empire far less oppressed than Ireland and infinitely more prosperous and happy. But that revolution was more than this. It vindicated the inalienable and universal right of mankind to resist oppression and overthrow tyranny, however established and however long endured. It was more even than this: It vindicated the inalienable and universal right and capacity of mankind to establish and conduct governments for themselves and to change them at pleasure. It struck the governments of the earth with consternation, and bewildered the enslaved masses of men with hopes which were not altogether illusions of freedom and of universal equality. In the language of La Fayette, America was not a solitary rebel. She was a patriot in the cause of humanity.

Ireland not only sympathized profoundly with the transatlantic colonies in their complaints, of usurpation under which she suffered more sorely than they, but with inherent benevolence and ardour she yielded at once to the sway of the great American idea of universal emancipation. The bitter memory of a stream of ages lifted up her thoughts,

and she was ready to follow to the war for the rights of human nature,

“The propitious god that seemed to lead the way.”

This war, thus opened by America, is the same struggle in which Ireland has been engaged ever since, in which O’Connell laboured with so much zeal and force and success, and which he has left unfinished.

England was soon at war not only with her American Colonies, but also with France, and Spain, and Holland—France threatened to invade Ireland, and America had already led Ireland into revolution. Left by the British government to defend themselves, the people of Ireland gathered at once an army of brave and well-appointed volunteers, ready to resist the threatened invasion if England would yield independence, and even more, ready to achieve independence if it should be refused. The influence of such great events exalted for a time the virtues of the Irish people. The Catholic forgot his peculiar wrongs amid the new-born hopes of his country; the Protestant forgot his long-cherished fears. Now firmly united, and lifting with them for a brief period the wretched legislature of the Pale, they demanded the independence of that parliament. They preserved the forms of loyalty, indeed, but their resolution of rights was couched in the language of freemen, and their petitions were written on the drum-head, and presented on the point of the bayonet. The British parliament were confounded. They heard at the same moment the same principles, sentiments, and resolutions from Jefferson and Adams, and Jay and Franklin in the congress of America; from Grattan and Flood in the parliament of Ireland; and from Chatham, the tribune of the whole Empire, within their own halls. They evaded, then conciliated, and at last conceded. In 1778 the provisions of the penal code concerning the rights of property and education were relaxed. Other concessions of the same sort followed in 1782; and in the same year, when the exigency became more alarming, Ireland was restored to independence by a declaration of the British parliament, that “the right claimed by the people of that island, to be bound only by laws enacted by his Majesty and the parliament of that kingdom, should be and then was established, and should at no time thereafter be questioned or questionable.” Ireland, always moderate, always confiding, was content with this concession, which left her a distinct kingdom, independent of Britain, but united to that country through a common Protestant throne. Then as her heart swelled with the memories of the glories of other days, and opened to visions of brighter glories in the future, she clasped her sister England with gratitude, pride, and affection, forgetting the injuries of six hundred years. Did ever earth exhibit a scene of truer national magnanimity!

But Ireland in 1782 was only independent, as America was at the same period. It yet remained in each country to establish and secure the liberties of the people. This was done here by the erection of the Federal Republican Constitution of 1787, which although reared amid doubts and fears, has gained stability with time, and has, as we ardently hope, become eternal. But the parliament of Dublin remained in Ireland. It was no less now than before the engine of the usurping

aristocracy of England. Its virtues had expired in the throes of its birth. No constitution could be obtained without the consent of a parliament of the Pale—a parliament in which three-fourths of the people had not a shadow of representation, and the other portion had only a shadow. In the face of an armed convention of the people, and in the midst of universal commotion, the parliament of Dublin refused a constitution to Ireland. Already all that had been gained was lost, but the shadow of independence, and that was sure to follow soon. The patriots of Ireland hastened from the hated halls of the parliament of the Pale with deep disgust; and, rushing to the altars of liberty, applied themselves to awake again its sleeping fires. The revolution was once more set in motion, but the ball had nearly spent its force. The men of '98, brave and true, attempted, under circumstances of extreme difficulty, to prepare a doubtful war.

The Irish people were again dissevered by the same everlasting cause of faction—the foreign aristocracy in their bosom. Although the gallant leaders were Protestants, yet the mass of Protestants supported the parliament. The Catholic clergy saw the hopelessness of conflict, and shuddered at the calamities it portended to a faithful and already deeply wretched people. England had recovered her giant energies. The thunders of the American revolution slept. An ambitious, licentious, and ferocious faction reigned in Paris, and blasphemously claiming the name of Liberty, was threatening to involve the world in anarchy. Nevertheless, there was no hope for Ireland but in aid from France and in the arms of her own people. The insurrection was planned with skill and secrecy, but treason gained access to its counsels, and fomented it to a precocious maturity. Then it broke forth only to betray its head leaders to the scaffold, and their patriotic associates throughout the island to massacre indiscriminate and merciless.

Yet the rebellion of '98 was not altogether unavailing. Every drop that streams from the veins of a martyr in the cause of Liberty is gathered again by Him who wills that all his children shall be free, and is poured into the heart of some new-born champion, imparting more than human vigour to the arm of the avenger.

The British government now asserted that Ireland had tried the responsibilities of government, and had proved herself incompetent. They disarmed the people, established martial law, falsely promised spacious favours to the Catholics, and showered gold and power on the Protestants, and thus, in 1800, the eighteenth year of Irish independence, obtained from the parliament of the Pale, the surrender of its infamous existence. Ireland, fettered and manacled more than ever before, was annexed to Great Britain by the act of Union.

A gloomy period of twenty years succeeded. Tyranny scarcely feared resistance. Penury had taken up her home in the land. Turbulence was abroad, but only to reconcile the people to any government that would suppress disorder. Wealth and learning, warmed at the root with the unnatural heat of royal favour, lost their independent attitude, and putting forth paracitic tendrils, twined in sickly growth around the pillars of the state. The peasantry took on the habit and the gait of slaves. The voice of orators was heard only in subdued complaints; the clang of arms had ceased; even the national harp, that still retained its ancient sweetness, though trodden under foot by

tyrants, forgot the wild inspiration of freedom, and only gave forth plaintive notes when struck by the hand of despair.

“ Alas for our country ! her pride has gone by,
And the spirit is broken that never would bend,
O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend.”

If a hope could have risen in the patriot's heart it would have been dispelled by a glance at the condition of England. She had made ample reprisals in the West Indies, in North America, in Asia, in Africa, and in the South Seas, for the loss of the thirteen rebellious colonies ; Waterloo had prostrated at her feet her great natural enemy ; Spain had entered on her dotage ; Holland had relinquished her ambition ; the British navy held almost undisputed sway over the seas, and British garrisons encircled the globe.

How mysterious and inscrutable are the ways of Providence in conducting the affairs of nations !—That season of gloom so intense was the hour that preceded the dawn of Irish liberty. It was no matter how wide the empire, or how vast the armies or navies of Britain, Ireland was to be delivered by OPINION, not by the sword—by the statesman, not by the soldier.

That statesman was the first fruit of the cautious concessions concerning property and education made by England in 1778 and 1782. Daniel O'Connell, a Roman Catholic, heir apparent of Derrynane, had been instructed in the faith of his forefathers and trained for the forum. The force which he was to employ for the redemption of his country was the fruit of concessions made in 1792 in order to secure the act of Union. The right of suffrage was then conferred on Catholics in Ireland having freeholds of the annual value of forty shillings. Then, and long afterwards, the right was indeed useless, and suffrage was yielded with the rents due to the superior lords. But the right was there.

The political education of the Liberator was that history of Ireland whose spirit we have endeavoured, perhaps vainly, to recall. He had witnessed with horror a desecration of liberty and religion in France, and thus, while he was imbued with the purest sentiments of patriotism, he was not less firmly established in religious principles. He was never for a moment tempted to divide what he thought God had indissolubly combined, religion and freedom. He first appeared before his countrymen at the age of twenty-five, at a meeting of Catholics in 1800, in the midst of an intimidating police, to consider the act of Union then before the parliament in College-green. His speech, which was “ a great beginning in so green an age,” revealed the principles on which, nearly twenty years afterwards, he worked out Catholic Emancipation, and brought the independence of Ireland to the verge of triumph. These principles were the combination of those two measures, and the union of the people of Ireland by conciliation.

“ Let us shew,” said he, “ to every friend of Ireland, that Catholics are incapable of selling their country ; that if emancipation was offered for their consent to the act of Union, (even if emancipation were a benefit after the Union), they would reject it with prompt intimation. Let us shew to Ireland that we have nothing in view

good, nothing in our hearts but the desire of mutual forgiveness and mutual reconciliation. Let every man who agrees with me proclaim, that if the alternative were offered him of the Union, of the re-enactment of the penal code in all its pristine horrors, he would prefer the latter as the lesser or more sufferable evil ; that he would confide in the justice of his brethren the Protestants of Ireland, rather than lay his countrymen at the feet of foreigners."

We know not when the great scheme of delivering his country first occurred to O'Connell, but his life was a continual preparation for the enterprise.

"He wandered through the wrecks of days departed,
And dwellings of a race of mightier men,
And monuments of less ungentle creeds,
Tell their own tale to him who rightly heeds
That language which they speak."

On such occasions the patriot would exclaim, with a heart beating loud and fast,

"It shall be thus no more : too long, too long,
Sons of the glorious Dead ! have ye lain bound,
In darkness and in ruin. Hope is strong ;
Justice and truth their winged child have found.
Awake ! arise ! until the mighty sound
Of your career shall scatter in its gust
The throne of the oppressor."

The new revolution began in no popular impulse, for the people were roused, not without long, vehement and incessant agitation. It had no foreign impulse. America was at rest, and France, and even all Europe, were slumbering in the arms of legitimate monarchy. It was not a military insurrection, for sedition had been tried for the last time. It depended not on the Irish people alone, for they were nearly powerless. It must be effected by the British king and parliament, and they could be moved only by moral force or opinion. The objects of the revolution must be divided. Liberty of conscience or Catholic Emancipation must be demanded first. The independence of Ireland or civil liberty must be attained afterwards. If both were demanded at once neither would be granted.

Daniel O'Connell knew that such a revolution was possible, and in this knowledge excelled his country and his age. When that knowledge was acquired, he stood confessed to himself the statesman of the revolution. From that hour he expanded, and

"Bore aloft the fame and fortunes of his race."

But how should opinion be directed with effect ? Burke and Fox, Canning and Brougham and Byron, had pleaded for Catholic Emancipation in the British senate ; had shown the absurdity, the unrighteousness and inhumanity of the penal religious code, and had demonstrated that it was only less ruinous to Protestants and to Ireland. The British parliament were already convinced. Reason, argument and conviction would not be enough. The British government must be made to fear and tremble. But how should opinion be made so potential ?

It must begin in Ireland, a country divided by faction and sunk in despair. And if Ireland should become unanimous, what then ? She had only seventy-seven barons in the House of Lords, while Great Bri-

tain had nearly four hundred. Ireland had only one hundred delegates in the House of Commons, and not one true representative. Great Britain had five hundred representatives there. The Church of England, standing on the ruins that were to be restored, was one of the great estates of the empire. Even if all these obstacles should be surmounted, there stood the King, pledged and bound, as he thought, by his coronation oath to reject the bill for the liberty of conscience. But even the Catholic church and clergy were not yet reliable. Britain was continually temporising, and Rome seemed not unwilling to compromise, and so divide the Irish people.

The agitator needed therefore character and position, which would enable him to speak with some show of authority to the people of Ireland, Catholics and Protestants, clergy and laity—to the King, Lords, Commons, and people of England—to Rome herself, and to an impartial world.

What then were O'Connell's character and position? He was a British subject, a member of the Catholic church, and a lawyer in the Four Courts of Dublin—merely a lawyer, a Catholic, and a subject; and while Catholics remained disqualified, he could be no more than this.

He determined to invest that humble and obscure character, and that position, with power and strength, and this power and strength were to be obtained from the consent of the clergy and his countrymen.

So bold a reformer needed rare powers and qualities, and needed them in extraordinary combination. He must have transcendent genius to conceive so great an action—courage to dare the attempt—energy to pursue it—moderation to conciliate—pacific temper to avoid irritations to force; prudence and sagacity to circumvent the strategy of the adversary; sympathy with Catholic Ireland to be its organ; reverence for the clergy to gain their influence; loyalty to the British constitution to disarm those who converted it into an engine of oppression; ardent and impulsive eloquence to rouse illiterate and unreflecting masses; logical acumen and rhetorical power to confute sophistry and convince the learned; tact and address to gain coadjutors and hold them in their proper spheres; patience in bearing the insolence of offended power, and the timidity, waywardness and caprice of popular masses; and with all these he must combine a devotion which would make the great enterprise the sole business of a whole life. Providence guards against the collisions of mighty minds by allowing to exist only one at any one time, capable of conducting a nation in a great emergency.

There was only one Washington in America, and there could be only one O'Connell in Ireland.

Time and experience ripened the Liberator. The bar of Dublin opposed the young reformer. He opposed their mercenary spirit and cast the herd behind him. The Corporation of Dublin sent a champion who called him to the field of battle. He slew the supercilious adversary, and pensioned his widow; and, mourning over his almost involuntary crime, trampled thenceforth under his feet the false code of honour. He claimed nothing for himself, and even less than an equal share of political power for his Catholic countrymen.

*"Non ego, nec Teucris Italos parere jubebo
Nec mihi regna peto; paribus se legibus ambæ
Junctæ gentes eterna in fœdera mittant."*

Opposition, oppression, even imprisonment, could not extort from him the breath of disloyalty to the throne, nor even to the Protestant succession. He maintained inflexibly that the deliverance of Ireland would be hazarded by a single crime, and lost by the sacrifice of a single life. He detected with piercing sight the defects of law designed to counteract the revolution, and organised all Ireland on a basis as narrow as the technicality of a special plea. Fervid and vehement, he carried with him the passions of the people, as a cloud that covered his person, whenever he discoursed to them of his great theme; perspicacious and deliberate, he won the admiration of mankind by profoundness of his testimony before a British parliament concerning the evils of oppression. He waited imperturbably to mature his preparations, and watched unceasingly for the hour when his opponents should be enfeebled by faction. A lineal descendant of oppressed generations, and a living and majestic mark of perpetual persecution for conscience sake, every physical and moral element of his constitution confessed the Celtic stock. "Strong from the cradle, and of sturdy brood," his stature, complexion, gait, gestures, voice, and attitude betrayed him for an Irishman of unmingled blood. Cheerful, even to constant hilarity, and generous to self-destitution, he was the depository of all the public and the private griefs of his countrymen. He relieved their wants if possible, and, if impossible, taught them how to endure privation. When they fell inadvertently under the power of the law, and even when they wilfully rushed into its grasp against his advice, he flung himself between them and the prosecution, and bore them off in triumph. His industry and assiduity never relaxed, although the cares not only of a revolutionary state, but of every suffering member of it, fell upon his shoulders. He scorned allurements to wealth which might divide him from the people, subsisted on such rewards of his own labours as could be obtained without neglecting Ireland, and when the country required his exclusive devotion, he rejected pension and place offered by the government, and with distinguished magnanimity relied for his daily support on the unsolicited and voluntary contributions of his countrymen. Thus endowed, trained and disciplined, O'Connell found the Irish heart an instrument which answered to his slightest touch, for "he knew the strings in which its music dwelt." He tuned it anew to its ancient themes of patriotism and piety.

At length the old King of England, after a long living death, was gathered to the garner house of the grave. An odious ministry was found in England under an odious Prince. Mendicity had driven the artisans and labourers of England to mutiny. The propitious hour for agitation had come, and Daniel O'Connell broke forth before the world "Monarch of Ireland." He was a king none the less though the "stone of destiny" had been removed from Tara's Hall to Westminster Abbey—a king without sacerdotal unction, royal descent, election or usurpation—a king without a crown, a court or guards—a king by consent of clergy and laity—a very king of 7,000,000, standing erect before the imperial throne, with power to levy armies, to maintain war and to conclude peace—a king who could arrest the laws of England or let them go to execution—a king who could keep his subject people in perpetual endurance, or let them forth at pleasure to a carnival of revenge.

O'Connell was no longer the mere lawyer, subject, and Catholic,

but retaining all those characters and in the same position, his individuality was gone—he was Ireland. The same Ireland that had shone forth a beacon of piety, arts, and learning in the dark ages—the same Ireland that, though torn by faction and betrayed every hour by treason, had resisted the usurpation of England for 500 years—the same Ireland that had been circumvented into capitulation to a perfidious king at Limerick, that had endured the Cross, despised the shame, and kept the faith through the terrors of the penal code, that had slept in the tomb with Sarsfield, had revived to newness of life under Grattan, and had been buried again by Pitt in the grave of the Union—the same Ireland revived and regenerated, wearing indeed the cerecloth of sepulture, but more majestic, more vigorous, and more terrible to her oppressors than ever.

The agency employed by O'Connell was as simple and sublime as were his own position and character. Combination is inherent in democratic action. Civil and military associations were employed in 1782 and in the rebellion of 1798. Civil association was again tried, but without effect, in 1810. The government had now put forth all its skill to frame laws which should prevent combination. There should be no military association, no secret association, representative or delegated assembly, none that was political, and none to continue more than fourteen days. Nevertheless, O'Connell organised and maintained during seven years a combination extending over the island, embracing 700,000 members, and receiving fifty thousand pounds annually, which violated none of the inhibitions of the law, and yet had all the efficiency which they were designed to prevent. The centre of agitation was ultimately Conciliation Hall in Dublin, fitted up as a Capitol. Business was transacted and debates conducted with legislative forms. The doors were open to every subject, and publicity was more effective than executive secrecy.

The assembly was crowded with impassioned and sympathising auditors, who manifested approval or dissatisfaction without restraint, while the speakers were animated by the smiles of beauty from the galleries. The themes discussed with all the genius and fervour of Irish eloquence by O'Connell, Sheil, and their associates, were, the British constitution, the penal code, the resources and destiny of Ireland; its condition; the value of liberty; the evils of faction; and not only these, but the daily conduct of the government; the oppression of every landlord; the grievances of every tenant; the insults of every patrician; the meekness of every plebeian:—in short, whatever tended to excite, to rouse and to combine the Irish people. A journal established by the Association transmitted the debates to kindred associations in every part of the island, by whom the same animating topics were discussed with even greater zeal.

Ireland looked with pride on a voluntary and self-constituted legislature, which for a time eclipsed from their sight the British parliament. The enthusiasm of Ireland reassured the advocates of religious tolerance in England and in Europe. And then every Irish exile in America, in its cities and fields and forests, on its canals and rivers, returning a willing and effective blow against England. America, yielding to their enthusiasm and to natural impulses, saluted the new republic of Ireland with gratulations and contributions.

It seemed as if one discontented Irish subject had roused the world against the monarchy of Britain. England had nothing to oppose to the universal opinion of mankind, but fears which were groundless, habits which were absurd, and prejudices which were unchristian.

Oppression, however, had not altogether failed of its legitimate effects on the Irish people. Ignorance abounded. Intemperance had laid its maddening hand on starving multitudes. There were long existing feuds between the Catholic and Orange peasantry. The latter had long maintained secret associations, and the former were often banded in opposing societies. These associations involved Ireland in continual turbulence and riot, and often in scenes of blood.

"The Orange beggar spurned
The Papist beggar's hand
While Freedom, shrinking, turned
And fled the hapless land."

It was necessary to tranquillize Ireland in order to prove that the people were capable of self-government. O'Connell invoked order. All Ireland was immediately organized in vast assemblies under the name of O'Connell's police. Temperance and tranquillity reigned throughout the island. In times these assemblies became a subject of complaint. O'Connell had but to say, "You want the word of command: I give it: Halt, disband," and instantly O'Connell's police was resolved into the peaceful constituency of the Liberator.

The cause of emancipation advanced in England, and a majority in its favour was already secured in the House of Commons. But still the representatives from Ireland gave it no effective aid. A signal blow was wanting, and that fell from O'Connell's hand, with boldness, precision and effect.

"Electors of Clare," said he, on the eve of a special election, "you want a representative in parliament: I solicit your suffrages. True, I am a Catholic; I cannot, and of course I never will, take the oaths prescribed. But the power which created those oaths can abrogate them. If you elect me, I will try the question." O'Connell could only expect to be elected by the forty shilling freeholders, as they were called, tenants of the landlords in Clare. Their votes, by tacit understanding and unbroken usage, belonged to their lords. Ruin awaited him who diverted his suffrage. But there was now a power higher than the landlord.

You see a mass of the peasantry of Clare issuing from the little parish church on the hill side. They have reverently received the mass, but their steps indicate perturbation. They gather around the priest, and ask his paternal counsel concerning the hazardous requirement of O'Connell. The priest lays down his missal, raises his hand toward heaven, breaks forth in their own wild native language, recites to them the story of their ancient fame and of the persecution and perfidy of their conquerors, expatiates on their inherent right of liberty of conscience, and the right and duty of passive resistance, on the sublimity of suffrage, and the glory and renown that are now breaking in upon Ireland, and concludes his impassioned harangue with the injunction—"Vote, vote for O'Connell and freedom!"

It is now the election day. There is O'Connell, depicting the atrocities of British persecution with a noble ardour of religious zeal.

A band of tenants are marching by, under the conduct of their landlord, to vote for the ministerial candidate. They pause; they mingle in the crowd; they listen; and now, at every cadence of the Liberator's voice, redoubled shouts arise—"O'Connell and Freedom!"

An elector is released from gaol by his creditor on condition that he vote against O'Connell. He is already at the poll, a shrill cry is heard, it is the debtor's wife who speaks—"Remember your soul and Liberty!" The debtor rises to the majesty of a freeman, and declares his vote for O'Connell. Instantly all rents and arrears are paid by the Catholic Association. The elector's debt is discharged by the same omnipresent power, and that noble Celtic woman's exclamation becomes the watchword of all Ireland:—

"Remember your Soul and Liberty!"

O'Connell is elected. Let his illustrious coadjutor, Sheil, explain the event. Turning to the defeated and confounded adversary, he exclaims—

"We have, indeed, put a great engine in motion, and applied the entire force of that powerful machinery which the law has placed in our hands. We are masters of the passions of the people, and we have employed our dominion with a terrible effect. Do you imagine that we could have acquired this dreadful ability to sunder the strongest ties by which the different classes of society are fastened, unless we found the materials of excitement in the state of society itself? Do you think that Daniel O'Connell has himself, and by the single power of his mind, unaided by an external co-operation, brought the country to this great crisis of agitation? O'Connell, with all his talents, would have been utterly powerless and incapable unless he had been allied with a great conspirator against the public peace. It is the law of the land itself that has been O'Connell's main associate, and that ought to be denounced as the mighty agitator of Ireland. The rod of oppression is the wand of this potent enchanter of the passions, and the book of his spells is the penal code. Break the wand of this political Prospero, and take from him the volume of his magic, and he will evoke the spirits which are now under his control no longer."

What language could do justice to the clergy of Ireland, who, through imprisonment, banishment, and fire, still adhered to their charge; who preferred to share the poverty of the people rather than obtain an establishment at the expense of their liberty. Venerable ministry! It was the British state that taught you to mingle politics and religion. Wisely, faithfully, and in the fear of God, did you give back the fruits of those instructions. It was your task to prove against the prejudices of a sceptical age, that piety still dwelt in the church of Christ, and that civil liberty was cherished in its sanctuaries.

Nor can we repress our admiration for the heroic people. A division among them would have arrested, while a panic or an excusable gust of passion might have defeated, Catholic emancipation. They proved themselves worthy of their great leader by the confidence they gave him—worthy of religious liberty by practising the virtues he enjoined.

Generous people! May that leader's place be speedily and worthily filled. May the way of your exiles be smooth and pleasant, and your long suffering patience be early crowned by the restoration of your country to enduring independence!

Clare was a part of that Connaught which had been the city of refuge for Catholic Ireland. Clare was the Yorktown of the Irish revolution. O'Connell was the representative of Clare, and not only of Clare, but of Catholic Ireland. He was an elected representative, obliged by English laws to stand outside the bar of the British Commons. Ireland felt the importance of his position. Ireland, by the Act of Union, a part of the British empire, consolidated into the empire, is going up to London in the person of O'Connell, to demand her constitutional place in the councils of the British king, to demand from that king religious liberty. How potent is the attitude of peaceful, passive resistance! How vast the power that virtue derives from persecution! O'Connell is now the most majestic figure in the world.

The British ministry advise the king that Catholic emancipation can no longer be resisted. All that remains is to grant it by law, not to concede it by seeming treaty—to emancipate Catholic Ireland before her representative can reach the capital, and to save wounded pride by denying O'Connell the seat to which he had been elected, and by disfranchising the refractory peasantry of Ireland.

And this is done. But the wound given to British pride must rankle nevertheless; for faithful Clare, though its peasantry are disfranchised, returns the Liberator by acclamation.

O'Connell as a senator followed up the act of emancipation by successful measures to modify the tithes of the Established Church in Ireland, to open the close corporations of the realm, and to establish a system of equal and universal education in his native country, while he lent to the English reformers efficient and indispensable aid in the repeal of the Corn Laws, which established a more beneficent system of revenue, and in that reform of parliament which is gradually bringing forward a new and better constitution for the United Kingdom.

These beneficent labours did not for a moment divert him from the great objects which remained—the restoration of the independence of Ireland by a Repeal of the act of Union.

His wand had still all its virtue, and he seized on the statute of usurpation in the place of his former volume of magic, the penal code. Yet he waited the slow but sure return of popular impressibility at home, and of despotic weakness at St. James's. The Catholic Association became a "precursor" of Repeal. Ten years were spent in diffusing knowledge among the people, and then commenced the ever memorable agitation for the abrogation of the act of Union. Under the auspices of the Loyal National Repeal Association in Conciliation Hall, all Ireland petitioned the British parliament for Repeal—of course without effect. Representatives were returned from many districts demanding Repeal, but all parties in England were unmoved. The British government maintained that the sufferings of Ireland were exaggerated, and the clamor for Repeal was factitious, and that the people were contented and prosperous. Then the Agi-

tator determined to exhibit Ireland as she was at home to her proud rulers in England. He called the people forth, and they came in vast assemblies, such masses of men destitute of the blessings of Providence as were never before congregated; as could not be convened in any well-governed land; such masses, therefore, as could not be looked upon by their oppressors without shame and fear. His voice went forth among his humble, heart-broken countrymen, like a har-binger of happier homes and days of freedom. They came up to meet him 10,000 at Slievruue, 20,000 at Trim, at Bellewstown, at Rathkeale, and at Dunlea; 30,000 at Cahirconlish; 50,000 at Clones, at Caltra, at Ballinakill and at Inishowen; 60,000 at Croom, 70,000 at the Curragh of Kildare, 100,000 at Limerick, the scene of English perfidy—at Kells, at Carrickmacross, at Mullingar, at Sligo, at Drogheda, at Murroe, at Athlone, at Tullamore, at Clifden, at Balinglass, and at Donnybrook; 200,000 at Longford, at Galway, at Mountmellick, and at Roscommon; 300,000 at Charleville, at Kilkenny, at Dundalk, at Tuam, at Mayo, at Clontebret, and at Loughrea; 400,000 at Cashel, at Nenagh, at Mallow, at Skibbereen, at Lismore, and at Mullaghmast; half a million at Enniscorthy, 700,000 at brave old Clare, and 750,000 on Tara's revered hill.

These multitudes came unarmed, without the inspiring notes of martial music, on foot, and without provision for a day's journey, temperate and tranquil, nay, even cheerful, for their hearts were full of love, even to England's youthful Queen, and they were animated with hopes new born in the promises of their chief. They exposed their penury; they petitioned England; they resolved never to cease petitioning, until their freedom should be granted, and then dispersed leaving the scenes of their assemblage as quiet and undisturbed as the bosoms of their lakes. The British government could not look—the people of England could not bear to look at Ireland in this piteous attitude. They affected fear. Fear of what? Not of invasion—not even of insurrection—not even of sedition—but fear that the laws of the realm might be changed by means of demonstrations of physical unarmed force. A greater meeting was yet to be assembled at Clontarf, memorable for the defeat even of the conquerors of England by Brian Borhoime, on the Irish coast, where it looks off on Britain. The Viceroy forbids the meeting at Clontarf, and denounces the severest punishment. Armed and naval forces beset the place in hope of resistance, that the war against a ruined people may begin.

O'Connell countermands the assemblage. England had in vain provoked a people prone to war. The country is saved from dire calamity. Ireland may not even petition under the British constitution too rudely or too earnestly. Baffled in the design of plunging the country into civil war, the government now prosecutes for sedition O'Connell and six associates, who dare

“Their leader's glory and his danger share.”

A jury is packed by excluding from the panel every Catholic and every patriot. Ireland comes out from her hills and her valleys, to look upon a cause in which she is herself on trial before an Anglo-Irish jury in a court of the Pale. The venal court extort the de-

sired verdict, and now Ireland may no longer petition. Her own jury has condemned her in her own capital.

On the 30th of May, 1844, Daniel O'Connell—who had preserved the peace of Ireland for thirty years—who had renewed her fidelity to the British constitution and to the British throne—who had given liberty of conscience to the British empire—who had peacefully brought his native country again to the verge of independence—of that very independence which, sixty-two years before, had been conceded to her as unquestioned and unquestionable—Daniel O'Connell, the truest Briton, and the noblest statesman of the age, on the very border of threescore and ten years, was consigned to prison by a jury of his own countrymen, constituted traitors by a subversion of the common law, for the offence of exercising his constitutional right as a subject to petition the rulers of the empire for a repeal of an act of parliament.

When will the crimes of the aristocracy of the English Pale have an end? When shall the world cease to hear with horror the mention of a jury of Dublin? It was a jury of Dublin that sent Emmett and Fitzgerald to the scaffold.

Had such a conviction happened in Paris, the prison would have been razed to the ground, and the jurors torn limb from limb. But this new act of tyranny wrought no other change on O'Connell, or on the people of Ireland, than to increase their mutual devotion. They obeyed all his peaceful mandates, issued from his prison, and when the illegal judgment was reversed, received him with increased affection at its doors, and conducted him abroad as conqueror. Nothing had been lost by Ireland, and the government had only suppressed one of the thousand agencies of freedom. England had added to her causes for hating Ireland, the remembrance of another crime perpetrated in vain.

The revolution was just recovering from this brief recoil, when a blight fell on the only food that the aristocracy of England had left for the subsistence of the Irish people. Agitation ceased, and the jar of political elements was hushed before the fearful presence of famine. Perhaps this last desolation was necessary to convince the government and the people of Great Britain of the solemn and mighty import of O'Connell's words:—

“The cause of all the afflictions of Ireland is, that we have not been allowed to govern our own country.”

Perhaps his death was necessary to conciliate her oppressors. Certainly such a visitation, and such a death, were a fitting end for the woes of the Irish people.

The independence of the Irish nation, although future, is not distant. Its righteousness and its necessity have been demonstrated. The spirit of the people is changed. They cannot again relapse. England, too, with a reformed parliament, and a failing aristocracy, is no longer the England of the twelfth, the sixteenth, and of the eighteenth centuries. Political economy will unite with political philosophy in enabling Ireland to retrieve her prosperity, and that can be effected only by allowing her a distinct legislature.

We may not doubt that the appalling distress of the Irish people, bowed down the otherwise unbending mind of O'Connell. Sorrow for

afflictions that he had hoped in vain to avert, and that he could not alleviate or soothe, brought on quick coming, because long procrastinated, age. O'Connell dies like Anchises, in a foreign land, winning the favour of men, and propitiating Heaven with prayers and sacrifices for the restoration of his people.

What shall be his rank among the benefactors of mankind? We pause not a moment to disperse the calumnies that followed him to the grave. They were but tributes to his greatness, yielded by ungenerous minds, for it is thus that Providence compels the unjust to honour virtue.

O'Connell left his mighty enterprise unfinished! So did the founder of the Hebrew State; so did Cato; so did Hampden; so did Emmett and Fitzgerald. Will their epitaph be less sublime by reason of the long delay which intervenes before they can be written? The heroic man conceives great enterprises and labours to complete them—"Success he hopes, and fate he cannot fear." It is God that sets the limits to human life and the bounds to human achievement.

But has not O'Connell done more than enough for fame? On the lofty brow of Monticello, under a green old oak, is a block of granite and underneath are the ashes of Jefferson. Read the epitaph—it is the sage's claim to immortality:—

"Author of the Declaration of Independence, and of the Statute for Religious Liberty."

Stop now and write an epitaph for

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

"He gave liberty of conscience to Europe and renewed the revolution of the kingdoms towards universal freedom, which had begun in America, and had been arrested by the anarchy of France."

Let the statesmen of the age read that epitaph and be humble. Let the kings and aristocracies of the earth read it and tremble.

Who has ever accomplished so much for human freedom, with means so feeble? Who but he has ever given liberty to a people by the mere utterance of his voice, without an army, navy, or revenue—without a sword, a spear, or even a shield?

Who but he ever subverted tyranny, saved the lives of the oppressed, and yet spared the oppressor?

Who but he ever detached from a venerable constitution a column of aristocracy, dashed it to the earth, and yet left the ancient fabric stronger and more beautiful than before?

Who but he has ever lifted up seven millions of people from the debasement of ages to the dignity of freedom, without exacting an ounce of gold, or wasting the blood of one human heart?

Whose voice yet lingers like O'Connell's in the ear of tyrants, making them sink with fear of change, and in the ear of the most degraded slaves on earth, awakening hopes of freedom!

Who before him has brought the schismatics of two centuries together, conciliating them at the altar of universal liberty? Who but he ever brought Papal Rome and Protestant America to burn incense together?

It was O'Connell's mission to teach mankind that liberty was not estranged from Christianity, as was proclaimed by revolutionary

France—that she was not divorced from law and public order—that see was not a demon like Moloch, requiring to be propitiated with the blood of human sacrifice—that Democracy is the daughter of Peace; and, like true religion, worketh by love.

I see in Catholic Emancipation, and in the Repeal of the act of Union between Great Britain and Ireland, only incidents of an all pervading phenomena—a phenomena of mighty interest, but not portentous of evil. It is the universal dissolution of monarchical and aristocratical governments, and the establishment of pure democracies in their place.

I know this change must come, for even the menaced governments feel and confess it. I know that it will be resisted, for it is not in the nature of power to relax. It is a fearful inquiry, how shall that change be passed? Shall there never be an end to devastation and carnage? Is every step of human progress in the future, as in the past, to be marked by blood? Must the nations of the earth, after groaning for ages under vicious institutions, established without their consent, wade through deeper seas to reach that condition of more perfect liberty to which they are so rapidly, so irresistibly impelled? Or shall they be able, notwithstanding involuntary ignorance and debasement contracted without their fault, and notwithstanding the blind resistance of despotism, to change their forms of government by slow and measured degress, without entirely or all at once subverting them, and from time to time to repair their ancient constitutions, so as to adapt them peacefully to the progress of the age, the diffusion of knowledge, the cultivation of virtue, and the promotion of happiness.

When that crisis shall come, the colossal fabric of the British empire will have given way under its always accumulating weight. I see England then, in solitude and in declining greatness, as Rome was when her provinces were torn away; as Spain now since the loss of the Indies. I see Ireland, invigorated by the severe experience of a long, though peaceful, revolution, extending her arms East and West in fraternal embrace towards new rising states; her resources restored and improved; her people prosperous and happy, and her institutions again shedding the lights of piety, art and freedom over the world. Then I see among the perplexed and disturbed nations the now proud and all-conquering Anglo-Saxons looking up to the regenerated Celtic people for guidance and protection.

Come forward, then, nations who are trembling between the dangers of anarchy and the pressure of despotism, and hear a voice that addresses the Liberator of Ireland from the caverns of Silence, where Prophecy is born:

“To thee, now sainted Spirit,
Patriarch of a wide-spreading family,
Remotest lands and unborn times shall turn
Whether they would restore or build. To thee!
As one who rightly taught how zeal should burn;
As one who drew from out faith's holiest urn,
The purest stream of PATIENT ENERGY.”

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